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THE

# NATIONAL REVIEW.

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# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

## CONTENTS OF N°. XIII.—JULY 1858.


PAGE

ART. I.—GHOSTS OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL . . . 1

The Night Side of Nature. By Catherine Crowe. London: J. C. Newby, 1848.
Spirit Drawings: a Personal Narrative. By W. M. Wilkinson. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.
An Angel's Message: being a Series of Angelic and Holy Communications, received by a Lady. London: John Wesley and Co., 1858.

ART. II.—MR. GLADSTONE'S HOMER AND THE HOMERIC AGE 40

Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, D.C.L., M.P. for the University of Oxford. 3 vols. Oxford, 1858.

ART. III.—THE TROUBADOURS . . . . . 74

Histoire de la Poésie Provençale. Par C. Fauriel. 3 vols. Paris, 1846. 8vo.
Die Werke der Troubadours, in Provenzalischer Sprache, mit einer Grammatik und einem Wörterbuche. Von C. A. P. Mahn. Berlin, 1846. 8vo.
Histoire littéraire des Troubadours. 3 vols. Paris. 12mo.

ART. IV.—HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY . . . 99

Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Geschichte. Herausgegeben von Dr. Eduard Gans; besorgt von Dr. Karl Hegel.—G. W. F. Hegel's Werke: Vollständige Ausgabe; Neunter Band, Dritte Auflage. Berlin, 1848.
Lectures on the Philosophy of History. By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated from the third German edition by J. Sibree, M.A. London: Bohn, 1857.

ART. V.—MR. KINGSLEY'S POEMS . . . . . 124

Andromeda, and other Poems. By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1858.
The Saint's Tragedy. London, 1848.


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PAGE

ART. VI.—MAHOMET . . . . . 137

The Life of Mahomet, and History of Islam to the Era of the Hejira. By William Muir, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1858.

The History and Conquests of the Saracens. Six Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford: J. H. Parker, 1856.

History of Latin Christianity. (Book IV. Chap. I.). By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray, 1857.

ART. VII.—CHARLATAN POETRY: MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER . . . . . 160

Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Arguments originally treated. By Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., M.A., of Christchurch, Oxford. First and Second Series. Thirty-third Edition. Hatchard, 1858.

Probabilities an Aid to Faith. Third Edition. Hatchard.

Lyrics of the Heart and Mind. By M. F. Tupper. Hall, Virtue, and Co., 1855.

Ballads for the Times. By M. F. Tupper. A new Edition. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

Memorials of W. G. Tupper. Edited by M. F. Tupper. Bosworth.

Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith. By M. F. Tupper. Hurst and Blackett.

ART. VIII.—COMTE'S LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY . . . . 184

The Catechism of Positive Religion. Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Richard Congreve. London: Chapman, 1858.

ART. IX.—THE STATE OF PARTIES . . . . . 220

Politics, and Political Economy of Weak Governments. By F. C. London, 1858.

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES 244

ADVERTISEMENT TO SUBSCRIBERS . . . . . 246

Digitized by Google

# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

## CONTENTS OF N°. XIV.— OCTOBER 1858.


PAGE

ART. I.—CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT . 247
History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. With Portraits and Maps. Volumes I. and II. Chapman and Hall.

ART. II.—THE RELATIONS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND . 280
L'Angleterre et Napoléon III. Paris, 1858.

ART. III.—THE SCULPTURES FROM HALICARNASSUS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM . . . . . 296
Papers respecting the Excavations at Budrum. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty. 1858.

ART. IV.—WOMAN . . . . . 333
Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks. London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.
The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge. By Henry Thomas Buckle. Fraser's Magazine, April 1858. London: J. W. Parker and Son.
The Englishwoman's Journal. London, 1858.
Remarks on the Education of Girls. By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Third edition. London: John Chapman, 1856.
Woman and her Wishes: an Essay inscribed to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. London: John Chapman, 1854.
The Right of Women to exercise the Elective Franchise. By Justitia. London: John Chapman, 1855.

ART. V.—RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND ALEXANDER PUSHKIN 361
Sotchinenia A. Pushkina, isdanie Anenkova. (The Works of A. Pushkin, edited by Anenkov.) 7 vols. St. Petersburg, 1854-1857.
Gedichte von Alexander Pushkin, übersetzt von Friedrich Bodenstedt. (The Poems of Alexander Pushkin, translated into German by F. Bodenstedt.) Berlin, 1854.
Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie. Par Alexander Herzen. Deuxième édition. Londres, 1853.

ART. VI.—THE GREAT REBELLION: MR. SANFORD AND MR. FORSTER . . . . . 382
Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion. By John Langton Sanford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: J. W. Parker, 1858.
Historical and Biographical Essays. By John Forster, Esq. 2 vols. Murray.


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PAGE

ART. VII.—MR. TROLLOPE'S NOVELS . . . . . 416

The Warden. By Anthony Trollope. London: Longmans, 1855.
Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Warden." London: Longmans, 1857.
The Three Clerks. By Anthony Trollope, author of "Barchester Towers," &c. London: Bentley, 1858.
Doctor Thorne. A Novel. By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Three Clerks," "Barchester Towers," &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.

ART. VIII.—ZOUAVE AND KINDRED LANGUAGES . . 435

Essai de Grammaire kabyle, renfermant les Principes du Langage parlé par les Populations du versant nord du Jurjùra, et spécialement par les Igaouaouen ou Zouaoua; suivi de Notes et d'une Notice sur quelques Inscriptions en caractères dits *Tifinar'* et en langage *Tamacher't*. Par A. Hanoteau, Capitaine de Génie, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, adjoint au Bureau politique des Affaires arabes. Alger, Constantine; et Paris, 1858.
The Tricolor on the Atlas; or, Algeria and the French Conquest. By Francis Pulszky, Esq. T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York. 1854.

ART. IX.—CHARLES DICKENS . . . . . 458

Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, &c. London, 1857-8. Chapman and Hall.

ART. X.—PROFESSIONAL RELIGION . . . . . 487

The Confessions of a Catholic Priest. London: Chapman, 1858.
Scenes from Clerical Life. By George Eliot. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1858.
Barchester Towers. By Anthony Trollope. Three vols. London: Longmans, 1857.
The Life and Correspondence of John Foster. Edited by J. E. Ryland, A.M.; with Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by John Shephard. Two vols. London: Bohn, 1852.
Preachers and Preaching. By Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: William Lay, 1858.

NOTE IN ANSWER TO COLONEL MURE . . . . . 516

BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES 521

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# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

JULY 1858.

## ART. I.—GHOSTS OF THE OLD AND NEW SCHOOL.

*The Night Side of Nature.* By Catherine Crowe. London: J. C. Newby, 1848.

*Spirit Drawings: a Personal Narrative.* By W. M. Wilkinson. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.

*An Angel's Message: being a Series of Angelic and Holy Communications, received by a Lady.* London: John Wesley and Co., 1858.

MRS. CROWE'S work is not new; but as the most compendious collection of ghost-stories in the language, serves better than any other as a text for what few words we have to say on the subject of the old-fashioned ghosts. The writer is a woman of genius. Her stories of *Susan Hopley* and *Lilly Dawson* are models of straightforward narration. A female De Foe could not have told them better; if, indeed, such stories can be said to be told, which seem rather like the conscientious detail of real incident. The power of producing this effect is not the result of art, any more than that undefinable tone which lies in a man's voice when he means what he says is the result of art. It is the untraceable transfer of something in the writer to his page. It is the influence, how exerted we cannot analyse, of a peculiar sort of mind and imagination. Such writers stamp their pages with the intensity of their own convictions. It is a characteristic of their minds that they will have reality or nothing. Most of us possess a certain nebulous district in our minds, inhabited by the things we are not sure of; we keep a suspense account of matters not yet determined, and many of which we are content enough to see no present hope of determining. But the De-Foe school of mind has no such half-beliefs. Truth to them consists not so much in



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accumulation of evidence as in firmness of grip. When they have got fast hold of a thing, they believe it; that is, there is with them a belief of the imagination stronger than the belief of the reason. With the sort of bulldog tenacity which they possess, they fasten upon things new and old, false and true; and the difference between these things is merged in the common vividness with which they stand before the eye of the mind. These are the people to tell ghost-stories and make you believe them: they make tangible things where names are the names for nonentity. They grasp a spectre as if it were a walking-stick, and hold a disembodied spirit hard and fast by the button. The confidence which other men repose in their senses, or in their intuitions, is a bagatelle to the blind earnestness of conviction with which these minds hold to the phantasmata of their imaginations.

De Foe believed his own invented facts as much as if they were real external ones; and his imaginative fictions, from the strength of his own hold upon them, became lies to other people. This is not Mrs. Crowe's way. She invents no apparitions, and tells no history of a Cavalier; but she shows a common nature in the placid depth of conviction with which she handles her favourite subject-matter. You, she says to her reader, may believe in ghosts or not, as you please; I merely state these *facts*, and leave you to dispose of them as you can. For herself, she would far rather "doubt truth to be a liar." Thus she tells her stories well: she always has her eye firmly on the ghost she knows is there; and steadily pressing through to get at him, she brushes away the imperfect evidence, doubts, and hesitations, which obscure him from our more hesitating vision. The more wonderful a story is, the more ardently she welcomes it; the more incredible it is, the less is she inclined to question the foundation on which it rests; and in her own heart she believes it impossible that it should be false, provided it be but sufficiently near being impossible. If she speaks of evidence at all, it is boldly to reverse all the usual and natural practice of the mind. She summons us, irrespectively of the testimony, to believe what is foreign to our experience unless we can disprove it. The majority of persons, she tells us, "forget that nobody has a right to call any belief superstitious until he can prove that it is unfounded."

This is an alarming assertion. Has even Mrs. Crowe herself acted on it? If so, she must have gone through a vast course of inquiry, to make her competent to disbelieve in very little. We should like to know some of the results. Is Aladdin's lamp true or disproved? What is the logical demonstration that ghouls, "jinns," and afreets do not exist? Is that true about the bottle of smoke which expanded into a giant? Is it proposed to recognise or disprove the spiritual existence of the members of

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the Hindoo mythology, from Vishnu down to the substratum of tortoise; of "Peor and Baalim," "Isis and Orus and the dog Anubis;" the deities of Greece and Rome, of Odin, Baldur, and the tree Ygdrasil; of the Great Spirit, the premundane bear and squirrel, and all the chaos of pagan and savage superstitions? Are there just limits, and if so, what limits founded on disproof, to our belief in fates, furies, norns, nymphs, naiads, oreads, hamadryads, nereids, fairies, goblins, trolls, peris, deevs, imps, familiars, nikkers, dwarfs, mermen and maids, the Sandman, Rumpelstiltzkin, Dr. Faustus, and the dog Cerberus? Hades, we know, is much in vogue just now; but is Charon the correct thing? and how about the Elysian fields? Do Antony and Cleopatra there walk "hand in hand, and with their sprightly port make the ghosts gaze?" How would this idea of Mrs. Crowe's, if widely received, affect our education, and especially our theology? Imagine "Arguments against Fetish-worship," by the Archbishop of Canterbury; "Wooden Idols proved not Gods," by the Dean of Carlisle; and a "Discrediting of Diana of the Ephesians," in seven sermons, by Father Newman. All we can possibly say against the reappearance of the dead, continues Mrs. Crowe, is, not that it is impossible, but that we do not believe it; and if we say this, we ought at once to be subjected to the interrogation, "Have you devoted your life to sifting all the evidence that has been adduced on the other side from the earliest periods of history and tradition?" Unless we have done this, we are bound to believe; and even when we have done this, we shall be bold inquirers if we think ourselves entitled to say more than that the question is open. This is shifting the burden of proof with a vengeance. Fortunately for us, however, we all know disbelief is not the result of elaborate inquiry of this sort; but is due to the mind being occupied by certain positive convictions, which by their simple presence exclude those matters which are inconsistent with them; and that where no such inconsistent prepossession obtains, it is instinctive with us to seek some sort of evidence for that which claims our belief, rather than to believe until we can obtain satisfactory evidence of a negative. This seems elementary; and it is not doing justice even to ghosts to claim our belief in them on principles of inquiry so directly opposed to those which are true and natural.

Any value which Mrs. Crowe's book might have as an attempt at the solution of some of the most puzzling facts of our experience, is destroyed by the indiscriminating voracity with which she devours every thing that bears the semblance of the marvellous. In a book which claims to collect facts on a subject in which the original authorities are for the most part unattainable, and the evidence peculiarly slight and precarious, we are in an especial

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degree dependent on the cool judgment and sagacity of the writer, on the degree in which we can rely on his caution in accepting authority, and his skill in weighing and investigating evidence. Mrs. Crowe's mind, as we have said, is remarkably ill-constituted for work of this sort. Things are true to her because she is determined they shall be so. She begs all the facts, and only asks you to scrutinise the explanation of them. She shares largely in a not uncommon delusion, that we extend the boundaries of knowledge by inventing new theories to account for unascertained facts; and she is simply blind to the idea that any story about spirits can be false. An anecdote has only to send up its card with "ghost" written on it, and it is at once admitted into the innermost penetralia of her convictions. The unquestioning way in which she receives and tells the story of the "Grecian Bride" may serve as an instance of how ready she is to think a story true, and how impossible it is for any degree of the *à-priori* incredible to overtask the willingness of her credence.

"The story of the Grecian bride is still more wonderful; and yet it comes to us surprisingly well authenticated, inasmuch as the details were forwarded by the prefect of the city in which the thing occurred to the proconsul of his province, and by the latter were laid before the Emperor Hadrian; and as it was not the custom to mystify Roman emperors, we are constrained to believe that what the prefect and proconsul communicated to him they had good reason for believing themselves.

It appears that a gentleman called Demostratos, and Charito, his wife, had a daughter called Philinnion, who died; and that about six months afterwards, a youth named Machates, who had come to visit them, was surprised, on retiring to the apartments destined to strangers, by receiving the visits of a young maiden, who eats and drinks and exchanges gifts with him. Some accident having taken the nurse that way, she, amazed by the sight, summons her master and mistress to behold their daughter, who is there sitting with the guest. Of course they do not believe her; but at length, wearied by her importunities, the mother follows her to the guest's chamber: but the young people are now asleep, and the door closed; but looking through the keyhole, she perceives what she believes to be her daughter. Still unable to credit her senses, she resolves to wait till morning before disturbing them: but when she comes again the young lady has departed; whilst Machates, on being interrogated, confesses that Philinnion had been with him, but that she had admitted to him that it was unknown to her parents. Upon this the amazement and agitation of the mother were naturally very great; especially when Machates showed her a ring which the girl had given him, and a bodice which she had left behind her; and his amazement was no less when he heard the story they had to tell. He, however, promised that if she returned the next night, he would let them see her; for he found it impossible

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to believe that his bride was their dead daughter. He suspected, on the contrary, that some thieves had stripped her body of the clothes and ornaments in which she had been buried, and that the girl who came to his room had bought them. When, therefore, she arrived, his servant having had orders to summon the father and mother, they came; and perceiving that it was really their daughter, they fell to embracing her with tears. But she reproached them for the intrusion, declaring that she had been permitted to spend three days with this stranger, in the house of her birth; but that now she must go to the appointed place; and immediately fell down dead, and the dead body lay there visible to all.

The news of this strange event soon spread abroad, the house was surrounded by crowds of people, and the prefect was obliged to take measures to prevent a tumult. On the following morning, at an early hour, the inhabitants assembled in the theatre; and from thence they proceeded to the vault, in order to ascertain if the body of Philinnion was where it had been deposited six months before. It was not; but on the bier there lay the ring and cap which Machates had presented to her the first night she visited him; showing that she had returned there in the interim. They then proceeded to the house of Demostrates, where they saw the body, which it was decreed must now be buried without the bounds of the city. Numerous religious ceremonies and sacrifices followed, and the unfortunate Machates, seized with horror, put an end to his own life."

The next story shows how eager is her preference for a recondite hypothesis:

"The following very singular circumstance occurred in this country towards the latter end of the last century, and excited at the time considerable attention; the more so, as it was asserted by every body acquainted with the people and the locality that the removal of the body was impossible by any recognised means, besides that no one would have had the hardihood to attempt such a feat.

'Mr. William Craighead, author of a popular system of arithmetic, was parish schoolmaster of Monifieth, situate upon the estuary of the Tay, about six miles east from Dundee. It would appear that Mr. Craighead was then a young man, fond of a frolic, without being very scrupulous about the means, or calculating the consequences. There being a lykewake in the neighbourhood, attended by a number of his acquaintance, according to the custom of the times, Craighead procured a confederate, with whom he concerted a plan to draw the watchers from the house, or at least from the room where the corpse lay. Having succeeded in this, he dextrously removed the dead body to an outer house, while his companion occupied the place of the corpse in the bed where it had lain. It was agreed upon between the confederates, that when the company was reassembled, Craighead was to join them, and at a concerted signal the impostor was to rise, shrouded like the dead man, while the two were to enjoy the terror and alarm of their companions. Mr. C. came in, and after being some time seated,

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the signal was made, but met no attention: he was rather surprised; it was repeated, and still neglected. Mr. C., in his turn, now became alarmed; for he conceived it impossible that his companion could have fallen asleep in that situation; his uneasiness became insupportable; he went to the bed, and found his friend lifeless! Mr. C.'s feelings, as may well be imagined, now entirely overpowered him, and the dreadful fact was disclosed; their agitation was extreme, and it was far from being alleviated when every attempt to restore animation to the thoughtless young man proved abortive. As soon as their confusion would permit, an inquiry was made after the original corpse, and Mr. C. and another went to fetch it in, but it was not to be found. The alarm and consternation of the company was now redoubled; for some time a few suspected that some hardy fellow among them had been attempting a Roland for an Oliver; but when every knowledge of it was most solemnly denied by all present, their situation can be more easily imagined than described,—that of Mr. C. was little short of distraction. Daylight came without relieving their agitation; no trace of the corpse could be discovered, and Mr. C. was accused as the *primum mobile* of all that had happened. He was incapable of sleeping, and wandered several days and nights in search of the body, which was at last discovered in the parish of Tealing, deposited in a field about six miles distant from the place from whence it was removed.

It is related, that this extraordinary affair had a strong and lasting effect upon Mr. C.'s mind and conduct; that he immediately became serious and thoughtful, and ever after conducted himself with great prudence and sobriety.' "

One would think that among people where one was found with boldness enough to play the part of Craighead's accomplice, another might have been found with hardihood enough, and dexterity enough, to remove the body; and that this should be so, would be held more probable than that the body should have removed itself, or been the subject of supernatural transference: but "the assertion of every body," which generally means a complete assertion made out of the incomplete assertions of a number of people, is enough, if, indeed, any assertion were required, to satisfy Mrs. Crowe of the impossibility of an explanation so simple, and so destructive of the requisite supernatural elements in the story.

Ghosts are a theory. It is with reluctance we refine further upon their already shadowy existence; yet what, after all, are they but an hypothesis to solve certain phenomena that have been presented? Men have seen, or have thought they have seen, the persons of those dead as if they still lived. Various solutions of such experiences have been proposed: one of them is, ghosts,—that these figures are actual persons reappearing among us—*revenants*. When the phenomena shall have been sufficiently established, and ghosts shown to be the most consistent and

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satisfactory solution of their existence, they will be entitled to the honours of a scientific discovery. No one can say it is an impossible solution; *à priori* we do not know why it should be considered an improbable one. Where we know so little, it is not wise to deny much; but it is at least as hard to affirm without good grounds. And it cannot be denied, that the proving of a ghost is a matter attended with very peculiar difficulties; and the first and most important of these are connected with the ascertainment of the facts on which we are to base our conclusion. You cannot subject a ghost to scientific scrutiny under a microscope, or otherwise; nor can you, except rarely, and in a very slight degree, test the event of its appearance, as you do the truth of most events, by its consistency with other events which surround it. He comes when it suits his own purpose, not yours; and has never shown any willingness to subject himself to experiment. He simply presents himself: if you believe in him, well and good; if not, it is impossible for him to produce credentials. He is out of harmony with the world of matter in which he appears, and has nothing to fall back upon. His main stronghold lies, not in any evidence that can be adduced in his favour, but in the common prepossessions—superstitions, if you will—of our nature. We have all, if we would admit it, a sympathy with the candid objector, who confessed that while stoutly denying the possibility of the appearance of spirits, he felt a cold stream down his back. It is the strong internal conviction which men in all ages have had of a spiritual world existing not far from their own, and of occasional trespasses across the common boundary, that makes ghost-stories possible. It is for this reason that they are the received hypothesis to explain various occurrences that puzzle us, and the popular and willingly accepted scapegoats of startling events. When strange noises are heard in a house, we rather say it is haunted than that material substances are moving about of their own accord; we rather believe that a ghost than a man walks through a bolted door. In these and similar cases, the supposition of spiritual interference, though it clashes with our experience, is more in harmony with our nature than one which infringes the ascertained laws of material existence. Men, naturally and rightly, are more ready to refer unexplained exhibitions of force to hidden living wills than to occult properties of matter.

Hence general arguments in favour of ghosts carry us with them; but though we listen with interest to particular recitals of their appearance, it is few who in their hearts believe them. If we are to do so without having ourselves experienced them, it must be as a pure matter of trust in those who allege they have done so. Such trust, no doubt, mingles in all our belief. The mass of know-

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ledge in most men is supported more or less by reliance upon others; but it is rarely mere personal trust. Many of us are very imperfectly acquainted with the chain of reasoning and calculation which convinces that an eclipse will occur at a given moment; but we know the kind of knowledge on which it depends—we exercise ourselves, in a more or less degree, the same faculties as those by which others have attained to this result, and we know too that among all competent persons who do examine the question there is an absolute coincidence of opinion. It is a matter which has received great corroboration; but more than this, it is in its nature capable of unlimited corroboration, for every man may if he chooses test its truth for himself. Our confidence in such a case is not so much trust in men, as faith in the capacity for right working of the human mind. It is one thing to rely upon another person for the truth of a certain fact, it is another to be dependent upon him for its truth. We trust him just because we are not dependent on the sole evidence of his assertion, because there is other evidence if we choose to seek it. In the inverse proportion, as facts are permanent or repeated under circumstances open to varied observation, and as they are capable of experimental test, does our belief in them depend on individual human trustworthiness. Though I may have never seen the sea, I believe in the ebb and flow of the tides on different grounds to those on which I believe in a remarkable meteor which my neighbour tells me he saw at ten o'clock last night. My belief in the latter depends almost entirely on my personal confidence in my neighbour; not quite entirely so, because others may have seen it; his statement is open at least to corroboration or refutation; and I know from other sources that such things are not uncommon. When, however, he tells me he saw a ghost, that in the dead of the night his grandmother stood by his bedside in a shattered cottage-bonnet or otherwise, I am absolutely dependent on his veracity and powers of accurate observation; and by veracity we mean to specify, not unwillingness to tell a lie, but all the moral and mental characteristics which enable a man to transmit correctly to another mind his own experience—characteristics which those who have had any experience in collecting evidence will admit to be rare. But this position of absolute reliance on the individual who professes to have seen it, is the highest certainty we can attain to of the existence of a ghost. For ourselves, we rarely think it worth while to ask any one if he has seen a ghost; we content ourselves with inquiring, Have you ever seen a person who has seen a ghost? It is rarely indeed that you can get one of these stories at first hand. They are almost always exposed to the chances of error which accumulate in all secondary evi-

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dence, from imperfect recital, imperfect comprehension, imperfect memory, and imperfect truthfulness; all swayed one way by love of the marvellous, and the still more deeply-rooted human passion, love of a good story. A man who has seen a ghost has good evidence to go on. A man who hears the account of a trustworthy man who says he has seen a ghost has evidence more or less reliable; but a man who reads in a book that an unknown person, X, appeared to an unknown person, Y, what evidence has he?

Take as an instance of the sort of testimony we are generally dependent on in ghost-stories, and of the way in which they are retailed, the following brief anecdote from Mrs. Crowe's book:

"The American case—I have omitted to write down the name of the place, and forget it—was that of a mother and son. She was also a highly respectable person, and was described to me as perfectly trustworthy by one who knew her. She was a widow, and had one son, to whom she was extremely attached. He, however, disappeared one day, and she never could learn what had become of him; she always said that if she did but know his fate she should be happier. At length, when he had been dead a considerable time, her attention was one day, whilst reading, attracted by a slight noise, which induced her to look round, and she saw her son, dripping with water, and with a sad expression of countenance. The features, however, presently relaxed, and they assumed a more pleasing aspect before he disappeared. From that time she ceased to grieve, and it was subsequently ascertained that the young man had run away to sea; but no more was known of him. Certain it was, however, that she attributed her recovered tranquillity to having seen her son as above narrated."

Now in this case we are dependent on the accuracy, 1, of the author; 2, of her informant; 3, of the respectable widow. We have no grounds for impugning it in any of these cases; but, on the other hand, it is practically not easy to place implicit confidence in the perfect accuracy of three unknown persons, and inaccuracy in any one of them destroys the story. If Mrs. Crowe were to tell one of us in print that a person had informed her that he, the informant, had been told by a trustworthy American widow that in a certain place was buried a crock of gold, say 1000*l.* worth, to be had for the fetching,—would this induce a rush of readers across the Atlantic? Would any single person be found credulous enough to set the probability of success in such an enterprise against the certainty of sea-sickness? We apprehend not. And as a slight specimen of the inaccuracy of Mrs. Crowe's mind, we may observe that this story is cited to prove that persons reappear at periods some distance from their deaths. But if nothing was ever heard of the young

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man, how is it known that he died a considerable time before he appeared to his mother?

The evidence, however, for this class of phenomena rests, as Mrs. Crowe very properly urges, not on any one story, but on the general consent of many. We may take exception to every single instance, and not find one supported by evidence sufficiently unimpugnable to entitle it to claim our positive belief; but there remains the indisputable fact that an immense number of persons, under very various circumstances, and at very various times, have professed to see certain unusual appearances which have a great deal in common. It is difficult to say they were all either false or mistaken. That there is a certain body of phenomena which have been explained, whether rightly or wrongly, by the theory of *revenants*, or ghosts, no one can doubt. But these phenomena have not hitherto been ascertained with sufficient exactitude to give us data for the solution of the problem they involve. It is as Dr. Johnson said of the propriety of wearing nightcaps—we do not know, and perhaps no man at any time will ever know, whether ghosts exist or not. Happily it is not a practical question. Mrs. Crowe, indeed, has a ghost (a German one) who drinks beer; an invisible hand raises the jug and the beer flows out, disappearing ere it reaches the floor in the region, at once diaphanous and opaque, of a ghostly stomach. *Valeat quantum:* but were such ghosts common, as by the kindly arrangement of providence they are not, the subject would indeed be one to occupy us. As it is, we can afford to wait until it forces itself upon our notice.

Prophetic dreams and second-sight have this advantage—or disadvantage, as the case may be—over ghostly phenomena, that in those rare and exceptional cases in which they are clearly made known before the event, there is something to test them by. But the correspondence between a prophecy and its fulfilment is not in general a very trustworthy matter. To make them exactly coincide is at once the easiest and most effective way of narrating them. Who cares to remember the discrepancies, especially when they spoil every thing? We doubt whether coincidence would not bear the whole burden of prophetic dreams, if we could have them fairly before us. If we consider how many dreams each of us dreams every night, and how many millions of us there are all dreaming together in this London only, it would be strange if we never anticipated any events. The old question has been set aside by zealous believers, but remains as much in point as ever, Where are the unfulfilled prophecies, and what proportion do they bear to the fulfilled ones? Often the finest basis for a wondrous tale is spoiled by the perverseness of the sequence. We lately saw a

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lady in her usual health, whose landlady and her son had both dreamed the same dream, that she lay at the foot of the bed in her coffin; and in passing through one mouth only, the story assumed the dimensions of each of them having dreamed it three times the same night. Less than this would have served for a triumphant case of prophecy. Thus in Mrs. Crowe's book a gentleman and his bailiff dream that a corner of the house was blown off (we are not told whether it was a windy night, and they had cause for anxiety about the house). However, the prophecy is fulfilled by the gentleman's death soon after, and would have been equally well fulfilled by his marrying a Quaker. The following singular instance of bad taste in the narrator, and bad prophecy in the dreamer, is quoted by Mrs. Crowe as "a very curious allegorical dream:"

"Wooer's-Alley Cottage, Dunfermline-in-the-Woods,
Monday morning, 31st May, 1847.

DEAR MRS. CROWE,—*That* dream of my mother's was as follows: She stood in a long, dark, empty gallery: on her one side was my father, and on the other my eldest sister, Amelia; then myself, and the rest of the family according to their ages. At the foot of the hall stood my youngest sister, Alexes, and above her my sister Catherine—a creature, by the way, in person and mind more like an angel of heaven than an inhabitant of earth. We all stood silent and motionless. At last *It* entered—the unimagined *something* that, casting its grim shadow before, had enveloped all the trivialities of the preceding dream in the stifling atmosphere of terror. It entered, stealthily descending the three steps that led from the entrance down into the chamber of horror; and my mother *felt It was Death.* He was dwarfish, bent, and shrivelled. He carried on his shoulder a heavy axe; and had come, she thought, to destroy 'all her little ones at one fell swoop.' On the entrance of the shape, my sister Alexes leapt out of the rank, interposing herself between him and my mother. He raised his axe, and aimed a blow at Catherine; a blow which, to her horror, my mother could not intercept, though she had snatched up a three-legged stool, the sole furniture of the apartment, for that purpose. She could not, she felt, fling the stool at the figure without destroying Alexes, who kept shooting out and in between her and the ghastly thing. She tried in vain to scream; she besought my father in agony to avert the impending stroke; but he did not hear, or did not heed her, and stood motionless as in a trance. Down came the axe, and poor Catherine fell in her blood, cloven to 'the white halse bane.' Again the axe was lifted by the inexorable shadow over the head of my brother, who stood next in the line. Alexes had somewhere disappeared behind the ghastly visitant; and, with a scream, my mother flung the footstool at his head. He vanished, and she awoke. This dream left on my mother's mind a fearful apprehension of impending misfortune, 'which would not pass away.' It was *murder* she feared; and her suspicions were not allayed by the discovery that a

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man—some time before discarded by my father for bad conduct, and with whom she had somehow associated the *Death* of her dream—had been lurking about the place, and sleeping in an adjoining outhouse on the night it occurred, and for some nights previous and subsequent to it. Her terror increased; sleep forsook her; and every night, when the house was still, she arose and stole, sometimes with a candle, sometimes in the dark, from room to room, listening, in a sort of waking night-mare, for the breathing of the assassin, who she imagined was lurking in some one of them. This could not last. She reasoned with herself; but her terror became intolerable, and she related her dream to my father, who of course called her a fool for her pains—whatever might be his real opinion of the matter. Three months had elapsed, when we children were all of us seized with scarlet fever. My sister Catherine died almost immediately—sacrificed, as my mother in her misery thought, to her (my mother's) over-anxiety for Alexes, whose danger seemed more imminent. The dream-prophecy was in part fulfilled. I also was at death's door—given up by the doctors, but not by my mother: she was confident of my recovery; but for my brother, who was scarcely considered in danger at all, but on whose head *she had seen* the visionary axe impending, her fears were great; for she could not recollect whether the blow had or had not descended when the spectre vanished. My brother recovered, but relapsed, and barely escaped with life; but Alexes did not. For a year and ten months the poor child lingered; and almost every night I had to sing her asleep; often, I remember, through bitter tears,—for I knew she was dying, and I loved her the more as she wasted away. I held her little hand as she died; I followed her to the grave—the last thing that I have *loved* on earth. And *the dream was fulfilled.* Truely and sincerely yours,

J. Noel Paton."

We quote this piece of vulgar and affected writing only as a specimen of the way in which prophecies may be and are got up. People have a sort of vanity in being supposed to be more close to what is supernatural than their fellows. To have a relation a ghost, or to have dreamed an anticipatory dream, is in its way a distinction, and makes one a subject of interest. People who in the bottom of their hearts don't believe in their ghosts, are not unwilling that others should do so; and by affirming occurrences within your experience of which a ghost is the common explanation, and denying your belief in it, you are distinguished at once for your adventure and your strength of mind. Nothing makes even an unbeliever so sore as to throw doubts on his own ghost-story; the surest way to bring it out in strong relief is to suggest explanations, which are always met by appropriate facts; so that the crevices by which doubt may creep in are gradually filled up, and the narrator very soon conscientiously believes his narrative in its amended form. Of "*that* dream" we have only to observe that, according to it, Catherine ought to have met with

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a violent death; that whether "my brother" survived or not, the prophecy was equally fulfilled and unfulfilled, and that Alexes ought to have escaped. The dream suggested murder to the mother, and by a particular man. He, however, does not murder any of the children; but three months after, Catherine dies of scarlet fever, the brother recovers from it, and Alexes dies in a year and ten months. A similar liberality of interpretation would supply any number of fulfilled prophecies. There are, however, doubtless much completer stories than these, where the minutest details have been found or made to correspond; and there are the stories of Scottish second-sight, of which Dr. Ferriar gives one or two singular instances, vouching for their accuracy without giving any explanation of them. Of his often-referred-to work it is impossible not to observe, that it contrasts strongly with its pretensions; and that the fact of spectral illusions does not meet many of the cases he himself adduces.

Doubtless there is a borderland of matter and spirit, in which lies at once the most perplexing and the most interesting field of human investigation. That the phenomena are most difficult of observation, the evidence of facts extremely precarious and unreliable, and especially hard to value, are only reasons why the scrutiny should be most searching, and the inquiry conducted with the utmost deliberation and caution. In many of these subjects the temperament best fitted to judge of the phenomena is the one least fitted to experience them; and, on the other hand, those whose nature adapts them to throw light by their own experience on the relations of body and spirit, and the more recondite and exceptional working of the human faculties, are generally very ill-suited to form correct opinions upon the phenomena they exhibit. If there was ever a man who combined the two necessary conditions, it was Swedenborg. A man of vast intellect, trained in scientific investigation, became the prophet of a special revelation. But not even he could exercise his judgment upon a side of his character so different. There are sets of facts which demand a more searching and persevering investigation than they have yet received, either that they may finally be disposed of as false, or reduced to scientific order. Such are, the appearance of ghosts, the power of second-sight, of clairvoyance, and other phenomena of magnetism and mesmerism; the nature of sleep and dreams, of spectral illusions (in themselves a decisive proof that the sense of sight may be fully experienced independently of the eye); the limits and working of mental delusions and enthusiastic excitement. But these things have little interest for the mass of scientific minds; they are at once remote from their sympathies, and irritating from the way in which they elude the intellect—used only to grapple with definite exactly-ascertain-

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able minutiæ; and it is probable that scornful apathy on the one side, and visible enthusiasm, delusion, and imposture on the other, will long leave these and similar questions in a state which makes a suspended judgment the wisest attitude for those who have no special call or opportunity for such investigations, and justifies the mass of men in coming to no conclusion whatever about them. There is such a thing as a wise, because a real, ignorance; and it would be well if we were not always so ridiculously ready with our 'because.' Those who do devote themselves to this class of inquiries will do well to remember Lord Bacon's warning on a similar subject, that "whosoever shall entertain high and vaporous imaginations, instead of a sober and laborious inquiry of truth, shall beget hopes and beliefs of strange and impossible shapes."

But neither ghosts nor dreams are the favourite supernaturalism of the day. We have advanced a step. Angels are now in vogue; and departed spirits no longer glide about our bedrooms, but avail themselves of other and completer means of communication. Formerly they appeared and were mute, now they talk and remain behind the screen. The last development is a curious one. Table-turning is pretty well exhausted, and spirit-rapping flat. We always wondered why the departed should go such roundabout ways to work, and it is cheering to find they are becoming more practical and direct. They now draw you pictures and write you letters with your own hand, giving detailed information as to the state of things in the life after this. People of education and character, and with a sincere love of goodness, believe this; and Mr. W. M. Wilkinson has had the courage to print his experience on the subject. In August 1856, he tells us, he lost his second son, then about eleven years old:

"Some weeks afterwards, his brother, then about twelve years old, went on a short visit to Reading, and whilst there amused himself as boys of his age are used to do. One morning he had a piece of paper before him, and a pencil in his hand, with which he was about to draw some child's picture; when gradually he found his hand filling with some feeling before unknown to him, and then it began to move involuntarily upon the paper, and to form letters, words, and sentences. The feeling he described as of a pleasing kind, entirely new to him, and as if some power was within him apart from his own mind, and making use of his hand. The handwriting was different to his own, and the subject-matter of the writing was unknown to him till he read it with curiosity as it was being written.

On frequent occasions whilst on this visit his hand was similarly moved in writing; and afterwards he went to stay with some other friends in Buckinghamshire, with whom he did not make a trial of this new power: but on his return home, after some weeks' absence, we for

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about two months watched with deep emotion the movement of his hand in writing and drawing; for sometimes, when he wished to write, his hand moved in drawing small flowers, such as exist not here; and sometimes, when he expected to draw a flower, the hand moved into writing. The movement was in general most rapid, and unlike his own mode of writing or drawing; and he had no idea of what was being produced until it was in process of being done. Often, in the middle of writing a sentence, a flower or diagram would be drawn, and then suddenly the hand would go off in writing again."

The writings were of a religious character, and purported to be chiefly communications from his dead brother, and were to the parents "the assistance not so much of faith as of the certainty of knowledge of his happiness in the great spirit-world." The mother by perseverance was subjected to the same influence:

"With fond affection my wife tried for many weeks, with pencil in hand, if any movement could be made through her in writing; but no 'imagination' nor effort of the mind produced a movement, nor made her fancy that her hand moved when it did not. For weeks it was resolutely fixed; but at last, on the 8th of January 1857, a slow and tremulous motion of the pencil commenced, and ended in the initial letters of our dear boy's name—'E. T. W.'—not in her natural handwriting, nor at all resembling it. Then some straight lines were made, and the day's work was done. The next day a somewhat similar movement of the hand was made; and on the day following a small and simple, but to us unknown, flower was drawn, instead of the writing which she expected; and the following day another flower, very small, but pleasing; then on half a sheet of letter-paper a large flower was drawn, with tendrils and other parts of it, to form which the hand extended beyond the paper on to the table, and made it necessary to paste an additional sheet of paper at the side, and afterwards two additional sheets were found necessary to allow room for the completion of the flower. This was the first flower-form which was finished. It belongs to no known order, though it is of a beautiful and complex shape, and looks as if it might well have existence in nature, and be no small addition to the floral world.

There was no 'imagination' nor fancy in the production of it; for, had there been, the original idea of the mind would have been followed by adapting the size of the paper in the first instance to the size of the flower that was to be drawn upon it. The mind was, during the whole process of drawing, in an entirely inactive state; and the only condition in which the movement would continue was by keeping the imagination, and all ideas on the subject of the picture, dormant.

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The movement, particularly in drawing the first outlines both of that and subsequent pictures, was by long and rapid sweeps upon the paper to form the stems and other parts of the flowers, and these were nearly always correct in the first instance, requiring no use of the

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india-rubber. Decided lines, beautiful forms, and combinations never before thought of, were thus produced in rapid succession.

A large series of these drawings has been produced by devoting about an hour a day to the use and practice of this wonderful faculty. Several of these drawings are of large size—two feet by eighteen inches—but the majority about eighteen inches by twelve. It would be impossible, without seeing them, to form an idea of their nature and variety, so entirely new are they, and their newness is shown in so many striking points."

Mr. Wilkinson goes on to describe his wife's drawings,—what wonderful flowers they were, how singularly they were developed, how her hand wandered beyond the limits of her paper, how complicated circles were drawn with great accuracy, and transformed by after-touches into flowers:

"Several other pictures of flowers, principally of pendent bell forms, were, like all the others, first completely sketched before the shading was commenced. Now it will be seen that the whole idea of the picture is necessarily contained in these first lines of the sketching, although the meaning and necessity for each line is of course not apparent till it is worked out, and the whole is shaded and finished. Some of these bell-pictures show a curious and exact knowledge of the law of the elasticity of the spring, as acted upon by the weight of the pendent bell; and in one picture this appears with the additional disturbance of one bell, which is in the act of forcibly pushing down another so as to throw it out of the line it would otherwise have formed; and yet, in making the sketch, she had no idea of its meaning, nor how it was to be subsequently carried out in the shading.

These circumstances are mentioned to prove that some intelligent agent or influence was engaged in the work, entirely apart and distinct from the ordinary operations of the mind of the person engaged in producing the drawing; for not only was drawing a new science to her, but she was not acquainted with botany, nor with the laws of art, with which, however, in the opinion of artists who have seen them, the pictures are replete. New ideas as to form, and new and striking effects of transparency, not before known in pencil-drawing, are produced; and in several of the pictures, according to the testimony of competent professional judges, there are a beauty and harmony of arrangement which bespeak art and a knowledge of the principles of composition.

Another drawing, which was expected, like the others, to result in a flower, proved, when further advanced, to represent a house with fountains before it, and over the door is a cross with rays proceeding from it. The same beautiful symbol is at the top of the house, and under the cross the words, also written by the same influence, 'Lord, open to us.' At one side of this house, something resembling a ladder or stage of progression is drawn; and, still acting under the same influence, the hand has from time to time, at intervals of about a fortnight, made on each of the upward bars of the ladder the form of a small cross.

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It was also told by this influence that the house represented the state of our dear son in the spiritual world, and that the ladder related to his progress in divine knowledge and love; and that when the topmost stage of it was reached, it would be a sign to us that he had entered upon a higher state, which would be represented by his inhabiting a more beautiful house—one of the 'many mansions' of the progressing soul. Another symbol shown on one side of this drawing is a lamp, which is said to serve as an external conscience, and in which, according to its want of brightness, he sees and is reminded of all the unregenerate portions of his life; thus that this lamp, by its increasing brightness, shows his regeneration and progression, as the steps in the ladder also show the same, but in another form."

How you can tell that the drawings "show a curious and exact knowledge of the law of the elasticity of the spring," without knowing the weight of the bell or the strength of the spring, is not very clear; and this commendation may perhaps be taken as a measure of the author's power of estimating the real value of these drawings.

Meanwhile a power of involuntary writing had developed itself in Mr. Wilkinson's hand:

"I had for many weeks at intervals taken pencil in hand, and held it for several minutes at a time with no result, excepting the firmest conviction that it was of no use to try again, for that it was impossible for my hand to move; and my conviction was borne out by repeated failures. It never moved a jot; and though I gave not up the trial, I held the pencil without hope. At last, one evening at my house, in the presence of several gentlemen, I again held it; and after waiting less than five minutes it began to move, at first slowly, but presently with increasing speed, till in less than a quarter of an hour it moved with such velocity as I have never seen in a hand and arm before or since. It literally *ran away* in spiral forms; and I can compare it to nothing less than the fly-wheel of an engine when it has 'run away.' This lasted until a gentleman present touched my arm; when suddenly it fell, like an infant's as it goes to sleep, and the pencil dropt out of my hand. I had, however, acquired the power, and afterwards the same evening my hand gently drew some geometrical and some flower forms. The consequences of the violent motion of the muscles of the arm were so apparent, that I could not for several days lift it without pain.

The producing of drawings soon ceased in my case; and in a day or two my hand, after going through a series of up-and-down strokes, moved into writing, and words and sentences were written which I can only say were not only entirely involuntary on my part, but I did not know, in many instances, how a word already begun would finish; and several times 'what I would, that I could not' write. No stronger proof could possibly be acquired for myself than that some intelligence other than mine, as it had ever before been exercised, was at work in



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producing words which passed not through the ordinary channels of the brain.

In this way, through my hand, it was told us that I should soon be able to write some explanation of the drawings of my wife, she not being able to write, but only to draw; and of many of her pictures I have thus written what are called descriptions of them; but unless the two are seen and read together, side by side, it will be impossible to convey much idea to the reader's mind of how much or how little they fit together."

Mr. Wilkinson proceeds to relieve good people with the assurance that this occult power produced nothing bad, and to give us some specimens of these supernatural communications, of which the following may suffice:

"THE FLOWER OF HUMILITY.

Why cannot I write of its beauty? Why does not its lovely form inspire my mind with ideas of its correspondences? 'Tis for want of knowledge of what it would say to me; 'tis because my state is not equal to know or to describe its meaning. Perhaps further on I may be able to say something of it—to see some part of its beauty and loving essence.

Trust in the Lord, ye men, His creatures, and the offspring of His love. It is from Him alone that all your knowledge flows. Did He not make all things by His one eternal law of love, and give us to know what our hearts could receive? It is one thing to create, and that is His; it is ours only to perceive with labour and imperfection the small part of His works which can be revealed to us because of our want of love.

O, may our love to Him increase! Then will our sight be opened to know Him more, and love Him in fullness and in truth.

This is not a flower of earth—it is not a flower of mortality; nor can it be understood by us while we are circled by our coil of flesh. It draws not its life from earth, nor from an earthly sphere, but from the love of our Heavenly King, who gives it to exist in highest states because it is the flower of high angelic beings. It is seen by them in ever-changing beauty, and it typifies their love to the Lord.

Each of those beautiful stamens is a prayer of inmost heart-striving to approach the Lord in praise and thanksgiving, and showing the pure emanations of a humble spirit. How happy is he who can do likewise, and, with open heart and eyes suffused, can say—

'O come, let us worship and bow down, and kneel before the Lord our Maker!'"

Others purport to come more directly from the spirit of the dead child, who signs himself "E. T. W.," so as to remove any possible doubt as to their origin.

Mrs. Wilkinson further acquired a power of improvising music, which Mr. Wilkinson is told is good (who ever told a lady her music was bad?); and on his wife asking "if she was

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spiritually guided by our dear boy," he got a piece of paper, and his hand moved in the words which follow:

"MUSIC.

'I am giving mamma the music she is playing. It is a hymn of praise to God for His mercy and His enduring never-ceasing love and care. Joy comes from Him and from His praise, and shows itself in sweetest music.

All His works are musical in their divinest harmony, and join in the universal concert which is the condition of their creation and the expression of their love, returning in its circle from whence it came.

I love to hear this music—more grand, more sweet, and more penetrating, as I learn more to know His works, and to see the infinite qualities they contain; but all in rhythm and divine perfection.

Why is not all musical on earth? It is that man is discord and throws His sweetest works out of their created harmonies. Love and peace shall put them all in tune, and make Him all in all, and that is music. E. T. W.'"

Other communications are mentioned; and the dear boy's guardian-angel being applied to by mental inquiries, just as on earth anxious parents write to a schoolmaster, he kindly furnishes satisfactory accounts of his behaviour and progress. Mr. Wilkinson concludes with an intimation that this power is not confined to his own family:

"I have now said enough to give some idea of the tendency of what has been drawn, and of what has been written, and what means the music that is played. There is much more that might be told; but perhaps there is already more than will be believed or received in a kindly heart. I will close by stating that the same power, both of drawing and of writing, was shown some months ago in two others of our children, one of nine, and the other of seven years old, and that they have both drawn curious and beautiful forms, suited to their years, of a holy symbolic kind. It has not had the least apparent physical or psychical effect upon them.

To show that the power or faculty is not confined to a particular family, to a particular belief, or to a higher or lower state of the mind, but that, like all laws, it is general in its application, it is useful to tell that many persons we know have here developed this faculty, both of drawing and writing: their hands have been moved, generally at first in spiral forms; and of the first seventeen who sat down with a pencil, the hands of fifteen were moved in less than five minutes. These consisted of old and young and middle-aged; of male and female, married and unmarried; of physicians, barristers, students, Englishmen, and foreigners—a mixture of classes and conditions quite sufficient to give an average of those who can be so quickly acted upon. But I think it more probable that the faculty is universal.

Several have in a few minutes become able to improvise in music; others I know who write involuntarily in verse, and some who have

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the power of speaking by impression in the same way as others write, and with an enlightenment not less wonderful than absorbing for its beauty."

Such is the substance of Mr. Wilkinson's personal narrative. The remainder of the book is filled with theories deduced from grounds of *à-priori* reasoning and human experience; and from these experiences in particular, with discussions on their nature and influence, deprecation of doubt, and statements of their vast importance at the present time for the spiritual regeneration of man, and earnest applications to us to receive them in a spirit of childlike faith.

The other work we have cited has nothing whatever human about it except the printer and publisher. From cover to cover it is the work of "an angel of heaven," who has dictated it word for word to a lady for our benefit. "*Ce que femme veut, Dieu veut,*"—how much more, then, a solitary mankind-angel; and we cannot help feeling that the present one has deferentially permitted the lady to suggest to him what he should dictate to her. At any rate, if any one be curious to know how an angel of heaven writes, we can assure him it is exactly as an amiable and enthusiastic woman would do, who possessed warm feelings, a devotional spirit, and a somewhat limited stock of ideas. He will find the angel in question without bigotry, and willing to submit his lucubrations to the judgment of his human readers; who are permitted, and even urged, to pass by his truths if they find themselves unequal to their acceptance. He will even find in him occasional signs of diffidence as to his being an angel in heaven, or a lady in the flesh. He insists strongly on the importance of an unqualified acceptance of every word of Scripture; and tells us the outward letter has an esoteric meaning, and sometimes more than one, each deeper and more interior than the other. And while he tells us he is sent to confirm our faith in the great Book of Life, and bids us set him aside if he contradict one word of the Bible, he gives us a signal example of the precariousness of our trust in the meanings it is in our own power to extract; for one main object of his work is to contravene the saying of our Saviour, that after death we are neither married nor given in marriage, but are as the angels which are in heaven. These words are to be understood according to the spirit, not the letter; and so construed, they mean that there *are* marriages in heaven, with this distinction, that we are to them not conjugally but "conjugially" united, according to the spirit, not according to the flesh.

On this idea hinges the romance which is embodied in the work. The angel left this world at middle age, without having

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contracted any matrimonial tie; the lady through whom he reveals himself had been attached to him here, without any response on his part; and it was only after his removal to the angelic sphere that he discovered that holy and spiritual links united them; and it has been his special and exceptional happiness that the two should become conscious of this, and find themselves "conjugially" one in the bonds of spiritual wedlock, although so widely separated. While dealing largely and specially with the matrimonial relation of the heavenly state, the whole work is characteristically silent on the subject of the female angels and their attachments.

It is not easy to deal with the deep-seated delusions of a pure and amiable nature. It is impossible to doubt, that to print the lover-like expressions and flattering estimate even of an angel must have cost pain to a delicate mind, and can only have been done under a strong sense of duty. The work disarms ridicule. It is humble in all but its fundamental pretensions; and it persuades only, and that not without a certain graceful and feminine eloquence, to kindliness of heart, purity of life, and devotion of spirit; one thing only in its tone we quarrel with, and that is naturally incidental to an absorbing interest in what may be called the external spiritual world, viz. that prayer is apt to be considered less as the highest privilege of man than as a sort of talisman for the discernment of the rectitude of competing spiritual claimants for the attention. It is possible the book may be in its form a *jeu-d'esprit*, and the angel-dictation only feigned as a device to gain attention for the ideas of the author; but to suppose this would be to compliment her good sense at the expense of her delicacy, and would be inconsistent with the air of genuine, though here and there slightly mistrustful, conviction of the supernatural character of her experience which pervades the book. We much prefer to believe her the sincere subject of delusions, which though mischievous, as all delusions must be, and not always consistent with good sense or good taste, have nothing in them repulsive or degrading.

There are, no doubt, a large number of minds to whom these angelico-feminine lucubrations and experiences, and a philosophy like that of Mr. Wilkinson, will appear too contemptible to merit a moment's consideration, and very unworthy of any serious discussion. Yet perhaps this is not entirely so. Estimable people do seriously believe in these things; and there are others who in refusing them credence, do so rather in conformity to the atmosphere of unhesitating rejection in which they live, than from real conviction of their falsity, and are even conscious of an effort to keep down a certain uneasy misgiving lest they should, after all, be turning a deaf ear to matters in which they ought to believe.

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It may therefore be not entirely supererogatory to venture a few remarks on the nature, and more particularly the value, of this the latest and most fashionable form of assumed intercourse with what is called "the great world of spirits." As to the experiences of the Wilkinson family circle, to us they seem to present no such perplexing a phenomenon as their exponent supposes. He has a chapter on doubts, in which he discusses the theories adverse to its supernatural solution, and disposes of them to his own satisfaction. He omits, however, the simple and obvious explanation that they immediately invite. He approaches it, indeed, near enough to say that they cannot be the work of the imagination; for that, he says, presupposes a conceived whole consciously worked out in its details. This is, no doubt, one way in which the imagination works; but either it or the subordinate fancy has an allied function much more unconscious in its working. "Find me a poet," says Mr. Wilkinson, "whose ordinary mode of writing his appreciations of the divine was not only not with labour and with difficulty, nor with a mind pregnant with the images to which he was giving birth, but without even having a cognate idea in his mind of what he was writing about. . . . . Where is the artist who sits down to his paper without an idea or an image of the picture he is to draw, who measures not with his mind and with his eye the combinations of his forms, and their fitness to the general design? Finally, who sits down thinking he will draw a flower, and whose hand flows off in writing?"

Perhaps it is too much to say that a poet ever writes "without a cognate idea in his mind of what he is writing about;" but neither does Mr. Wilkinson do this; his subject is always previously suggested to him, and prominent in his thoughts; he says himself he asks a mental question, and he knows really the sort of thing the hand or mind is expected to produce. On the other hand, every artist must be aware that he owes a great deal to the unconscious working of his mind or hand; hints seem to arise spontaneously, and much of his art consists in his availing himself of them, and giving them shape and consistency. A metaphor flashes across the mind, an imperceptible turn of the wrist adds an unpremeditated grace, which enchants with delightful surprise him from whose hand it flowed; and so little are we able to trace the fine clues of suggestion from which these things (often the best we are capable of) arise, that we use as a metaphor to describe their origin that which Mr. Wilkinson thinks a reality, and speak habitually of the "inspirations" of genius. No one has solved the problem of the mode in which thoughts spring up in the mind. We can direct the intellect to certain subjects, we can lead and control our thoughts; but we cannot explain their birth, nor understand the way in which

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they rise to the surface of the mind, like bubbles floating up in swift succession on water. They are part of the working of the mystery of life. To a certain extent we can voluntarily withdraw our control over them; sleep in general has this effect completely, and a thousand fantastic frivolous images, mingled with others of deeper import, all destitute of any apparent chain of connection, rise and break in swift succession. Thus we have no doubt it is true of most men,—men at least who have ever touched a pen or pencil at all, so that the hand is free to move,—that if they will sit with it often enough and long enough pointed to paper, they will begin to draw figures and write words; and that they may to a certain extent let the thoughts take their free course; that they may in a great measure hold in abeyance the controlling power, and may easily persuade themselves, if they desire it, that they do so entirely. The large return Mr. Wilkinson makes of persons who on trying the experiment were spiritually guided, is probably due in great measure to the contagiousness of an example in so imitative a creature as man. But though some men, if uninformed of what was expected of them, might sit for ever, pen in hand, without feeling any impulse to move it, there are those who would soon begin to draw or write—some determinately and to a fixed end, others vaguely and without purpose. It is in every idle schoolboy's experience that the sort of geometrical and flower figures Mr. Wilkinson describes, form themselves half unconsciously under his hand as he sits wondering whether he shall ever get his sum right. Our grandfathers and grandmothers had a recognised branch of painting, the technical name of which we have forgotten, but which may be found described in Gilpin. It consisted in making a blot of colour on the paper, and pushing it about arbitrarily with the pencil, and then seizing hints from the accidental forms it assumed gradually to develop a landscape out of it. Such a work requires but little effort of mind, but to draw spirit flowers requires yet less. As to their beauty, that will depend, we think, on the person who holds the pencil; and the forms which proceed from the not consciously controlled meanderings of the fingers of a lady of refined mind, even if uncultivated in art, will very likely possess grace and elegance. Produced under the stimulus of excitement of the religious feelings and natural affections, her efforts, both in drawing and music, may surpass all that could previously have been anticipated from her. Did the drawings improve, as Mr. Wilkinson mentions? We have no doubt they did; and, indeed, we learn that she has advanced from flowers to houses and temples, and even to colouring, in which she exhibits marvellous proficiency for a beginner. Progress, both in the delusion and in the execution, is what we should expect, as the

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mind became accustomed to work in this particular channel, and the hand gained facility by practice. The fancy may be fostered into very luxuriant growths. Shelley at one time in his life determined to note down his dreams; but he found that by giving attention to them they became so protracted and detailed, that the narration of them would have occupied all his time. We give Mr. Wilkinson full credit for moral truthfulness, if not for intellectual accuracy and judgment. We think he is unnecessarily hard upon himself when he says, that not to be able to decide after forty years' experience whether he moves his own hand himself, or whether it is moved by another power, argues utter imbecility. "Not to know," he proceeds, "whether or not he was aware in his intellect or knowing power previously to his hand moving of the direction it would take, would bespeak an entire absence of reason, and of the natural senses and faculties. Yet such is the utter imbecility imputed to us by those who try to explain by imagination a fact which they cannot otherwise dispose of." When a practised rider sits his horse, and accommodates himself to every movement of the animal, does he know beforehand what direction his body or arm will take as he sways the one or moves the other? Does an absorbed man never walk to the end of his garden-terrace, and feel surprised to find himself there? Is he conscious of how he put one foot before the other, and avoided the flower-beds? or does this procedure of his demand the theory that angelic attendants lifted his legs for him? The muscles are more under voluntary control than the thoughts; and it is unquestionable that the mind will work almost, if not quite, unconsciously, and will guide the hand, and moreover, that it will do so without trespassing over certain preconceived boundaries, and especially in directions long practised. To make oneself the subject of the *argumentum ad absurdum* is an imprudent form of argument. No doubt Mr. Wilkinson believes his mind to have been absolutely passive when his hand was writing descriptions of his wife's drawings; certainly they bear more traces of raised feelings than of active intellect. The question, however, is, as to absolute passivity of mind; and here, though unwilling to adopt his own measure of the deduction to be drawn, we cannot help thinking he deceives himself. If, as he supposes, it is merely a spirit guiding the hand, the mind may not only be passive, but otherwise employed. Did Mr. Wilkinson ever try the experiment whether a spirit would use his arm to make connected revelations while the whole powers of his mind were otherwise occupied, say in extracting a square root by mental arithmetic? or if that be easy to him, something harder, something which should engross his whole recollection; and that incessantly, for it is easy to draw flowers in the interstices of a mental process;

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many persons adorn their manuscripts with such things in the margins. The less skilful draw geometrical figures and flowers and sprigs, or rather perhaps what those who do not think them of angelic origin would conceive to be patterns for work on ladies' collars; the more advanced draw heads, figures, and landscapes, or even write a verse or two: and these things are done with every shade of volition, from conscious efforts at particular results to mere unconscious scrawling. Who has not been surprised at what he has thus made? who has not drawn faces not knowing how they would turn out, and given them their appropriate names after they were finished? Or take an analogous phenomenon of every-day occurrence: how is it that when we wish to copy a certain thing, say a mere profile, we cannot succeed, but draw something more or less different from what we intend to draw, and which yet has a definite signification of its own? So far from there being any difficulty in the unpremeditated production of forms which shall have every degree of completeness and significance, it is, on the contrary, the highest triumph of the artist to be able to subject his hand and whole delineating powers to his own absolute control, to make a perfect portrait, or exactly to reproduce in words or colours his own inward conception. Our whole life is made up of conscious and unconscious movement, the boundaries of which are often most intricately and perplexingly confused.

Is all that part of the life of mind and heart which springs from sources beyond our discernment, that which seems the spontaneous flow of thought and impulse, to be referred to the direct dictation of an intermediate class of beings superior to ourselves? Mr. Wilkinson does not hesitate to claim for them all this common origin; and maintains that

> "All thoughts, all feelings, all delights,
> Whatever stirs this mortal frame,"

are the suggestions of spiritual beings either good or depraved. Indeed, the whole material world is, according to him, sustained and made manifest by their action. "Nothing in this world is produced or presented to view, or experienced, but by means of spiritual *agency* in the hands of the Almighty." We ourselves are a field for the rival activity of angels and demons. It is in our power to pass judgment on these varied inspirations, to accept them or refuse them; and this process makes our lives. The theory is not new; in a more specific and detailed form, it was held by Origen, and is one of those purely speculative hypotheses which are scarcely amenable to the judgment. No doubt the supposition will explain the phenomena of unconscious action and untraceable suggestions. The theory of a living power,

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whose limits are unknown, acting in a manner which is unintelligible, will solve, as far as it solves at all, most difficulties. If I choose to assert that the reason of the sap rising in trees is that an angel visits them in spring, and draws up their juices by exhaling warm breath over their branches; or if I agree with certain nations that in an eclipse the sun is in danger of being devoured by some fearful celestial monster,—who is to prove me wrong? It may be shown me that other explanations are more in harmony with ascertained facts of the universe, but it is still in my power to maintain that these things are as I say, and to complain bitterly of the want of faith in my assertions. No doubt spiritual life underlies the material universe; no doubt the universe stands and lives by the creative, and most will think by the ever freshly-flowing creative, energy of the Divine Mind; it needs no messenger from Abraham's bosom to tell us this, nor, if we believed it not sure, could his coming assure us of it: the question is, whether, as some of our modern mystics hold, this world is a sort of dull reflex of another, the same, yet different, according to the doctrine of types; or whether the sustainment of life and thought and material existence in this world is a work delegated to the personal efforts of a class of celestial functionaries; and men, as it were, a set of discriminating French horns, on which any spirit may take his turn to try and play his own tune.

Of this theory it may be observed, that if such power is given to angels and demons, it is at least very strictly limited; and that it depends in very great measure, if not entirely, on ourselves, not only how we shall receive the suggestions of angels, but what suggestions the angels shall make to us. No one, we suppose, will deny that the mass of a man's thoughts and impulses are in harmony with his character, and that even in sleep an idle and luxurious man dreams different dreams from one active and ambitious. The winged aspirations of Milton do not visit a sordid spirit; a man who has not studied mathematics makes not the prophetic guesses of Newton. Even the infantine Wilkinsons are so far in keeping with the rest of mankind, as to vent revelations "suited to their tender years." The more accurately we observe, the more distinctly we see that things come to men in exact proportion to their capacity to receive them; and we may well, therefore, believe that the flow of thought and impulse is arranged in some definite connection with the ever-varied and ever-changing forms of character and intellectual capacity, as they vary with original organisation and subsequent training,—that they are bounded by definite laws, and not left to the direct and conscious industry of other beings of whose existence we are ignorant. Were it not so, the word

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'character' would not possess a meaning. To suppose that personal influence and effort, of all others the highest, should be employed as machinery for the production of our daily thoughts, seems to involve a waste of power very inconsistent with what else we know of the divine arrangements. By personal influence to guide man might be a task not unworthy of those far above him; but it is not very possible to believe that to be the anonymous manufacturer of all the thoughts, fancies, and impulses which flit through his heart and brain, whether awake or asleep, could afford scope for the activity of a higher class of beings. To appreciate what it would be, we must put ourselves in a corresponding position. Animals have doubtless some degree of self-determining power. To train a dog is no bad exercise of the faculties; but imagine what it would be for us to find an occupation in suggesting for his consideration such hints as, "Bark;" "Smell a rat;" "Chase a rabbit." Would the most zealous advocate of this theory like to find his sphere of activity in dictating the dreams and waking thoughts of a growing litter of pigs?

On the other hand, it is very possible that incidentally the lives of higher beings may influence us, just as men incidentally and unconsciously on both sides influence one another. We do not here discuss the question how far the radiating influence of the lives of higher beings than ourselves may affect us. It is possible it may do so, as here we see the consequences of one man's act flowing in ever-widening circles of untraceable influence upon other men; and none can say that there are not other beings whose actions unconsciously modify, in common with those of other men, the mental and moral atmosphere we breathe. Neither do we here discuss the theory of *occasional* direct but concealed interference by suggestion from higher beings, though little disposed to believe in it, as loth to accept the idea of anonymous personal influence. Still less do we enter upon the subject how the Holy Spirit of God visits the spirit of men, to warn, to purify, to comfort, to sustain, or to inspire. We wish only to draw attention to the fact, that these are questions entirely different from that we have been dilating on,—the hypothesis, that is, of universal spirit influence as the source of all our mental and moral activity; and still more, from the more modern and special teaching of Mr. Wilkinson and his fellow-labourers, that a new era has arrived, in which spirits are to be self-revealed to us, and we are to receive the communications of recognised individual members of another world, and moreover, to receive from them not mere suggestions, but inspired knowledge of particular facts hitherto beyond our cognisance. Mr. Wilkinson presents himself as one who has himself experienced such intercourse, and publishes the results for our benefit. Though such an inquiry

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inevitably exposes us to the stigma which in the minds of these supernaturalists always attaches to the demand of any reason for a new belief, it is impossible to help inquiring on what ground Mr. Wilkinson bases his own convictions, and demands our confidence.

When asked what induced him to give admission to the impression that the drawings and writings he describes came from his dead son, he tells us "it was too beautiful a thought not to be a true one." "Not a few," he says elsewhere, "have said that all they saw and heard was beautiful, and they only wished they could believe it to be true; thus not recognising the great spiritual truth that all which is really beautiful must of necessity be true." Do people really deceive themselves with such expressions? Are beautiful fancies existing facts? There is a sense in which the Beautiful is the True. Sir Edward Bulwer wrote them thus with capital initials, and maundered a good deal about them, some years ago; but he used the True in contradistinction to the Real. Did the Ulysses of Homer ever live? is the play of *Cymbeline* a proof that the things there related took place as there described? or are all the dreams of all the poets unreal, and only the dreams of Mr. Wilkinson true? When we ask on what grounds, however he himself may have been convinced, others are to give their assent to the reality of these things, we are desired to exercise a childlike faith. This we confess is a little irritating. Trust can only be reposed in persons. In whom is this childlike faith to be reposed? In Mr. Wilkinson, Mrs. Wilkinson, and the younger branches of the Wilkinson family. On their sound sense and discretion, the moral certainty they can give us they are not self-deluded, rests the whole supposed revelation, if it is to be received as a matter of faith. On what grounds does this family circle arrogate so unlimited a confidence? The ancient Roman Church, grown gray in power, and crowned with mighty intellects, her annals starred with the names of saints and martyrs, makes the same demand, bids us trust her, and reap the fruits of faith. Do we deny her, to bend before every self-established communicant with the so-called spiritual world? Any man may be convinced that he has received a revelation; it may approve itself to him by internal evidence which it is impossible for him to resist: but he cannot convey this certainty to another mind; and the only way in which it can be accepted as a matter of faith, is by an implicit trust in the accuracy as well as the integrity of him who offers it. Such an acceptance is one independent of the judgment; we believe without inquiring. There is also an acceptance based upon the judgment. A revelation may be accompanied by external signs appreciable by others than he who is the channel of it, and which by their character indicate a supernatural origin; the matter of it may

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approve itself to the judgment from its accordance with existing intuitions, experience, and conviction; and furthermore, the judgment may and does pronounce also upon the character and moral and intellectual trustworthiness of the revealer. Practically, we rely in part on the judgment, in part on the moral confidence excited by the person; and in the great revelation in which we trust, this confidence was inspired by the personal presence, the life, and actions of Him who promulgated it, and the Life was at least no less a revelation than the teachings. Our faith can have no place in an anonymous revelation, or, what is much the same thing, one made by a person of whom we know nothing.

The only new things in the present revelations, beyond the fundamental assumption on which they are based of direct personal communications between spirits and men, are certain special facts, as that there is marriage in heaven, that beasts exist there in a certain way, that there are houses and flowers there, that little boys are taught by guardian-angels and wear purple tunics, &c.; and there are also certain other ideas previously more or less received, which are presumed to receive the confirmation of an unquestionable authority from the same source, as that the soul does not linger in the grave, that a man will issue in the next world as he has framed himself by his life here, &c. On the probable truth of the first class of special minutiæ the judgment can form no opinion. There is a certain class of great revealed facts connected with man's spiritual and moral nature, and the experience of his life and heart, on which it can do so. It can say, or if unable to decide, it can learn by trial, whether the teaching be true that self-sacrifice is greater than self-seeking, activity than sloth, forgiveness than revenge, the spirit of trust than the spirit of suspicion. But on matters of fact not thus connected with our existing knowledge or capacities, it can say nothing. There may be a thousand conflicting statements among which it can make no choice whatever. That angels are in the habit of communicating with their fellows by means of horses and other creatures with scrolls in their mouths, who rise into existence for the nonce; that a particular little boy resides in a particular little house, of which a drawing is furnished, and has his stage of spiritual advancement marked by the position of a cross on a ladder; that a man who was blind here to the attachment he has inspired may reciprocate it after he has become an angel; that there is an intermediate stage in the next world devoted to reading the Bible, under the superintendence of a tutorial angel,—on all these points it is impossible for the judgment to come to a conclusion. They may be true; trivial and impertinent as some of them seem, no man at least can prove them to be false; but if

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we are to believe them, it can only be by virtue of an unlimited confidence in the spirits from whom they are said to be derived, and in those who say they derive them from spirits.

It is of importance too to observe that the kind of information professed to be obtained from these sources is not of the slightest use to men. A revelation of facts descriptive of a mode of existence entirely different in kind from our own can neither exercise the intellect nor subserve the life. It cannot exercise the intellect, for no activity of mind can acquire it or test it, nor can we extend it one inch. It is a deposit of dead barren scraps of information, of which we are the passive recipients. It is a great thing for an astronomer to weigh a fixed star; but for an ignorant man to have the weights of every star in the heavens dictated to him would be of no profit to him. The divine providence has not hitherto made arrangements for gratifying the idle curiosity to which alone this kind of angelic information can minister; and there seems to be every *à-priori* reason for believing that the original plan still remains adhered to, by virtue of which man is not supplied with ready-made knowledge through a process of dictation, but only furnished with the capacity and the materials for acquiring it. That the affections would find a solace in communications with the spirits of the dead, if such a privilege were accorded, we do not deny, and most men will regard with compassion rather than rigour the weakness of a mother, too prone to believe that her dead child can whisper comfort across the grave, and confide his infantine experiences of heaven as freely as he did those of earth; but it is not easy to extend the same indulgence to a man who makes his delusions the basis of a new philosophy, and the inauguration of a new religious era.

Nothing can be more ridiculous than the contrast between the importance attached by enthusiastic votaries to a belief in ghosts or spiritual communications, and the actual results attained even on their own showing. Mrs. Crowe, speaking of the reports of our future state, says, they "may perchance turn out to have a deeper interest for us than all those various questions, public and private, put together with which we are daily agitating our minds." How can this be? It is here we are living, not there; whatever may be the exact conditions of our future existence, we know what the grand ones are; we know that it is by our life here that we must be fitted to avail ourselves of the highest promises of that which is to come. And can any thing be more absurd than to say, that prying into its details a little before the time is of more importance to us than the study and practice of those things, our conduct among which will practically influence our existence in that new world, perhaps for evermore? What would Mrs. Crowe think of a farmer who should devote

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himself to the study of Zadkiel's Almanac for next year, and maintain that this was of far more importance than sowing his wheat now?

This lady, unwilling to treat us as absolute disbelievers, reproaches us with the lightness of our belief in ghosts. A firmer confidence in them would give, she thinks, to our ideas of immortality certainty and definiteness. Now most of us are pretty well convinced of our immortality, and those who are not will hardly yield to the witness of ghosts. He, indeed, who has seen a person returned from the grave, and convinced himself that what he saw was an existent being, and neither a delusion nor a mere floating film or mechanical reproduction of a formerly-existing form,—such a man has gained a new certainty of the life beyond the grave of a particular person; but the evidence which, at present at least, can be furnished to men in general of the nature of such appearances is certainly not calculated to supply them with any additional grounds of certainty. As to definiteness, ghosts at least have been wise enough not to attempt this. They are not communicative; and this is very much in their favour as compared with their friends the spirits and angels. They commit themselves much less. They very rarely speak at all; when they do, it is curtly, and without descending to particulars. Few, if any, have carried the matter further than the celebrated ghost of Ficinus, who, having agreed with his friend Michael Mercato that he who died first should appear, if possible, and bear evidence to the other world, did so appear after death; and galloping up to the door of his friend early in the morning, dressed in white, on a white horse, cried under his window, "O Michael, O Michael! those things are true;" and so rode away again at the gallop. Mercato did not profess to see more than the back of this ghost, riding fast; but the story is so picturesque that it finds universal credence, and we are gravely assured that Baronius, who tells it, was a man of great probity, and had it from Mercato's grandson. Whether the grandson was a man of great probity does not appear, nor from whom he had it. But ghosts, though taciturn, vary in their behaviour; and if we are to become disciples of Mrs. Crowe, and believe all that is reported of them, our ideas of the world we are hereafter to inhabit might be definite, but they would certainly be confused. Some of us that died of drowning are to remain wet through; others are to sit as torchlights on our graves,—a tedious and unprofitable way of spending eternity, so it seems at least; others of us, again, can come out of our graves to enjoy the society of our lovers, and even carry back presents we receive into the sepulchre with us. We shall not rest, witnesses a German ghost (they have such odd notions, these German ghosts), unless we

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pay our tobacconist's bill, and return any magic-lantern slides we may have borrowed; it may make part of our amusement to throw hair-brushes at lieutenants; we may range the universe or be *glebæ adscripti*, and only have the run of an old house, or pace up and down a tombstone. Some of us are in irons, some of us are headless. We may find our punishment within us; or, again, we may be condemned to the more orthodox hell, which the young Glasgow rake visited before his time, apparently fresh from the perusal of *Vathek*, and found his dead acquaintance playing loo and exercising their other favourite vices, each with a burning flame in his bosom. It is from want of consideration of this varied imformation, derivable from ghostly sources, Mrs. Crowe tells us, that "when we are about to die we are seldom in a situation to do more than resign ourselves to what is inevitable." Seldom indeed!

Men have ever been familiar with the idea that the spirit does not rest with the body in the grave, but passes at once into new conditions of being. The opinion has gained adherence, and disputes the ground with the more material one that it rests in sleep with the body, to await one common day of awakening and judgment; and so confused are the common impressions on the subject, that you may hear a clergyman, in a funeral sermon, deliberately giving expression to both in one discourse, and telling you in the same breath that my lady lately deceased is a patient inhabitant of the tomb and a member of the angelic company. But the idea of uninterrupted life has so strong a hold on the affections, which cannot bear the idea of even the temporary extinction of that which they cling to, that it has the instinctive adherence of almost every one who has felt deeply and stood face to face with death. Again, that heaven and hell are states, not places; that the mind of itself can make a hell of heaven, and heaven of hell; and that the rebellious spirit brings "within him hell and round about him,"

> "Nor from hell
> One step, no more than from himself, can fly
> By change of place;"—

these are not new lights of the day. Whatever a man may choose to imagine or believe to be revealed as to future conditions of existence, yet that sin can bring its own punishment, and that the spirit can find room within itself for terrors too awful to contemplate, and joys ineffable, are truths within the actual experience of many. We can but smile, then, at the idle boast which affirms that we owe these ideas to the reappearance of the dead and the penetration of spirit-seers. And when the advocates of these new sources of information claim such accordant testimony as they may afford on these and similar points as proof of the

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truth of what they tell us, is it not pretty clear that they are availing themselves—some consciously, others unconsciously—of previously existing impressions, especially as they diverge in the most wonderful way when they come to details? Whom are we to believe—St. Theresa, with her hosts of Jesuits treading the courts of heaven in white garments, with floating banners; Jacob Behmen, with his cosmical revelations, his 'Yea and Nay,' and his seven principles or 'Mothers of Existence;' Swedenborg, with his picturesque imagery and his profound thoughts shaped in delusive forms; or some one of a host of others, down to the more shallow and vulgar seers and rappers of modern America, all alike making demands upon our faith? The ancient mystics had some claim to our admiration and respect in the merciless self-denial, the devoted self-abnegation, or the tasked thought through which they strove to penetrate to the sphere of central illumination; but the wind is tempered to the shorn capacities of the modern lamb. The royal road to supernatural knowledge is open indeed, where every one may run who can only hold a pen in his hand. The more ignorant one is of what other men know, the more important it is to be enlightened in matters of which they are ignorant. He who has every thing else to learn, is the most intent upon being well informed on disembodied spirits; another, who finds natural science hard, believes his Maker has confided to him, without any effort of his own, an instinctive short-cut to the symbolic meanings of the universe, and rushes into types and anti-types: the devil himself cannot spell well, and the angels dictate bad grammar. But this knowledge is not always to be trusted. Apart from all the chances of error among the interpreters, it seems the spirits themselves are not to be implicitly confided in; we are warned against lying spirits, and a taste for mischief is not confined to the flesh.* Some, we are gravely told, *can* only give you back your own preconceived answer to a question; nor can we help suspecting that this reasonable limitation applies to them all. The strong sense of the danger of an opening to disorder which appears in

* We have heard a story which sets the occasional mendacity of spirits in a strong light. A lady visiting at a house where two of the children were remarkable for their command of spiritual intercourse, had in some way or other made her absence desirable to these young people. It was accordingly revealed to them that her husband was ill in London, and required her immediate presence. The lady, possibly from the very fact of her being a believer, possessed more faith in the constitution of her husband than in the competency of the seers; she stayed quietly where she was, and listened with incredible calmness to fresh revelations of the worst aggravation of his symptoms. Soon a letter arrived to say he then was and had been perfectly well. On this news being submitted to the juvenile seers, they were not the least discomposed, but cried, "O, it's that horrid Lord Byron again; he's always coming and telling us some flam or other." Perhaps the children were mistaken; if not, the punishment of the author of *Don Juan* in the next world has been heavy indeed.



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the more candid of these writings is itself an evidence, if one were needed, of the closeness with which imposture and charlatanism tread on the heels of delusion.

If these so-called revelations are based on fact, and not the echoes of the intelligence of the revealers, varying with themselves and the age in which they live, a curious question suggests itself as to what has become of the devil. He was well known in the middle ages, and far more familiar with us than the angels; was constantly seen about till quite lately, and had abundance of avowed disciples. Why do we never hear of him now? and what has become of his well-accredited imps, his witches, and the grotesque faces he used to pull? He can't be dead, for practically he is as active as ever. Can any sufficient reason be given for his having retired so completely from the boards of the supernatural theatre?

As to the religious tone which prevails in the two works we have selected, we do not wish to question the sincerity and piety of the minds that have dictated these revelations to themselves, or doubt that they are published from a conscientious sense of their importance, and the duty of making them known,—a duty which, to the authoress of the *Angel's Message*, it would be unfair to doubt was a painful and difficult one. But they do not fill up the promises with which they are preluded. There is in them nothing of that power with which a mere mortal endowed with genius lays bare the secrets of our hearts, and the true sources of our sins and our consolations, gives a new application to old principles, and a fresh hold to old truths. If these spirits and angels were to preach from our pulpits, we should listen to them with the respect and attention a sermon always commands: but we should not wish to sit under them habitually; we should shrink a little from a certain tone of sentimental familiarity. They enjoin the love of God and love of man with feeble ejaculatory eloquence, and dilate on the attributes of the Divine Being with mild insipid enthusiasm. There is a certain frothiness of devotional sentiment about them; the great lessons of the Great Master are *réchauffé*, and served up tepid: truths divine come any thing but mended from their tongues.

Scepticism is a word used for two very different attitudes of mind: for the temper which is unwilling to give its adhesion to any but the most definitely ascertainable certainties, and hangs long, perhaps ever, in doubt whether to believe or not in asserted truths. This is the scepticism of the intellect. But there is another, and one which justifies the odium which attaches to the word, that of the heart,—the scepticism which cannot rest in personal confidence when certainties are hidden from its eyes; which must have sight, and cannot walk by faith; which, accord-

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ing to the characteristics of the minds in which it prevails, here grasps a negative, and there gives the welcome of unlimited credulity to the most unbased affirmatives. We have said of the demand which the spirit-seers make upon our faith for the acceptance of their revelations, that if we are to exercise faith in the matter, it must be a personal trust in the seers themselves. But they don't exactly mean to demand this,—what they really ask is, that we should have faith in asserted facts independently of the evidence; they misuse the word, and simply under its sanction implore us to be credulous. It is curious to see these new revealers of hidden things declaiming against science and a scientific age. It is a scientific age; and they are themselves the most remarkable proof of it, and the worst example of its worst tendencies. It is the worst tendency of too exclusive a devotion to science, that it tends to blind us to the truths of the heart, and leads us to rely too exclusively upon truths of the perceptions and the intellect; and what is it but a shallow hungering after tangible certainties which leads men to ask for a knocking at the table to convince them their dead relatives yet live, and movements of the elbow, or the whispered words of an angel, to assure them of the love of God and the beauty of holiness,—which leads them to "peep and botanise" on the grave, and to mistake in their eager credulity the pale meteors of the night for the shining through of the coming morning?

Not that any one with a heart to feel, or an imagination to be moved, can in his deeper moods look with other than earnest solicitude, with awe and profound stirrings of the emotions, into the life that lies beyond, but we know not how close to this; which must soon receive ourselves, and into which has already passed so much that seemed very part of our own being; whose gates have been so often washed with our tears, and from whose silence we have so passionately implored a sign. So passionately and so unavailingly! For there are times when faith is weak, and the heart yearns for knowledge; when it seems to us as if all hopes and fears were bound up around the insupportable longing for one gleam, however brief, of certainty to shine through the darkness. We know there is no answer to this cry, day by day climbing after the wings of death from many a desolated home. But is it meant to be indulged? is what is denied to this supplication to be granted to a cold—and what we may even call, as it is sometimes manifested, a prurient—curiosity? It is sometimes the hardest trial of human nature to rest upon the silence of God; but is it better to do so, or to seek consolation in rapping of tables? We have seen a woman gray with grief and years, who, having lost her children in early life, refused to leave her chamber, and devoted herself to the perusal of all the books which should solve

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the question of immortality, and give her a certainty that those she had lost yet lived. She pored incessantly in her solitary life over metaphysics and philosophy; and the suns of many years rose on eyes quenched in tears, and a spirit in which hope gained no fresh ground against despair. Yet such an intellectual research is at least nobler than the shallowness which finds its certainty in its own or others' delusions, and exchanges the broad support of personal trust in the divine character for the feeble sustainment of these self-styled revelations, and will rather ask questions from some Transatlantic impostor than from the hopes and the affections implanted in our own hearts. We make no protest against the due acceptance of new facts. We assert of nothing in our relations to the spiritual world that it is impossible. Where there is truth, it is great, and will prevail. We desire only that facts should be dealt with as facts, and rigidly investigated. It is enough to say, as Lord Bacon says of the learning upon angels and spirits, that it is not deficient in quantity, "but may rather be challenged in many of the writers thereof as fabulous and fantastical." What we protest against is the summons to acquiesce without evidence,—the confusion between moral faith and unfounded belief; we protest against credulity and the scepticism which allies itself so closely with it. We do but repeat what was said of old to those who distrusted the Son of Man, and asked for a miracle,—that it is the spirit of a faithless generation which seeks after a sign. And we cannot avoid here alluding to one almost universal feature of this class of writings, as another indication of mistrustfulness: this is, the excessive importance assigned to the letter of detached passages of Scripture, and the notion that if you get a bit of the Bible, you must be right, though you sever its connection and twist it from its meaning. Bibliolatry, like all other idolatry, is the offspring of a want of trust in higher things; and it is pitiable to see men, instead of striving to penetrate to the real meaning and true significance of the great record of God's dealings with man, hanging texts about their souls as if they were bladders, which could float them through the sea of doubts and uncertainties in which we struggle.

In the great and awful questions which have ever perplexed the human soul,—the conditions of the hereafter, and the prospect of the disencumbered spirit,—the attitude of trustful patience best becomes a man. It may be that some light will be given us in this direction even here, that some portion of the present field of our intuitions may be included within that of the intellect; and no man will wisely turn away from new light, if it only be light; but he who has observed how often in the history of the world such hopes have been disappointed, and how often

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false gleams have misled mankind, will be slow to believe that the curtain can be withdrawn; and though willing to receive at their full value any ascertained facts with which he comes in contact, will rather choose to use his ignorance aright than to harass himself with fruitless efforts to investigate problems which both *à priori* considerations and the experience of men lead him to believe are, for the present at least, beyond his solution. We repeat, that it is not to any special belief in particular phenomena we object: a man may have convincing evidence to his own mind for the appearance of ghosts, or the phenomena of clairvoyance, possibly even for the communications of spirits; but what we assail is, the spirit of distrust in the divine arrangements for the future, which displays itself in a pursuit after such things so eager as to overbalance the judgment; the faithless enthusiasm which snatches at these unascertained molecules of fact as if they alone gave certainty, and were the true dependence for the mind,—as if by such slender and ill-knitted threads as these we hung suspended over the abyss of doubt and despair. We contrast the mind of a man who in the darkness submits to it, and feels his way along, in patient confidence that the night will pass, with that of one who snatches the flints from the ground, and strives to dispel the blackness by the evanescent sparks he can strike out,—the temper of him who when cast on the great sea, and the waters go over him, trusts the innate buoyancy of his frame and the sustaining power of the water, and thus floats in self-command upon the surface, with that of another, who snatches for support at every straw and fragment that floats within his reach.

We may well retort the reproach of those who claim a special interest in things spiritual. It is sometimes out of slowness to perceive what lies close around us that we go far to seek its imaginary likeness; like one who studies the affections in novels instead of exercising them in his home. Are we not all spirits in the flesh? Is not this world full enough of spiritual phenomena and spiritual realities? Are we, the units of homes, the citizens of states,—we who have the poor ever with us, and who recognise ourselves and one another as the children of God,—are we so destitute of spiritual society, that we are driven to accept as a momentous addition to our knowledge these geometrical flower-drawings, nice little sermons, and cottage architecture of a little boy out of the body? Grant all his mixture of pretty filial tenderness, angelic Sunday-school teaching, and pleasant interest in heavenly toys, his lambs and golden ships with sails of purple silk, to be true, what does it advantage us? Our spiritual life is here; and it better becomes us to attend to it, and eat the bread of faith appointed for us, than to be hanging about the gates of

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the other world, stretching out our hands for eleemosynary scraps of information as to how life is conducted there.

And yet these people do claim to be the exponents of a revelation which in some special sense they call spiritual. They, of whose position it is the very essence that they are discontented and unsatisfied with such revelations as the Eternal Spirit makes to the spirit of man, each man for himself in the silence of his own heart, as he is fitted to receive it for his own guidance, and only in its operation on his life and as transmitted through its operation in moulding his spirit capable of influencing other men; they, whose very distinction it is to require something different from this,—something they can see and hear,—who seek proof for the senses, and insist that the spiritual intercourse on which they pride themselves shall come through material vehicles, and be appreciable to the eye, the hand, or under its most refined conditions be whispered to the intellect!

It is a fact which ghost and spirit seers have too little considered, that it is the most spiritual minds which really concern themselves the least with external and sensible manifestations of things spiritual. The consciousness of their own hearts suffices them. They need not to go out of themselves, or to look beyond their living fellow-men, to be sensible of, and even to be oppressed with, the vast significance, the ever-present reality, of that inner world in which our truest and deepest life lies hidden, and which the material universe, and the machinery of external life, cover, as the flame of the lamp covers the changes of the elements on which it feeds and by which it lives. The man from whom the secrets of his own heart are hidden, who has never felt profoundly that he himself is a living spirit, may put futile questions to the unanswering dead, and invoke the world-worn necromantic nostrum in some modern shape to solve his doubts and satisfy a vain curiosity. It is as if one in the valley should search with a telescope whether the wind blows on the mountain-top: he who stands there and feels it on his face is the better informed. Some men at least have known that there is such a thing as a spiritual influence on the human heart; and men who have been thus privileged will not confound knowledge about spirits with spiritual wisdom. Comparatively they will care little (even if they can be induced to believe it) that you may have such knowledge dictated to you by sitting passively with a pen in the hand, and that after a course of spirals your elbow and wrist will diverge into detailed information as to another state of existence.

History bears witness that the nations of the deepest spiritual convictions have least concerned themselves to discover or invent an airy world of spirit-life outside their own. The light Greek peopled the universe with finer existences than his own. Wood

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and mountain, sea and sounding shore, the streams and sloping pastures, were thronged and haunted by thin ethereal forms of beauty, the pregnant offspring of his wonder and his quick outward working fancy. In high heaven he set the gods, corporeal deities, and gave a person and a life to every passion. All spiritual things froze in his hands into cold crystalline forms, like a glittering fretwork of ice along the side of running water. It was not love of beauty, creative imagination, and subtle intellectual perception alone that made him figure love as a winged boy, and give to the sharp torments of remorse the shapes of women armed with scourges; it was an activity in these faculties disproportioned to his inner sense of the depth and reality of the things on which they laid hold. He was aware of, but was not absorbed into, that inner world in which they are realities,—

"The passion and the life whose fountains are within."

It was a vividness of imaginative perception outbalancing the apprehension of feeling and experience. What nation has surpassed the Greek in subtle and refined speculations as to the nature of the soul, or turned so steady, keen, and scrutinising an eye on the profoundest recesses of our mental existence? Your modern seer loves to call Plato to witness to what his new supernatural informants have confided to him.

But the Hebrew, of a deeper, sombrer cast, whose character made him the fitting recipient of the great revelation that God is one and a Spirit,—poetic in temperament rather than in intellect,—could not escape the dread depths of his own nature, and found something there so awful and so real, that he was never tempted to make spiritual life the plaything of his fancy or the whetstone of his intellect. What the other looked outwards for, he felt within; the future, into which the other gazed so eagerly, he looked on with indifferent eye. The Athenian mind, straining on the highest wing of intellectual aspiration, grasped at some safe conviction of immortality as at a glorious yet half-elusive vision. The Jew rested on hope, or even with singular apathy passed the question by; and this probably arose, in part at least, from the fullness of the significance he gave to this present life, and the sense of immediate dependence and consciousness of actual intercourse so prominent in the Old Testament. He who wrote the eighty-eighth psalm, with its terrible expression of the suffering of spiritual destitution, and its passionate implorings for *present* restitution on this side the grave, had too deep a concern with what now is to be busy with what lay beyond it, and needed to clear his spiritual eye no help from Seeress of Prevorst, angel Wilkinson, and that class of informants:

"O Lord God of my salvation, I have cried day and night before thee:

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Let my prayer come before thee: incline thine ear unto my cry;
For my soul is full of troubles: and my life draweth nigh unto the grave.

I am counted with them that go down into the pit: I am as a man that hath no strength:

Free among the dead, like the slain that lie in the grave, whom thou rememberest no more: who are out of remembrance, and they are cut off from thy hand.

Thou hast laid me in the lowest pit, in darkness, and in the deeps.

Thy wrath lieth hard upon me: and thou hast afflicted me with all thy waves. . . . .

I am shut up and I cannot come forth. My sight faileth for very trouble: Lord, I have called daily upon thee, I have stretched forth my hands unto thee.

Wilt thou show wonders to the dead? shall the dead arise and praise thee? . . . .

Shall thy lovingkindness be declared in the grave? or thy faithfulness in destruction?

Shall thy wonders be known in the dark? and thy righteousness in the land of forgetfulness?

But unto thee have I cried, O Lord; and in the morning shall my prayer prevent thee.

Lord, why castest thou off my soul? why hidest thou thy face from me?"

He who wrote thus, had learned in his anguish a truth which lies too often hidden from these people, who are so eager to pull down the heavens into our mortal sphere. He knew, he felt, that spiritual things are spiritually discerned. The soul that can sympathise, however faintly, with his experience, is not likely to become engrossed with the floriculture, the architecture, and the costume of the future world; even the classification of the angels does not interest it. Deeper things of the spirit than these are part of its every-day life.

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## Art. II.—MR. GLADSTONE'S HOMER AND THE HOMERIC AGE.

*Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.* By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, D.C.L., M.P. for the University of Oxford. 3 vols. Oxford, 1858.

Is there any necessary connection between the office of Chancellor of the Exchequer and the profoundest achievements in the walks of Greek and Roman literature? To one holder of that office we owe the *Inquiry into the Credibility of the Early*

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*Roman History;* from another we have just received the *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age.* In the case of Sir Cornewall Lewis, indeed, we find nearly the same qualities displayed in the historian and the financier. There is the same rigid and conscientious attention to detail, the same solid judgment, the same lack of imagination, the same tendency to be slightly ponderous and prosy. Every one respects Sir Cornewall Lewis, every one may profit by him; but few, we imagine, ever found themselves lifted to any very ethereal flights by either his writings or his oratory. Grave hardworking matters of fact are all that he allows himself in either capacity. Surely nobody but he would, when discussing the tale of the Horatii and Curiatii, have gone to the Registrar-General to find out the exact proportion of triple births in England and Wales, or have ransacked ancient history and the records of modern criminal courts to learn whether there is any authentic case of a brother murdering his sister. Mr. Gladstone is a spirit of another order. If there could be such a thing as a poetical budget, it is from him that we should look for it. Indeed, something like an imaginative budget the world has seen from him already. Whether the extent of his research equals that of Sir G. C. Lewis, we have no means of judging. But, within his own circle, his care and minuteness, his diligent attention to every word and touch, are such as Sir Cornewall Lewis himself cannot surpass. Moreover, while Sir Cornewall Lewis seems to have absolutely no imagination, Mr. Gladstone is gifted with a great deal. Now this is a difference which cuts both ways. If Mr. Gladstone sometimes fails of Sir G. C. Lewis's cautious and sober judgment, whole worlds of thought are opened to him in return, from which we should suppose that Sir G. C. Lewis was hopelessly shut out. Mr. Gladstone has tried minute historical criticism, and we do not think he has succeeded in it. Sir G. C. Lewis has not attempted that higher line of criticism in which Mr. Gladstone has achieved such brilliant success, and we feel sure that he has acted wisely in not attempting it. It is not for us to divine what these right honourable personages may think of one another, except when they tell us within the walls of Parliament. But, *à priori*, we should certainly imagine that Sir G. C. Lewis must be tempted to look upon his predecessor as irreclaimably flighty and romantic; while we fear that Mr. Gladstone must now and then be inclined to despise his successor as a dull prosaic antiquarian, who might, indeed, suffice to grope out an illegible inscription, but to whom Homer and all the Homerids may rhapsodize for ever in vain.

Mr. Gladstone's is a very great, but it is withal a very unequal work. It would be an honourable result of a life spent

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in learned retirement. As the work of one of our first orators and statesmen, it is altogether marvellous. Not, indeed, that Mr. Gladstone's two characters of scholar and statesman have done aught but help and strengthen one another. His long experience of the world has taught him the better to appreciate Homer's wonderful knowledge of human nature; the practical aspect of his writings, the deep moral and political lessons which they convey, become a far more true and living thing to the man of busy life than they can ever be to the mere recluse student. And perhaps his familiarity with the purest and most ennobling source of inspiration may have had some effect in adorning Mr. Gladstone's political oratory with more than one of its noblest features. He is really not unlike the Achilleus of his own story. He may at least say with equal vigour,

> ἐχθρὸς γάρ μοι κεῖνος, ὁμῶς Ἀΐδαο πύλῃσιν,
> ὅς χ' ἕτερον μὲν κεύθει ἐνὶ φρεσὶν, ἄλλο δὲ βάζει.

What strikes one more than any thing else throughout Mr. Gladstone's volumes is the intense earnestness, the loftiness of moral purpose, which breathes in every page. He has not taken up Homer as a plaything, nor even as a mere literary enjoyment. To him the study of the Prince of Poets is clearly a means by which himself and other men may be made wiser and better. Here lies an immeasurable distance between him and a purely literary critic like Colonel Mure. Indeed, Mr. Gladstone's morality, pure and noble as it is, is, we think, somewhat overwrought. It sometimes degenerates into asceticism, sometimes into over-scrupulosity. So, in the more purely intellectual portions of his inquiry, we can easily recognise that same over-subtlety with which his censors reproach him in his speeches. Every where minute, every where ingenious, he often attempts to prove too much, and to find meanings in Homer of which Homer certainly never dreamed. In short, every one of the noblest qualities which adorn, every one of the defects which mar, the political portraiture of the most earnest and eloquent of living statesmen, is to be found transferred in all its fullness to the *Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age*.

In one point at least of his subject, and that the greatest of all, Mr. Gladstone certainly stands unrivalled. In his pages Homer has, for the first time for many centuries, had full justice done to him. The assertion may seem strange, after Homer has so long been alike the text-book of school-boys and the delight of maturer scholars; but it is true, after all, that Mr. Gladstone has been the first to teach us to admire Homer as we ought. He claims for him, and that most justly, a place

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differing not only in degree but in kind, from all subsequent authors. He is the first of poets, to whom Dante and Shakespeare alone could ever be seriously compared, and who is set above them by the fact of his being the first in time, with every thought native and unborrowed. He is, moreover, not only a poet, but, indirectly at least, he is a historian, a moralist, and a divine; he is our sole witness to the events, the manners, and the creed of Greece in her heroic age. Yet, as Mr. Gladstone truly complains, for ages past men have not learned to draw the proper line between him and all who came after him. They have not even learned to come to the fountain-head, and quaff for themselves at the true fount of inspiration. Men's ideas of the Homeric age are largely drawn, not from Homer himself, but from modern descriptions or compendiums, or at best from the later Greek and Latin writers. The popular conception of the Homeric characters is derived, not so much from Homer himself, as from poets like Virgil and Euripides, who treat Homeric subjects in a non-Homeric manner, and in whose hands the spirit of the heroic age, and the likeness of the individual heroes, is utterly defaced and degraded. The school-boy reads Homer as his first Greek poet; but he does not read through the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and, if he did, he would be incapable of appreciating their full depth and greatness. In the Universities Homer is strangely neglected for the tragedians. In general life many a man keeps up some knowledge of Latin literature and Latin poets; while if he has ever acquired any real acquaintance with those of Greece, he has altogether let it slip. In the very assembly where Mr. Gladstone holds so distinguished a place, it is quite regular to quote the heartless and egotistical talk of the "pius Æneas," while one word of the living oratory of Achilleus spoken in his own tongue would be at once cried out against as a breach of order. That unhappy habit, continued in blind imitation of mediæval practice, by which we begin education with the artificial literature of Rome, instead of going at once to the fountain-head of immortal Greece, has done infinite damage to Homeric and to all Hellenic study. Mr. Gladstone himself has not escaped. The example of many previous scholars, confirmed by the authority of Bishop Thirlwall and Mr. Grote, has fully established the practice of calling the Greek gods by their own names, instead of those of the analogous Italian deities; yet Mr. Gladstone goes back to the exploded fashion of calling Zeus Jupiter, and Athene Minerva. He disapproves of the practice, but he does it all the same. Now really nothing is more fatal than this. In the first place it is simply a blunder. It is confounding two distinct and very different religions. There is

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just as much and just as little reason for calling Zeus Jupiter as there is for calling him Woden or Brahma. And the practice is utterly inconsistent with what Mr. Gladstone so specially seeks after, the separation of the Homeric poems from all later and inferior literature. Mars, Venus, Vulcan, are thoroughly vulgarised, so are Jupiter and Juno somewhat less completely. But the real Olympian gods remain untouched. Poetasters do not scribble about Ares and Aphrodite; penny-a-liners do not dub the village blacksmith Hephaistos; nor does any sportsman that we ever heard of call his pointer after *βοῶπις πότνια Ἥρη*. Mr. Gladstone, of all men, was bound to keep the Homeric Olympos pure from the introduction of what are practically degrading nicknames. So, in rescuing the hero of Ithaca from the calumnies of Virgil, we would also rescue his name from the perversions of Latin tongues. *Ulysses* may pass, and welcome, as the cruel and crafty sinner of the *Æneid*, but let us keep uninjured in name as well as in character the true and brave and wise Achaian hero, the divine Odysseus of Homer.

Mr. Gladstone scarcely enters at all into what is called the "Homeric controversy." He assumes, and we think quite fairly as regards all the main points, that the controversy exists no longer; that the matter has been set at rest by the unanswerable arguments of Colonel Mure. It shows, indeed, how truly Mr. Gladstone may complain of Homer being imperfectly understood, when the critics of one age undertook to run him down, and the critics of the next thought it a great exploit to tear him in pieces. How little could men have understood the epic art of Homer, how little could they have entered into the wonderful dramatic power by which every individual character is clearly conceived and consistently maintained from Alpha of the *Iliad* to Omega of the *Odyssey*, when they looked upon the poems as mere fortuitous assemblages of detached ballads! It is to the honour of British common sense that these notions were never very prevalent among us, and that it is by British scholarship that they have been finally overthrown. Mr. Grote, though a partial unbeliever, raised a vigorous protest against the worst forms of unbelief. Colonel Mure and Mr. Gladstone have done the business more effectually, and have cast the whole wretched theory to the winds. It is impossible to go through the works of these two great scholars without feeling more and more convinced that the old critics of Alexandria were more skilful in their art than the modern critics of Germany. They have restored to us the living personal Homer, the first of bards and the first of sages, the painter of the whole life of heroic Greece, the man who drew Achilleus and Odysseus, Penelope and Helen, and who peopled Olympos with the grand

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assemblage of deities created after the likeness of man. They have re-established the orthodox Homeric faith. We have again our Homer, the author of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, and of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey* only, with his works handed down to us in a state of purity little inferior to that of any other portion of the ancient literature of Hellas.

But while Mr Gladstone has done no more than justice in asserting for Homer his place at the head of the poets of all ages, and in claiming for him a paramount authority as the sole trustworthy expounder of the heroic life of Greece, we cannot but think that he goes a great deal too far in the amount of positive historical credit which he allows him. We must here appeal from the finance-minister of the coalition to the finance-minister of Lord Palmerston. We ask of the right honourable baronet the member for the Radnor boroughs, whether he is willing to accept the *Iliad* as a substantially true metrical chronicle? For the right honourable gentleman the member for Oxford University seems really to look on it very nearly in that light. Now we confess to being a little less sceptical than Sir Cornewall Lewis, though we cannot boast of quite the same amount of faith as Mr. Gladstone. The case seems to us to be this. Homer is a very high historical authority in a certain sense. We have no doubt that his heroic age is a real age. It is drawn with all the simplicity and artlessness of a picture from the life. Homer describes the sort of scenes which he had seen himself and had heard of from his father. No doubt he describes the heroic life in its best colours; but it is still a real life and not an imaginary one. In a conscious and reflecting age a writer may, by a combination of antiquarian knowledge and poetical genius, produce a vivid picture of an age long past. But such a picture smells of the lamp; it requires an historical student either to produce or thoroughly to enter into it. Or, again, a great poet may produce a grand picture out of an utterly fictitious tale, with no reproduction of any age in particular. The former has been at least the aim of writers like Scott and Bulwer. The latter is exemplified in Shakespeare's *King Lear*. Now nothing is plainer than that the *Iliad* belongs to neither of these classes. We cannot predicate of Homer either knowledge or ignorance. He simply sets before us the life which he himself lived, described doubtless in its fairest and noblest aspect, but still essentially the real life of his own time. For all points of archæology, all customs, forms of government, modes of religious belief, we refer to Homer with unshaken faith. And, if we accept him as an authority at all, it clearly follows that we must, with Mr. Gladstone, accept him as a paramount authority, differing in

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kind from all others. For he alone is a direct witness; every one else speaks at secondhand.

But this is quite a different matter from following Mr. Gladstone in his whole length of accepting Homer, as he actually seems to do, as a real historical authority, if not on the level of Thucydides, at any rate on that of Herodotus. To justify us in this we need something like corroborative evidence, something like testimony to the time when he lived, and the means of information which he possessed. But such corroborative testimony utterly fails us. We know nothing either of Homer or of the Homeric heroes except from Homer himself. We have no kind of chronology, no means of judging what interval elapsed between the events and the bard who commemorated them. He may, as a boy, have seen Odysseus as an old man, or he may have conceived Odysseus as living centuries before himself. We cannot tell one way or another. Mr. Gladstone himself has shown how little the *οἷοι νῦν βροτοί εἰσι* proves either way. Now, in either case, we may be sure that Homer would in his picture of Odysseus faithfully represent the manners and feelings of his own time, whether his own time was really the time of Odysseus or not. Such is invariably the case with a purely native and *unlearned* poetry. In either case he is equally great as a poet, equally valuable as an archæological witness. But the two cases supposed make simply all the difference as to his strictly historical credit. We are, in fact, not in a position to judge. We have no means of cross-examining our witness. We can neither accept nor reject his story.

Analogy may indeed help us a little. Homer gives us a poetical account of events of which we have no historical record. Now other ages have produced poetical or romantic accounts of events of which we do know the real history. In these cases we commonly find a certain substratum of fact, but the whole is enveloped with fictitious details. A few leading persons, a few leading events, are still preserved, but the great bulk of the tale is fabulous. The names of Attila and Theodoric may be just discovered, and no more, in the old Teutonic romances. There is an Arthur and a Charlemagne of history, an Arthur and a Charlemagne of romance. Of the Arthur of history we can only say, that he was a British prince, who resisted the English invaders. In Geoffrey of Monmouth, he performs exploits rather in the style of the Seven Champions of Christendom. Of the Charlemagne of history, thanks to Eginhard and the Capitularies, we know far more than of many much more recent potentates. But the Charlemagne of romance, with his adventures at Constantinople and Jerusalem, is quite another person from the Charles who beheaded the

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Saxons, and was crowned by Pope Leo at Rome. Whenever we have the opportunity of judging in such cases, we find that there is a nucleus of truth, but so overlaid by fiction, that, without external help, it is impossible to distinguish the two.

We have here taken an analogy very unfavourable to Homer, but one which we think justifies us in assuming that the Homeric poems do contain some portion of true history. We cannot fancy that they are less trustworthy than the romances of Charlemagne and Arthur. It is highly probable that they are much more so. It is highly probable that Homer lived much nearer to the events which he records, and was much more regardful of truth in recording them. The chances are greatly in favour of the Homeric poems containing very much more historical truth than the mediæval romances. But we are not in a position to measure the exact amount of truth. We cannot dogmatise either way. In the worst case we may be pretty sure there is some truth; in the best case we may be pretty sure there is a good deal of fiction. But we cannot say how much is truth and how much is fiction, except when we can find some external evidence, either to corroborate or to confute, or else when there is some internal evidence which carries with it an overwhelming conviction either of veracity or of falsehood.

Now for some points of the Homeric story strong external evidence may be brought in corroboration. It is the fault of the school represented by Sir G. C. Lewis to rely too entirely upon written books, and almost to ignore the growing sciences of archæology and ethnology. But these last sometimes step in very convincingly to confirm the legend. The *Iliad* describes a great king of Mykenai as warring on the coast of Asia. To one who only knew Greece from Herodotus and Thucydides, the story would seem absurd. In their pages Mykenai appears utterly insignificant; and Homer's picture of it as the capital of Peloponnesus might be cast aside as wholly incredible. But go to the place itself, look at the wonderful remains of early magnificence which it still retains, and the difficulty at once vanishes. Legend and archæology between them have preserved a fact which history has lost. We may fairly set down the Pelopid dynasty as a real dynasty. But when asked whether Atreus and Agamemnon were real persons, we have not evidence to make us decide either way. Again, the settlement of large bodies of Greeks on the Asiatic shore is an undoubted fact. And it is impossible not to connect with this undoubted fact the legend of the Trojan war. It is impossible not to believe that the warfare of Agamemnon represents some stage or other of the process which made the western coast of Asia

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Hellenic. Again, ethnological evidence alone would lead us to believe that the Greeks found there a people separated from themselves by no wide ethnical barrier. This exactly falls in with Homer's portraiture of the Trojans. They are inferior to the Greeks, but they are not broadly distinguished from them in creed, manners, or language. Here ethnology supports legend. That Greeks did war on the Hellespont is certain; that a Mykenaian king may have led them is highly probable. Here then we have clear external evidence corroborating the bare historical nucleus around which the poetry of the *Iliad* is gathered.

Again, there are some places in which internal evidence leads us to the belief that Homer intended direct and accurate statements of historical fact. One cannot help thinking, with Mr. Gladstone, that the Catalogue in the *Iliad* is a real picture of the Greek geography of the time. It is quite unlike similar catalogues in other poems or romances, where distance either of time or space allowed the author to fabricate at pleasure, and to tickle his audience with strange or high-sounding names. The exact amount of its historical value, the degree to which we are justified in appealing to it to prove the existence of particular persons, depends upon the question which we cannot answer, How long did Homer live after his heroes? But we may surely trust it for the names and position of cities, for the boundaries of regions, and for their importance relatively to one another. We may be quite sure that, even if Homer's heroes preceded him by centuries, he would give us the geography of his own times and not of any other; and in the geography of his own times he could not venture to be otherwise than accurate, with all Greece ready to criticise and confute him. Again, when he makes Poseidon prophesy that, after Priam and his city had fallen, the children's children of Æneias would still continue to reign in the Troad, it is impossible not to believe that there was, in the poet's days, an existing dynasty, descended or claiming descent from that hero. And on negative points the historical testimony of Homer becomes of the highest importance. Had he ever heard of those Egyptian and Asiatic settlements in Greece which are imagined by later writers, it is utterly impossible that there should have been, as there now is, not the slightest reference to them in any portion of the poems. The lines in which Homer describes the passing of the sceptre from father to son along the line of Pelops, may or may not be sufficient evidence for the real existence of each of the potentates mentioned in them; but as other evidence has led us to believe that the dynasty is a real dynasty, so this passage may lead us to believe that it was not

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a dynasty of foreign origin. Had Homer conceived the patriarch of the house of Agamemnon to have been of Lydian origin, he would hardly have left the fact to be first announced to us by Pindar.

But we must remember, on the other hand, that the silence of Homer on a point is not absolutely conclusive. It is so only when the point is one which we cannot fancy him failing to mention, had he heard of it. This applies both in divine and in human affairs. Nothing is more certain than that Homer did not invent, however much he may have embellished, either his Olympian mythology or his Trojan war. The constant allusions, sometimes the direct descriptions, which the *Odyssey* supplies to matters which do not come within the scope of the *Iliad*, abundantly show that there was a great mass of floating Troic legend, of which Homer only wrought up so much as suited his own purpose. Again, it is equally clear that Homer allowed his own taste or discretion to regulate the prominence allowed to different portions of his theological system. The series of revolutions by which Zeus was enthroned on Olympos were clearly not unknown to him, though, while Æschylus has chosen to bring them prominently forward, Homer has chosen to keep them in the background. It may, therefore, occasionally happen, that even very much later and inferior writers may have preserved traditions capable of supplying Homeric gaps, or explaining Homeric allusions. But we fully concede to Mr. Gladstone, that Homer's authority is absolutely paramount; that every other testimony is merely subsidiary; and that, though we may admit some things which are not in Homer, we must admit nothing which is inconsistent with Homer.

In the foregoing remarks we have exhausted pretty nearly all we have to say on Mr. Gladstone's Prolegomena, and we have forestalled some parts of the later divisions of his work. Of its three volumes, the first contains "Prolegomena" and "Achæis, or the Ethnology of the Greek Races;" the second is entirely devoted to "Olympus, or the Religion of the Homeric Age;" the third contains "Agorè, Politics of the Homeric Age;" "Ilios: Trojans and Greeks compared;" "Thalassa: the Outer Geography;" "Aoidos: some points of the Poetry of Homer." Here is matter enough; far more matter than we can undertake to examine with any minuteness. The treatment of the different sections, too, is widely different, both in kind and in merit. Rightly to deal with some of them would involve a minute examination of nearly the whole Homeric text, which the laws both of time and of space forbid us to attempt. Other parts are of a more general character, and to them we shall chiefly confine our attention.



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The division headed "Thalassa" we shall not go into at all. It is entirely devoted to points of minute mythical geography, which, if examined at all, must be examined in great detail, and which one must pretty well re-read the *Odyssey* to judge of. It is better to pass it by than to deal with it cursorily and unworthily. We will only say that it exhibits Mr. Gladstone's invariable minuteness and invariable ingenuity in a high degree; but we decline to pronounce any opinion for or against the accuracy of his theory.

"Achæis" is a division which we cannot undertake to examine in detail, and which yet we cannot pass by quite so briefly as "Thalassa." It is, to our minds, the weakest portion of the book; and we shall presently give our reasons for thinking so.

"Olympus" is perhaps the most important portion of the work, and it exhibits most strongly all the strength and all the weakness of the author's mind. "Agorè," "Ilios," and "Aoidos," all contain much attractive and admirable matter, mingled with occasional portions from which we dissent. To these four sections we shall give the fullest attention which our space allows, without binding ourselves minutely to follow Mr. Gladstone's arrangement.

But, first, for a few words as to the ethnological portion of the work, the section headed "Achæis." It is no disparagement to Mr. Gladstone to say that he is not an ethnologer. He is so many things that are great and good, that he can afford to be told that he has made a mistake in entering on this particular field. We do not know how far our conjecture is really correct, but it seems to us that while Mr. Gladstone has constantly kept up his general scholarship in other respects, he is a sort of *serus studiorum* in this special branch. Now, ethnology, like every other science, requires a preliminary discipline, and the greatest mind cannot deal with the subject offhand at a moment's notice. Of Mr. Gladstone's wonderfully minute study of the poems, of the marvellous ingenuity of his mind, this section gives perhaps the fullest proof of any. But it is equally clear that he has no scientific way of viewing ethnological problems. He seems to have no clear view of the general relations of the great divisions of the human family. He is carried away by small points of incidental resemblance or diversity. He finds (i. 337) a kindred between Pelasgians and Egyptians, because both are agricultural, and neither (according to him) maritime. At the close of his inquiry, he seems to identify Medes, Egyptians, and Pelasgians with the remains of the Allophylian races in western and northern Europe. If this means any thing, it must mean that Medes, Egyptians, and Pelasgians were all Turanian, a view which certainly struck

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us with no small amazement. We had long ago made up our own minds that the Pelasgians and Hellenes differed pretty much as the different branches, or rather as the different stages, of the Teutonic nations; as Danes from Dutchmen, or rather, perhaps, as Anglo-Saxons from modern Englishmen. These Turanian Pelasgians were, according to Mr. Gladstone, overlaid by the Arian Hellenes fresh from Persia. His arguments seem to be, that the names Ἕλλοι and Ἕλληνες resemble that of the *Eelleats* in modern Persia; that, on the other hand, the name of *Fars* or *Persia* is reproduced in the hero *Perseus* and the goddess *Persephone;* that *Achæmenes* and *Achaia* may be connected; that there are some resemblances in manners between the heroic Greeks and the nomad tribes of modern Persia. Now, there is a good deal of Turkish blood in modern Persia; and one would like to be quite certain how many of Mr. Gladstone's Eelleats are true Iranians of the land of light, and how many are Turanian impostors from the land of darkness. But granting that the forefathers of every living Eelleat were found under the banner of Roostam, what does it all prove? We really never knew a man of a fourth part of Mr. Gladstone's intellect patch up a theory on such utterly slender evidence. Undoubtedly the Hellenes and the Persians are connected, because both are members of the great Arian or Indo-European family; but we cannot see the slightest sign of any more special connection. Greeks and Persians are kindred, so are Greeks and Hindoos, Greeks and Teutons, Greeks and Slaves, Greeks and Celts. But Mr. Gladstone's special Helleno-Persian brotherhood seems to us to rest upon no good ground whatever.* It is just the sort of idea which might occur to an ingenious man who had heard of some of the discoveries of modern ethnology, but who was not accustomed to view them in their scientific relations. But it is quite unworthy of Mr. Gladstone. He is a man whom we may fairly ask to abstain from dealing with any subject except the many of which he is master.

* In the Advertisement to his third volume, Mr. Gladstone seems to put forth a different theory, expressed in more scientific language. An earlier possession of Mr. Rawlinson's recently published *Herodotus* would, he says, "have emboldened me to proceed a step farther in the attempt to specify the possible or probable form of the original ethnic relation between the Pelasgians and the Hellenes of the Greek peninsula, by designating the latter as pure Arian, and the former as Arian with a residue or mixture of Turanian elements."

Mr. Rawlinson's is a work of considerable bulk, and evidently of vast research, to which we have not yet been able to give the attention which it manifestly deserves. We therefore cannot say what it may contain in favour of either of Mr. Gladstone's successive theories. But we have turned to some passages which seemed likely to bear upon the question. In one place Mr. Rawlinson certainly speaks of both Medes and Pelasgians as Arians, while in another he has hit upon the same analogy of the Teutonic tongues to illustrate the relation between Pelasgians and Hellenes which had long ago occurred to ourselves.

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We will now turn to the Olympian division of the work. In treating the mythological aspect of the Homeric poems there are obviously two ways of dealing with the subject. The commentator may, if he will, strictly confine himself to the Homeric text; he may bring out as far as may be the idea of his gods possessed by Homer himself; he may compare passage with passage, and, if need be, he may contrast the Homeric picture with that of other poets and philosophers. In short, he may deal with the gods simply as divine actors in the poems; he may comment on their functions and characters as conceived by the poet, and draw whatever lessons, poetical or moral, are suggested by the part which they play in the story. In such a view as this the origin of the Hellenic mythology, its relation to other religious systems, are entirely beside the question. But in another aspect, these latter questions become altogether paramount, while the mode of dealing with the subject followed by Homer or any other Greek writer becomes simply so far important as it affords evidence in favour of one mode of explanation or another. Professor Max Müller, in his most striking paper in the *Oxford Essays*, has shown that there is a science of "Comparative Mythology" just as there is a science of Comparative Philology. The two follow the same process of argument, and, indeed, to a great extent, they work upon the same set of facts. Neither the Greek language nor the Greek mythology stands alone; each is a member of a family. Neither of them, therefore, can be fully understood without reference to the other languages and the other mythologies of the same family. A man who understands neither Sanscrit nor Teutonic may indeed attain to a high degree of Greek scholarship of a certain kind; he may know empirically all the minutest usages of the language, and he may be able fully to appreciate every literary beauty of the poet or the orator. So may a man who knows nothing of Indian or Scandinavian mythology no less fully appreciate the poetical or the political character of the mythology of Greece; he may fully understand its part in the drama of the *Iliad;* he may trace its gradual change in later times; he may clearly perceive how it influenced, and was influenced by, the character of the nation. He can, indeed, in either case, carry on his inquiry from Homer onwards into the historic age, but he cannot carry it from Homer backwards into times when even poetical and mythical evidence fails us. Without acquaintance with the languages and the mythologies of ancient India and of the other kindred races, a man cannot possibly treat of the origin of either the Greek language or the Greek mythology.

Now with the purely Hellenic and Homeric aspect of the

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subject Mr. Gladstone is fitted to deal to perfection. Though the Hellenic religion is archæologically a mere derivative fragment, yet practically, poetically, and politically it is the original creation of the Hellenic mind. In the shape in which we behold it, it bears the perfect impress of the Hellenic character, —the stamp of all that distinguishes the Greek from the other branches of the old Arian stem. As far as the student of Greek literature and of Greek political history is concerned, it is an original Hellenic product. And it is in the poems of Homer that we find it in its earliest and purest form. This portion of the subject, then, Mr. Gladstone's Hellenic scholarship and Homeric enthusiasm, his keen observation and refined taste, enable him to treat with a master's hand. Allowing for that vein of exaggeration and over-subtlety which pervades the work, allowing also for a strange ascetic tone to which we shall again refer, the dramatic character of the Homeric gods as actors in the Homeric poems, the practical effect of the Homeric religion upon the thoughts and acts of the Homeric man, have been handled in Mr. Gladstone's Olympian volume with a depth, a vigour, a minuteness, and a fullness, with which they have never been handled before. But unluckily Mr. Gladstone has also thought it incumbent upon him to propound a theory of the historical, or rather archæological, origin of the Greek religion. And here he utterly and lamentably fails. He fails for the same reason that he fails in his ethnological section. Scientific ethnology he attempts, indeed, without being master of it; scientific mythology he does not even attempt. Though he once quotes Professor Müller's Essay, he seems practically ignorant that there is such a thing as comparative mythology. That the origin of the Greek mythology is to be sought for in some common fountain with the mythology of India, of Italy, and of Scandinavia, evidently never occurred to him.

The fact is, that Mr. Gladstone has sacrificed the scientific treatment of his subject to a supposed theological necessity. Throughout the book he shows a strange fondness for introducing Scriptural references, and a strange mixture of timidity and daring in his way of dealing with them. Because he holds the Old Testament to be the Word of God, because he holds the Hebrews to be God's chosen people, he forbids us to yield any literary homage to Hebrew writers, or any historical admiration to Hebrew warriors and statesmen. Yet, with a daring which many would call irreverent, he sees a shadow of the Christian Trinity in Zeus, Poseidon, and Aïdoneus, he recognises the seed of the woman in Phœbus Apollo, and the Divine Wisdom in Pallas Athene. Now this sort of thing is really intolerable. It is fit only for those divines who combine thorough weakness of

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intellect with a certain amount of school-boy learning, just as mere vulgar reviling of heathens and heathenism befits that other class of divines who have considerable difficulty in construing either their Homer or their Greek Testament. Mr. Gladstone does not indeed exhibit the very worst form of the school; he does not fancy that the Greeks really borrowed, directly or indirectly, from the Jews. He divides the Greek divinities into two classes, Traditive and Inventive. The former he conceives to be derived from recollections, however fragmentary and perverted, of original patriarchal tradition. This tradition was, among the Hebrews, miraculously preserved. Among other nations, it was left to its fate. It was, therefore, not indeed wholly lost, but it was distorted, "disintegrated," and mixed up with mere human inventions. These latter form the Inventive deities, pure devices of man, embodiment of "nature-worship," "passion-worship," and mere poetic caprice. Some are of Pelasgian, some are of Hellenic birth, some are introduced from foreign lands. But all are mere human invention; they do not preserve even a distorted form of the genuine patriarchal traditions.

Now our first answer to all this is, that Mr. Gladstone's division into "Traditive" and "Inventive" deities is a purely arbitrary one. Those in which he personally can discern traces of primitive tradition he puts in one class, and all the rest in another. It is pure theory, unsupported by any external evidence. Another writer might see vestiges of primitive tradition in Hermes and Aphrodite, and none at all in Athene and Apollo. And, for the reason which we have just assigned, we maintain that Mr. Gladstone has not put himself into a condition to theorise upon the subject. It is evident that the Arian nations, before their separation, had made certain advances in knowledge and cultivation, while certain farther advances were only made by each separate branch of the race after the dispersion.* Now, surely whatever amount of primitive truth is preserved in the Hellenic mythology must have been part of this common intellectual stock of the whole Arian family. If the Hellenes learned any additional truths, since the dispersion, of which Hindoos or Teutons remained in ignorance, that could not be unbroken patriarchal tradition; it would approach to that special and direct Biblical derivation, which Mr. Gladstone very properly rejects. We do not at all dogmatically deny that vestiges of patriarchal tradition may survive in the Hellenic mythology; but we do say, that a man cannot possibly identify them by merely sitting down with his Homer on one side, and

* This is excellently argued in the chapters of Mommsen's *Roman History*, lately published separately in an English translation by Mr. George Robertson.

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his Bible on the other. He must first of all find out how much of the Hellenic mythology is distinctively Hellenic, how much belongs to the common stock of the whole Arian family. Otherwise he is acting exactly like a philologer of the last century, deriving some Greek word from Hebrew, without thinking of asking whether the root occurred in German or Sanscrit. It is highly probable, that both in language and belief there is a certain element common to the Arian and the Semitic families. But it does not do to attempt Semitic analogies for any individual Arian language, or any individual Arian mythology. The only scientific process is, to ask, 1st, What have Hellenes, Hindoos, Teutons, &c. in common? 2d, What have Hebrews, Arabs, &c. in common? 3d, What have these two common stocks in common? When Mr. Gladstone has discovered the common element in the Greek, Italian, Persian, Indian, Teutonic, Celtic, and Slavonic mythologies, he may then fairly ask how much of this common element is of patriarchal origin, and how much is due to human invention before the dispersion. Till he has done this, he has no right arbitrarily to set down some Hellenic deities as "Traditive," and others as "Inventive."

And farther still, even if we were in a position to deal with a common Arian mythology instead of with a merely Hellenic mythology, we should still protest against the particular sort of analogies sought for by Mr. Gladstone. In the Homeric mythology he finds vestiges of the doctrines of the Trinity, of the fall of man, of the promise of Messiah, of the existence and rebellion of Satan. Now we are here treading on dangerous ground, as we wish, while dealing with the present question, to avoid as far as possible all points of dogmatic theology. It really seems to us that Mr. Gladstone might just as well go to his Homer for evidence for or against Mr. Gorham or Archdeacon Denison. We say nothing for or against either of those theological worthies; we only say that we cannot find the confirmation or the refutation of their opinions either in Homer or in the Pentateuch. We say exactly the same of the doctrine for which Mr. Gladstone seeks in the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*. Now surely the primitive patriarchal tradition which Mr. Gladstone supposes can be found nowhere else but in the book of Genesis. And we trust that we shall give no offence to the most orthodox mind, if we say that most of the doctrines in question are not to be found in the book of Genesis. It is the very essence of Christianity to be a religion of progression; and even before we arrive at actual Christianity, nothing can be more evident than that far clearer and loftier ideas of the divine nature prevail in the Prophets than can be any where found in the Law. It is essentially weak to attempt to prove that the contemporaries

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of Abraham had equal light with the contemporaries of St. Paul, or even with the contemporaries of Isaiah. We claim the right to do for Moses the same good service which Mr. Gladstone has done for Homer. We can accept nothing as patriarchal tradition except what we can find in a literal and grammatical construction of the text of the book of Genesis. We are so much in the habit of reading the Hebrew records by the light of Christian and later Jewish glosses, that few people know what is there, and what is not. We have found people fully convinced that the book of Genesis contained in so many words the assertion that "the devil tempted Eve," and we have seen them altogether aghast at finding that there was nothing of the sort there. Now surely no one who reads the book of Genesis, forgetting as far as possible all later books, will find in it those doctrines for traces of which Mr. Gladstone seeks in the Homeric poems. Genesis tells us of a serpent beguiling Eve by his natural subtlety, and of the mutual hatred thence following between men and serpents. Genesis tells us of giants procreated between the sons of God and the daughters of men. Genesis contains passages which, if they occurred in Homer, would certainly be understood as conveying extremely anthropophuistic views of Deity. It is in the image of God that man was created. The Lord God walked in the garden in the cool of the day. God smelled a sweet savour from Noah's sacrifice. The Lord went his way after communing with Abraham. The elders saw God, and did eat and drink. Moses saw the back parts of God, but might not see his face. On the other hand, we find no reference whatever to a future state; we find no sort of objection to polygamy; we find marriages with an aunt, a wife's sister, an own half-sister, having at any rate the sanction of patriarchal example. We presume not to comment or to interpret; we only say what is in the book. To us nothing can be clearer than that through the whole history of Judaism and Christianity new light has been continually given; indeed, no Christian, to be a Christian at all, can deny this, though he may weakly strive to escape the consequences. All Mr. Gladstone's doctrines are later doctrines; they are later deductions, later developments, later revelations, if he pleases, which he has no right to assume formed any part of patriarchal tradition. The personification of the Logos or the Wisdom cannot be traced earlier than the book of Proverbs, and it appears there only in a most rudimentary state. Yet this is the doctrine, of which Mr. Gladstone finds a traditionary vestige in Athene. There is not a shadow of evidence that the ancient Hebrews had any distinct,* if any,

* We speak thus guardedly, because of two remarkable passages, which will at once occur to the reader, in the early part of Genesis. But even these pass-

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idea of a divine Trinity, any idea at all of a future Deliverer at once divine and human, or any idea of evil spirits antagonistic to, or in rebellion against, the Most High.* We first find any clear traces of these doctrines in writings much later than the time of Homer. Mr. Gladstone has no right to take for granted that they were handed down from the beginning by unwritten tradition. He brings no sort of proof, and all probability is against it. He cannot show that they formed any part of the patriarchal creed; he has therefore no right to look for even the most perverted vestiges of them in the primitive mythology of Hellas.

While dealing with Mr. Gladstone's treatment of this portion of his subject, we cannot help expressing our amazement at the chapter which concludes the Olympian volume; that headed, "The office of the Homeric poems in relation to that of the early books of Holy Scripture." We transcribe the following passage at length.

"Should we, like some writers of the present day, cite the Pentateuch before the tribunal of the mere literary critic, we may strain our generosity at the cost of justice, and still only be able to accord to it a secondary place. The mistake surely is to bring it there at all, or to view its author otherwise than as the vehicle of a divine purpose, which uses all instruments, great, insignificant, or middling, according to the end in view; but of which all the instruments are perfect, by reason, not of what is intrinsic to themselves, but, simply and solely, of their exact adaptation to that end.

If, however, we ought to decline to try the Judaic code by its merely political merits, much more ought we to apply the same principle to the sublimity of the prophecies, and to the deep spiritual experiences of the Psalms. In the first, we have a voice speaking from God, with the marks that it is of God so visibly imprinted upon it, that the mind utterly refuses to place the prophetical books in the scale against any production of human genius. And all that is peculiar in our conception of Isaiah, or of Jeremiah, does not tend so much to make them eminent among men, as to separate them from men. Homer, on the other hand, is emphatically and above all things human: he sings by the spontaneous and the unconscious indwellings of nature; whereas these are as the trumpet of unearthly sounds, and cannot, more than Balaam could, depart from that which is breathed into them, to utter either less or more.

But most of all does the Book of Psalms refuse the challenge of philosophical or poetical competition. In that book, for well-nigh three

ages are supposed now by few scholars to have the significance formerly so often attributed to them, and certainly the general mode of speaking throughout that book would not suggest the idea of a plurality of persons in the Godhead.

* If we rightly understand Mr. Gladstone, he looks upon Kronos as a representation of Satan, and yet holds that the Kronid brothers represent the divine Trinity. One stands aghast at this amazing piece of theogony.

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thousand years, the piety of saints has found its most refined and choicest food; to such a degree, indeed, that the rank and quality of the religious frame may in general be tested, at least negatively, by the height of its relish for them. There is the whole music of the human heart, when touched by the hand of the Maker, in all its tones that whisper or that swell, for every hope and fear, for every joy and pang, for every form of strength and languor, of disquietude and rest. There are developed all the innermost relations of the human soul to God, built upon the platform of a covenant of love and sonship that had its foundations in the Messiah, while in this particular and privileged book it was permitted to anticipate His coming.

We can no more, then, compare Isaiah and the Psalms with Homer, than we can compare David's heroism with Diomed's, or the prowess of the Israelites when they drove Philistia before them with the valour of the Greeks at Marathon or Platæa, at Issus or Arbela. We shall most nearly do justice to each by observing carefully the boundary-lines of their respective provinces."

All this is evidently heartfelt, and it almost deserves the name of eloquence; yet it is to us simply unintelligible. Mr. Gladstone, by way of reverence for certain writings, actually goes out of his way to disparage them. Why cannot he accept the Hebrew writings for what he says, and yet not deny the palpable fact that they are also the literature of the Hebrew nation,—its whole literature, historical, political, and poetical, as well as strictly theological. Why should the Pentateuch, as a literary work, be content with a secondary place? Could Homer or Æschylus or Dante surpass the grandeur of the Song of Moses? What is there that "separates Isaiah and Jeremiah from men"? What is more truly and beautifully human than the lament of Jeremiah over the city sitting solitary, which once was full of people? What Lombard dreaming of the rending of the yoke of Hapsburg, what Greek or Bosnian anticipating the final overthrow of the trembling Ottoman, could desire a truer pæan of a nation's vengeance than Isaiah's hymn of triumph over the fated tyrant of Babel? What is there in the noblest of the Psalms, in the lxxviii$^{th}$, in the civ$^{th}$, and those which follow it, which need "refuse the challenge of poetical competition" against the poetical effusions of the whole world? And the last paragraph, seemingly designed to explain, only makes matters more inexplicable. We do not compare the prowess of the Israelites at Gath or Gob with that of the Greeks at Platææ or Arbela, simply because we doubt whether the Hebrews knew any such skilful order as the Dorian phalanx, or wielded any weapon so effective as the Macedonian sarissa. But why we may not compare the heroism of David and of Diomedes is altogether beyond our understanding. May we

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compare Greeks and Jews only in their sins, and not in their virtues? Mr. Gladstone himself, in one place, institutes an elaborate comparison between the demeanour of Bathsheba and that of Helen. But must we look upon the mutual love of Jonathan and David as less touching, less thoroughly human, than that of Achilleus and Patroklos, because one is recorded in a Hellenic, and the other in a Hebrew volume?

We wonder, then, not a little at the strange mixture of daring and timidity displayed by Mr. Gladstone in his way of dealing with the Old-Testament records; and we dissent altogether from the way in which he attempts to connect the latter with the Greek mythology. We therefore entirely reject that division into Traditive and Inventive Deities which forms the groundwork of his whole system. And with our notions of the relations between Pelasgians and Hellenes, we see almost as little grounds for his division of the Inventive Deities into Pelasgian and Hellenic, or for his derivation of some of them from Phœnician or other foreign sources. We hold the Greek mythology to be, exactly like the Greek language, a Hellenic development from the common primeval stock of the Arian races. The scientific problem is, to show how much is common, how much is distinctively Hellenic. The next inquiry would be, what Asiatic elements were mingled in the later Greek religion after the date of the Greek settlements in Asia. It is clear that the later Greeks practised both barbarian rites and barbarian vices; but in Homer we find no trace of either. Of these two questions, the latter hardly comes within Mr. Gladstone's scope; the former, in the view he has chosen to take of his subject, certainly does so; but he has not even attempted to examine it.

We think, then, that the general principle of Mr. Gladstone's "Olympus" is altogether inadmissible. But we can hardly speak too highly of the services in detail which he has done to the study of the Homeric religion. The dramatic aspect of the several deities, the conception which Homer had formed of each, their powers, their functions, their physical and moral attributes, the features in which Homer's idea of each differs from that of later writers,—all these points have been studied by him with minute and affectionate care, and are brought out in his work with a fullness and accuracy of detail, with a union of taste and moral feeling, such as we have never seen before. Every reader of the poems must have remarked the vast superiority of Apollo and Athene over all their fellow divinities; but few probably have taken the trouble to accumulate the evidence of their superiority in the way in which it has been done by Mr. Gladstone. They are clearly not subject either to the same physical restrictions, or to the same moral

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weaknesses, as the other dwellers on Olympos. All this, according to Mr. Gladstone, shows them to be Traditive deities: the proofs he accumulates are most valuable for other purposes, but the main argument altogether fails. For Zeus, too, is a Traditive deity, and Zeus is pursued by Mr. Gladstone with an enmity as relentless as if he had been the author of a rival budget. Smile-loving Aphrodite, golden Aphrodite fares no better. The Ex-Chancellor of the Exchequer is a stern moralist, and will have no pity on the transgressions of either father or daughter. Altogether we think Mr. Gladstone's picture of Olympos is a little over-drawn. He tells us that the Homeric men are much better than the Homeric gods. This, to a certain extent, is true; though Mr. Gladstone is certainly a little over-partial to the Homeric men, and, we think, a little over-severe upon the Homeric gods. But is not something of what Mr. Gladstone complains almost essential to any polytheistic system? May not the rudiments of it be found in every attempt of man to conceive of Deity at all? The Homeric gods live regardless of the restraints which they themselves impose on men. Their moral standard is lower; they are more selfish, more capricious, more sensual than their worshipers. Now it is hardly possible to conceive of divinity as governed by the same moral laws as humanity. Many Christian divines tell us that morality is simply conformity to the Divine will. The Deity is here looked at as the maker of the moral law, but not as being himself bound by it; and there is probably no religious system in which devout men do not at least find difficulties in reconciling what they believe of the object of their worship with the rules which they follow in shaping their own earthly life. Now, in a monotheistic system, the Deity may be thus placed, as it were, above human morality, and no immoral influences need be the result. But when we come to a polytheistic system, to numerous anthropophuistic gods, dwelling in an organised society, in such a case being above human morality easily slides into being below human morality. A monotheistic religion regards the Godhead as all-wise and all-powerful. Polytheism cannot make all its deities separately all-wise and all-powerful; power and wisdom must at any rate be divided among them. The idea of deity in any case implies superior happiness to that of mortals; the gods, exempt from death and from old age, cannot lead man's life of pain and labour. But if so, they can hardly be made subject to the rules of law and responsibility in the same manner as their worshipers. Each god may find obstacles to the accomplishment of his individual will; but the gods, as a body, must exercise a will uncontrollable and irresponsible. Deity, in any case, accomplishes its

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own pleasure; but it is easy to see what must be the pleasure of a company of anthropophuistic gods. The loftiest virtues of humanity are those which most necessarily arise out of the imperfection of humanity: deity allows no scope for their exercise. No wonder, then, if the Homeric gods are selfish, capricious, and sensual; it is rather to the credit of Homer and his compatriots that they are nothing worse. The gods of many mythologies are positively malevolent and cruel,—attributes which we can hardly fasten even upon the Ares of Homer. The Hellenic gods may be both sensual and selfish; but neither cruelty nor obscenity forms any part of their worship. The Hellenic gods are at least men; those of many mythologies are brutes or dæmons.

Closely connected with all this is one of the most remarkable features of Mr. Gladstone's work; the ascetic, the almost monastic sternness of its moral tone. We honour him alike for the loftiness and for the straightforwardness of his teaching; it is certainly far better to talk with him in plain language about "lust" and "adultery," than to speak in the common flippant way of "amours," "intrigues," "gallantries," and the like. Here is a remarkable difference between Mr. Gladstone and Colonel Mure. The former treats these matters in a grave, the latter in a light spirit. We believe Mr. Gladstone is essentially right; but he certainly goes too far; in short, he becomes monastic. It is in this respect, above all others, that he is unfairly hard upon his gods, and unfairly partial to his men. The first aspect of the Homeric pantheon in this respect presents two opposite phenomena. On the one hand, the passions of the gods are far more unrestrained than those of men; but, on the other hand, there is in Olympos something like that monastic reverence for virginity, of which we find no trace on the Hellenic earth. The sexual morality of the Homeric Greeks is manifestly far purer than that of their successors, far purer than that of Oriental nations. But of the mediæval notion of virginity there is not a trace. The virgin must remain a virgin till she becomes a matron, but a virgin she must eventually cease to be. In Olympos, on the other hand, the gods, Zeus above all, practise polygamy, adultery, and seduction, without scruple. But to set against that, we have the virgin character as distinctly marked as in any mediæval saint in Athene, in Artemis, in Hestia; very probably, what, if so, is more remarkable still, in the male deity Apollo. It seems as if two opposite notions were contending for mastery. It seems almost a natural corollary that anthropophuistic personages should beget and be begotten; and once granting this, it would be difficult to conceive powers raised above human law and re-

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sponsibility, being tied down by the restraints of human matrimonial rules. To be placed above humanity comes, in this respect, almost to the same as to be placed below it: ἢ θεὸς ἢ θηρίον become almost identical. Yet it is clear that there is in all this something very repugnant to any idea of deity, especially to that of female deity. As regular monogamy was the idea of the divine condition least easy to be imagined, the Greek carried out the two opposite conceptions in all their fullness on either side. He pictured to himself libertine deities and virgin deities, but few or no regular and respectable married couples. Hence we get the profligate Zeus and the pure Apollo, the adulteress Aphrodite and the chaste maiden Athene. The purity of Apollo and Athene is of course brought out strongly by Mr. Gladstone in his portraits of them as "Traditive" deities; but he has hardly given sufficient prominence to the general idea of virgin deities as a set-off against that of libertine deities.

If the sexual excesses of the gods are conceived as the natural result of their position, it would seem that lack of shame about such matters would almost unavoidably follow. Mr. Gladstone complains bitterly that so it is: men and women, if they err, are at least ashamed of their errors; gods and goddesses unblushingly avow them. But we are not sure that such is quite the case. It would be quite logical if it were; but an anthropophuistic creed would easily, at the expense of logic, transport shame, as well as other human emotions, into the breasts of the immortals. Now surely the whole song of Demodokos assumes this. Ares and Aphrodite are heartily ashamed of being caught; while *αἰδώς* distinctly hinders the goddesses from coming to see them in the fact. Mr. Gladstone says that the trespass of an immortal is never dealt with in so tender and delicate a tone as that of the maiden Astyoche,

*πάρθενος αἰδοίη, ὑπερώϊον εἰσαναβᾶσα.*

If we may violate Mr. Gladstone's canon of never stepping beyond the Iliad and Odyssey, we would appeal to the beautiful "Homeric" hymn to Aphrodite. Mr. Gladstone's rule seems to be, that after Homer nothing could improve, but only degenerate. Now certainly the Aphrodite of the hymn is very far from the grossly sensual Aphrodite on whom Mr. Gladstone is so severe. Certainly, as Colonel Mure says,* "The author has here treated a licentious subject, not merely with grace and elegance, but with an entire freedom from meretricious ornament." He regards the poem, and we fully ratify his opinion, as being probably indeed not Homeric, but certainly in no way unworthy of Homer.

* Vol. iii. p. 346.

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The morals of the gods can hardly be separated from the morals of the heroes. As we said, the sexual morality of heroic Greece is far above that of later Greece, far above that of any Oriental people. The higher position of women in the Homeric age has been admirably worked out by Mr. Gladstone. He also distinctly brings forward the marked difference between early and later Greece, in the absence in the former of those strange perversions of the passions which had really a most important effect upon later Greek society. We must remember, that the tie which bound Harmodios and Aristogeiton, which united men like Solon, Aristeides, and Epaminondas to the objects of their affection, was not the mere brutality of a Turkish pasha; the whole set of sentiments implied in the notion of romantic love had been thus strangely perverted from its natural direction. Hence the seclusion of women, and the practice of unnatural vices went together. Both doubtless, notwithstanding the strange assertion of Herodotus to the contrary, were corruptions brought into Greece from an eastern source. The harlot, again, —a character familiar enough in later Greece, not unknown at an early stage of Oriental life,—is nowhere mentioned in the Homeric poems. But Mr. Gladstone certainly tries to assert somewhat too strict a monogamy for his heroes. His notion is, that the only recognised violation of the strict law of marriage was that the heroes, when away from home before Troy, allowed themselves each a single captive concubine. Briseis, in his view, is the wife of Achilleus, or at least stands to him in a relation hardly to be distinguished from marriage. The damsels offered to him by Agamemnon were, according to him, not intended as concubines. To us it is clear that they were to be whatever Briseis was; they and Briseis are classed together. In Agamemnon's offer* we find the words:

> δώσει δ' ἑπτὰ γυναῖκας ἀμύμονας, ἔργ' εἰδυίας,
> Λεσβίδας, ἃς, ὅτε Λέσβον ἐϋκτιμένην ἔλες αὐτὸς,
> ἐξέλεθ', αἳ τότε κάλλει ἐνίκων φῦλα γυναικῶν.
> τὰς μέν τοι δώσει, μετὰ δ' ἔσσεται, ἣν τότ' ἀπηύρα
> κούρην Βρισῆος.

So again in the speech of Aias in the same book:†

> σοὶ δ' ἄλληκτόν τε κακόν τε
> θυμὸν ἐνὶ στήθεσσι θεοὶ θέσαν, εἵνεκα κούρης
> οἵης· νῦν δέ τοι ἑπτὰ παρίσχομεν ἔξοχ' ἀρίστας,
> ἄλλα τε πολλ' ἐπὶ τῇσι.

Were these Lesbian women valuable only as ἔργ' εἰδυῖαι? One of their countrywomen certainly was thought worthy to fill the place of Briseis herself. When the messengers are gone,

* Il. *ι*. 270. † Ibid. 632.

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'Αχιλλεὺς εὖδε μυχῷ κλισίης εὐπήμτου·
τῷ δ' ἄρα παρκατέλεκτο γυνὴ, τὴν Λεσβόθεν ἦγε,
Φόρβαντος θυγάτηρ, Διομήδη καλλιπάρηος.*

The fact is evidently that the heroes allowed themselves full Mahometan privileges with regard to "those whom their right hands did possess." Regular marriages were the law of heroic Hellas; adultery was abhorred; prostitution was unheard of; but concubinage with captives clearly inflicted no discredit on either party. And now, is not the relation of gods to mortals very like that of conquerors to captives? The irregularity in either case was not so much immoral as extra-moral; it implied no corruption, and inflicted no dishonour. And it may be doubted whether, on this particular point, historic Greece was not more scrupulous than heroic Greece. The conduct which is recorded of Achilleus as a matter of course, is brought up as an unheard-of crime against Alkibiades. Alkibiades, who counselled the destruction of Melos, had a son by a Melian captive. This, according to Andokides, or whoever speaks in his name, was something worse than the evil deeds of Aigisthos, or any other of the sinners represented on the tragic stage.† The language is certainly exaggerated, the story may be true or false, the oration may be genuine or spurious; but there is the sentiment, one which the lovers of Chryseis and Briseis would certainly not have entered into.

The language of Homer on all these subjects is simply natural. He is neither prudish nor prurient, neither monastic nor meretricious. He gives you the whole life of his gods and of his heroes; whether he is speaking of Zeus or Achilleus, of Alkinoos or of Odysseus, the companion of his bed, whether wife or concubine, is mentioned in precisely the same matter-of-fact way as the materials of his dinner. Mr. Gladstone is scandalised at the advice which Thetis gives, in plain language, to her mourning son,‡ and comforts himself that it is only a

* Il. ι'. 659.

† Ὅς τηλικαύτας ποιεῖται τῶν ἁμαρτημάτων ὑπερβολὰς, ὥστε περὶ τῶν Μηλίων γνώμην ἀποφηνάμενος ἐξανδραποδίζεσθαι, πριάμενος γυναῖκα τῶν αἰχμαλώτων υἱὸν ἐξ αὐτῆς πεποίηται, ὃς τοσούτῳ παρανομωτέρως Αἰγίσθου γέγονεν, ὥστ' ἐκ τῶν ἐχθίστων ἀλλήλοις πέφυκε, καὶ τῶν οἰκειοτάτων ὑπάρχει αὐτῷ τὰ ἔσχατα τοὺς μὲν πεποιηκέναι τοὺς δὲ πεπονθέναι· ἄξιον δὲ τὴν τόλμαν αὐτοῦ σαφέστερον ἔτι διελθεῖν (which is done at some length). Ἀνδοκ. κατ. Ἀλκ. 22. Surely the moral of the case is not greatly affected by the difference between ἕλες αὐτὸς and γνώμην ἀποφηνάμενος ἐξανδραποδίζεσθαι, between Λεσβόθεν ἦγε and πριάμενος.

‡ τέκνον ἐμὸν, τέο μέχρις ὀδυρόμενος καὶ ἀχεύων,
σὴν ἔδεαι κραδίην, μεμνημένος οὐδέ τι σίτου,
οὔτ' εὐνῆς; ἀγαθὸν δὲ γυναικίπερ ἐν φιλότητι
μίσγεσθ'. Il. ω'. 128.

Achilleus, as Mr. Gladstone says (ii. 461), makes no direct answer; but, later in the book (v. 676), he practically accepts his mother's counsel.

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divine and not a human mother who uses it. But does Thetis do any thing more than say straightforwardly what other people think, but do not say? Make the language a little less direct; talk about

> "Lovely Thaïs sits beside thee,
> Take the gifts the gods provide thee;"

and it may with propriety be read aloud in a family: dilate and dilute it a little more, into mere commonplaces about love and beauty, and the most respectable young ladies will go to the piano and sing it. Homer doubtless thought he was simply stating an undoubted fact of man's nature, the truth of which the wise Odysseus and the chaste Penelopeia did not scruple practically to acknowledge.*

We have dwelt perhaps over-long on these subjects because of the prominence which Mr. Gladstone has given to them, and the very curious way in which he has treated them. But his general picture of the heroic Greeks is very true and noble. It contains, indeed, a little exaggeration. We think we can discern that Mr. Gladstone, after twenty years and more in the House of Commons, is getting rather tired of the nineteenth century. The age of Perikles or Demosthenes is one too analogous to his own to give him any relief; he plunges with increased enthusiasm into a more distant and more dissimilar state of things. How thoroughly and genially he has gone into the life and feelings of those old times may be seen from the following splendid extract, which we select as one of the gems of the book:

"The youth of high birth, not then so widely as now separated from the low, is educated under tutors in reverence for his parents, and in desire to emulate their fame; he shares in manly sports and in graceful sports, acquires the use of arms, hardens himself in the pursuit, then, of all others the most indispensable, the hunting down of wild-beasts, the knowledge of medicine, probably also of the lyre. Sometimes, with many-sided intelligence, he even sets himself to learn how to build his own house or ship, or how to drive the plough firm and straight down the furrow, as well as to reap the standing corn. And when scarcely a man he bears arms for his country or his tribe, takes a part in its government, learns by direct instruction and by practice how to rule mankind through the use of reasoning and persuasive power in political assemblies; attends and assists in the sacrifices to the gods. For all this time he has been on kindly and free relations, not only with his parents, his family, his equals of his own age, but with the attendants, although they are but serfs, who have known him from infancy on his father's domain.

He is indeed mistaught with reference to the use of the strong hand.

* Od. ψ'. 295-300.



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Human life is cheap: so cheap, that even a mild and gentle youth may be betrayed, upon a casual quarrel over some childish game with his friend, into taking it away. And even so throughout his life, should some occasion come that stirs up his passions from their depths, a wild beast, as it were, awakes within him, and he loses his humanity for the time, until reason has reëstablished her control. Short, however, of such a desperate crisis, though he could not for the world rob his friend or his neighbour, yet he might not be unwilling to triumph over him to his cost, for the sake of some exercise of singular ingenuity: while, from a hostile tribe on a foreign shore, or from the individual who has become his enemy, he will acquire by main force what he can, nor will he scruple to inflict on him by stratagem even deadly injury. He must, however, give liberally to those who are in need,—to the wayfarer, the poor, the suppliant who begs from him shelter and protection. On the other hand, should his own goods be wasted, the liberal and open-handed contributions of his neighbours will not be wanting to replace them.

His early youth is not solicited into vice by finding sensual excess in vogue, or the opportunities of it staring in his eye and sounding in his ear. Gluttony is rarely known; drunkenness is marked only by its degrading character, and the evil consequences that flow so straight from it, and is abhorred. But he loves the genial use of meals, and rejoices in the hour when the guests, gathered in his father's hall, enjoy a liberal hospitality, and the wine mantles in the cup. For then they listen to the strains of the minstrel, who celebrates before them the newest and the dearest of the heroic tales that stir their blood, and rouse their manly resolution to be worthy, in their turn, of their country and of their country's heroes. He joins the dance in the festivals of religion; the maiden's hand upon his wrist, and the gilded knife glancing from his belt, as they course from point to point, or wheel in round on round. That maiden, some Nausicaa, or some Hermione of a neighbouring district, in due time he weds, amidst the rejoicings of their families, and brings her home to cherish her 'from the flower to the ripeness of the grape,' with respect, fidelity, and love.

Whether as governor or as governed, politics bring him, in ordinary circumstances, no great share of trouble. Government is a machine, of which the wheels move easily; for they are well oiled by simplicity of usages, ideas, and desires; by unity of interests; by respect for authority, and for those in whose hands it is reposed; by love of the common country, the common altar, the common festivals and games, to which already there is large resort. In peace he settles the disputes of his people, in war he lends them the precious example of heroic daring. He consults them and advises with them on all grave affairs; and his wakeful care for their interests is rewarded by the ample domains which are set apart for the prince by the people. Finally, he closes his eyes, delivering over the sceptre to his son, and leaving much peace and happiness around him."

The last volume is, we think, on the whole, the best of the

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three. It gives more scope for the exercise of the higher qualities of the author's mind, and less for the display of his ethnological or theological crotchets. On the section "Thalassa," as we before said, we pronounce no opinion; nor do we intend to dwell at length on some minute and very ingenious criticisms on the sense of number and of colour in Homer, which are contained in the section "Aoidos." We have, then, the sections "Agorè" and "Ilios," and the remaining portions of "Aoidos" left for our consideration.

The section "Agorè" is one which could hardly have been produced by any man but one in whom the characters of statesman and scholar are so happily united as Mr. Gladstone. Brimful as it is of true Homeric scholarship, almost every page contains some little touch or other showing it to proceed from one who is no recluse student, but to whom the *βουλαί* and the *ἀγοραί* of real life are matters of every-day experience. In several parts of his argument, Mr. Gladstone grapples very successfully with Mr. Grote. Mr. Grote's strong point lies of course in historic Greece; his great glory is to have vindicated the character of democratic Athens. But to this darling object of his affections he has sacrificed some others not wholly unworthy of regard. Like the Thracian potentate in Aristophanes,

*ἐν τοῖσι τοίχοις ἔγραφ', 'Αθηναῖοι καλοί·*

but he has forgotten that something worthy of his admiration might have been found in federal Achaia, something perhaps even in monarchic Macedonia, still more than either in the common source of all, in the institutions of heroic Hellas. Mr. Grote can see nothing in the Homeric state of things but a degrading picture of submission on the part of the people towards their princes. This is simply because Homer does not record any formal division, any solemn telling of votes, such as Mr. Grote is familiar with both in St. Stephen's and upon the Pnyx. Also, perhaps, because of the castigation administered by Odysseus to Thersites, which would hardly appear scandalous on the other side of the Atlantic. Mr. Gladstone, less enamoured of democracy, while an equal hater of tyranny, sees more clearly into the truth of the matter. Possibly he goes too far the other way, looking, it would seem, on the institutions of historic Greece as corruptions rather than developments of the heroic model. Mr. Grote complains that in the Homeric Assembly nobody but the princes talk, nobody at all votes, that the will of the King of Men always prevails. He is therefore half inclined to look upon the whole thing as a sham. Mr. Gladstone reminds him that the other princes constantly oppose Agamemnon, and that the mass of the army, if they do not

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talk, at any rate cheer. Now to cheer, as he most truly argues, is in truth to take a very practical share in the debate. Mr. Gladstone most happily compares the Homeric Assembly to such a scene as an English county meeting, where it seldom happens that the speaking extends beyond a select few, where a volunteer orator is far from meeting with encouragement, where a vote otherwise than by acclamation is decidedly the exception, but which yet affords a genuine expression of public feeling, and where a vote contrary to the popular will could not possibly be carried. Within the Hellenic world we find the Homeric ἀγορή continued in the Military Assembly of the Macedonians, where Alexander and a few chiefs have most of the talk, where we do not read of any divisions or tellers, but where the mass of the army still contrived to express a real will of their own, and, if they sometimes condemned, sometimes also acquitted, those whom their king and demi-god denounced to them as traitors. The Homeric Assembly is essentially a youthful institution; it shares the character of all youthful institutions; it is imperfect, but it is a reality as far as it goes. The early institutions of a nation may fail of fully accomplishing their ends, but there is no make-belief as to what those ends are. We may well believe that the old English Witenagemot was an imperfect way of expressing public opinion; probably the king and a few great earls had most of the talk; and to cry, "Nay, nay," instead of "Yea, yea," was most likely a rare and extreme measure. But we may be sure that the spirit of the thing was exactly opposite to the spirit of nearly similar external phenomena in Louis Napoleon's Legislative Assembly. There is all the difference in the world between an assembly which dares not oppose, and an assembly which has not yet formed the wish to oppose. In the one case it is the relation of slaves to their master, in the other that of children to their father. Mr. Gladstone remarks of the Homeric Agorè as Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton does of the English Witenagemot, that in both we find public speaking a real instrument of public policy; and where this is so, they both most truly argue that the real essence of liberty exists. Odysseus and Godwine could sway assemblies of men by the force of eloquence. We need no further argument to show that the assemblies they addressed were assemblies of freemen.

Of the sections "Ilios" and "Aoidos," some of the most important parts, those namely which relate to the characters of the poems, run closely into one another. The latter part of "Aoidos" consists of articles reprinted from the *Quarterly Review*. We do not know the order of composition of the different parts of Mr. Gladstone's book; but we doubtless find here

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a certain amount of repetition in the two portions. This is especially so in the estimate of the characters of Paris—why not give him his Homeric name of Alexander,* and shut out Virgilian ideas altogether?—and of Argeian Helen. But this estimate is one of the very best things in Mr. Gladstone's book, and we can well afford to have it twice over. Mr. Gladstone nowhere shines more than in dealing with the persons of the Homeric tale, and in distinguishing the true Homeric conceptions from the perversions palmed off upon the world by Euripides and Virgil. Of the whole dealing of the latter with the Trojan story Mr. Gladstone has made a thoroughly withering exposure. A modern Roman could not be an old Achaian, the court-poet of Augustus could not rival the nature and simplicity of the singer of the Hellenic people; thus far the fault was that of the age and not of the man. But Virgil might have spared us his wilful perversions both of great matters and of small, alike of the character of Helen and of the comparative bigness of Simoeis and Skamandros. From the Cyclic poets down to Dryden and Racine the whole world seems to have conspired to disfigure the glorious conceptions of Homer, to mar alike the unrivalled power and the incomparable delicacy of his touch. Odysseus, the wise and valiant, becomes a vulgar rogue; Achilleus sinks into a mere brutal soldier, far below the Homeric Aias; the generous, the brave, the affectionate Menelaos becomes a coward and a sophist. Æschylus alone seems to have retained some little reverence for the heroes and for him who designed them. He has given us an Agamemnon perhaps unduly surpassing the Agamemnon of Homer; but in return even he seems not to have been able to touch without defilement the Homeric conception of Achilleus and Patroklos.† But the miserable treatment to which the Homeric characters have been subjected rises to its height in the ruthless way in which later writers have marred and polluted the masterpiece even of Homer's art, the picture of the Homeric Helen. Even Colonel Mure, who has done so much for Homer and the Homeric personages, here fails us; it has been reserved for Mr. Gladstone to set once more before us the Helen of Homer in all her beauty. The Helen of the later poets is a vain and wanton adulteress; the *Trojæ et patriæ communis Erinnys*, who can at best only exculpate herself by transferring her own sins to the

* The double name is curious. Homer does occasionally use the name Paris, but far more commonly that of Alexander. But the latter gradually disappears in later writers.

† The strange fragments of the *Μυρμίδονες*, to be seen at the end of the Oxford Dindorf, certainly show that Æschylus was guilty of degrading the relations of Achilleus and Patroklos, just as the calumnious pen of Niebuhr has done by the equally beautiful picture of Alexander and Hephaistion.

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charge of Fate and Aphrodite. Not such the Helen of the *Iliad* and the *Odyssey*. There the crime of Alexander is not seduction, but high-handed violence; he is not the corrupter, but the ravisher: Helen is not the willing partner, but the passive victim; her fault is at most a half-reluctant acquiescence after the fact. No sign of passion or affection does she exhibit for her worthless lover; her heart yearns for Greece and Menelaos, her forsaken home and her worse than motherless child. The Helen of Homer is, in fact, the most perfect, perhaps indeed the only, example of humility and repentance of the Christian type conceived by a heathen writer. All the expressions on which a worse view of her conduct might be founded are put in her own mouth; like a true penitent, she despises herself, and paints her own conduct in colours in which no one else would have dared to paint them. Readers who have carried about with them the vulgar post-Homeric conception have always stumbled at the Helen of the Odyssey, restored to her hearth and home and to her husband's love, as though she had never gone in the well-oared ships, nor come to the citadel of Troy.* But on the Helen of the *Iliad*, far more sinned against than sinning, the Helen of the *Odyssey* follows as the natural afterpiece. The whole remarks of Mr. Gladstone on these two characters of Paris and Helen are worthy the deepest attention of every Homeric student. Had he written nothing else, they alone would be enough to place him in the first rank of Homeric critics.†

The whole section "Ilios" is exceedingly interesting and ingenious; but some things, as usual, strike us as being somewhat overdone. It is here, above all, that Mr. Gladstone treats the *Iliad* too much as a chronicle in verse. He admits, indeed, in words, that the question of historical truth and falsehood is not altogether relevant; that in any case it is the part of the critic distinctly to ascertain the conception in the mind of the poet, be that conception historical or fictitious. He admits also in words that, whether as chronicler or as poet, Homer was not bound to give us the same minute picture of the life of Troy as he gives us of the life of Greece. But in practice Mr. Gladstone hardly carries out his theory. His exag-

* οὐκ ἔστ' ἔτυμος λόγος οὗτος·
οὐ γὰρ ἔβας ἐν νηυσὶν ἐϋσέλμοις,
οὐδ' ἶκεο πέργαμα Τροίας.—*Stesichoros' Palinodia.*

† While Mr. Gladstone's version of Paris and Helen is undoubtedly that which best harmonises the various statements in different parts of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*, we still think that he builds rather too much upon the mere use of the word ἁρπάζω. Surely, as far as we understand such matters, the two processes run so much into one another, that ἁρπάζω might be not inaccurately used of a case in which the element of seduction overcame the element of violence. And what says Herodotus of the whole class of legends? δῆλα γὰρ δὴ ὅτι, εἰ μὴ αὐτὰ ἐβουλέατο, οὐκ ἂν ἡρπάζοντο. i. 4.

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gerated notion of the historical credibility of the *Iliad* leads him to seek for historical indications of Trojan manners and institutions in almost every minute expression of the poet, which can any how be pressed into such a service. Now we have admitted that Homer is a real historical witness, at least for a real state of things in Greece. But, even admitting the historical reality of the Trojan War, we cannot admit him as an equally trustworthy authority for Trojan affairs. He would assuredly describe the Trojans after the pattern of the Greeks of his own day, or at the utmost—though even this is supposing a rather improbable attempt at accuracy—after the pattern of the inhabitants of the Troad of his own day. But we have no right to assume that either of these pictures would be an accurate representation of the historical Trojans, if historical Trojans there ever were. Again, we have said that in no case was Homer bound to be equally minute in his descriptions of Greek and of Trojan affairs. Negative arguments, therefore, prove very little. Homer's silence as to the existence of any Greek practice in Troy does not prove that he definitely meant to imply that it did not exist there. But hence the opposite line of argument gains increased strength. And here the minute researches of Mr. Gladsone have turned up some very curious points. Every body has doubtless observed that Priam lives in clearly-marked polygamy, while the Greek princes at most practise concubinage. But every body probably has not observed that while in Greece the women attract the love of the gods, in Troy the men attract the love of the goddesses. Again, in Greece we hear little or nothing of priests, though a great deal of prophets. In Troy, considering our slender means of observation, the priests cut a great figure. These points cannot be accidental. They may be genuine elder traditions; they may be the result of Homer's own observations on that later Dardanian dynasty, for whose historical existence we have already adduced him as a trustworthy witness. Nor can it be without some reason or other, that Homer dwells with such delight upon the good and valiant Lycians. They are clearly the only people on the hostile side whom he looked upon as worthy peers of his own countrymen. We do not know whether it is to the purpose or not, but it certainly is a curious coincidence that while Achaian and Lycian are the two names in Europe and in Asia which Homer most delights to honour, so it was in the Achaian and Lycian confederations that the greatest amount of freedom and good government lingered on till their common absorption into the universal dominion of Rome.

Homer's general picture of his Trojans as compared with his Greeks is very skilfully commented on by Mr. Gladstone.

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The Trojans are a kindred people; they are not widely distinguished from the Greeks in manners, religion, or polity. They are not *βαρβαρόφωνοι*; they are not *ἀλλόθροοι ἄνθρωποι*. No such broad line separates them from the Hellenic world as that which parts off the savage Cyclopes and Laistrygonians, or even the wholly foreign Egyptians and Phœnicians. But though they are clearly a kindred, they are no less clearly in every way, as men and as soldiers, an inferior people. But they are not too greatly inferior. They are inferior enough to be beaten; but they are not so inferior as to make it inglorious to beat them. This train of ideas, in which Homer's patriotism evidently greatly exulted, is very minutely and ingeniously worked out by Mr. Gladstone.

So far as we can conjecture, the picture thus given by Homer may be supposed fairly to represent the facts of the case. If by the Trojans we understand the race whom the Æolian and Ionian colonists found in possession of the western coast of Asia, one can hardly doubt their close affinity with the Greeks. Every thing tends to show that they belonged to that race, call it Pelasgian or what we will, of which the Hellenic nation formed the most illustrious member. The little we find recorded of them in the authentic history, the local nomenclature of their country (corresponding in so striking a way with that of the other side of the Ægæan), the facility with which the whole land was hellenised,—all point to them, along with Sikels, Epeirots, and Macedonians, as a sort of undeveloped Greeks, capable of receiving, though not of originating, the full Hellenic culture. This exactly falls in with the true Homeric portrait of the Trojans. But here, again, the true Homeric portrait must be carefully distinguished from the later forms, which it assumes in the hands of Sophokles, Euripides, and Virgil. In their hands every touch of Homer's picture is lost. Achaians and Trojans are broadly distinguished as *Ἕλληνες* and *βάρβαροι*. The subjects of Priam are degraded into Phrygians. The Achaians sometimes figure as Dorians, sometimes as Pelasgians. Homer is, on all these points, probable and self-consistent. Euripides treats them in a spirit about as historical as when he makes the supposed wantonness of Argeian Helen the natural result of the scanty clothing assigned by the Lykourgeian discipline to the virgins of Dorian Sparta.

Not the least, to our mind, of Mr. Gladstone's services to Homer is his vindication of the ninth book of the *Iliad*. In his section "Aoidos" he has thoroughly overthrown Mr. Grote's idea of an Achilleid developed into an *Iliad*, and has completely vindicated the plot of the poem in its received form. Mr. Grote thinks the ninth book inconsistent with much that follows; all

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possible satisfaction has been offered Achilleus, and yet in later books he still wishes to see Agamemnon and the Greeks humiliated and suppliant before him. Mr. Gladstone answers, that in the ninth book no real satisfaction is offered to the wounded spirit of the hero. Agamemnon strives, as it were, to purchase his return by costly offers, which, in plain truth, are simply bribes. But there is no real atonement, no humiliation, no confession of error. There is, then, no real compensation to the injured honour of Achilleus. The wrath of the hero was not to be appeased by gifts, not by the restitution of Briseis. He need not have surrendered her, and he refuses to receive her again. Such a feeling as the wrath of Achilleus was not to be bought off by gifts, even if it might have been appeased by repentance. Homer assigns it a far grander and more characteristic termination; it is neither bought off nor appeased, it is absorbed by a still mightier passion. In his grief for the loss of Patroklos, in his desire to avenge him, no space is left in his heart for memory of the wrong done to him by Agamemnon. In this view, the ninth book, the record of the ineffectual embassy, is absolutely necessary to the development of the story. And as part of the picture of Achilleus, as a specimen of the grand old heroic rhetoric, no portion of the poems surpasses it. Those few words of sarcasm, which Mr. Gladstone is so fond of quoting as the climax of Achilleus' oratory,

> ἦ μοῦνοι φιλέουσ' ἀλόχους μερόπων ἀνθρώπων
> Ἀτρεΐδαι,

might alone have made the fortune of a poet or a rhetorician.

We thus part from these noble volumes, worthy alike of their author and of their subject, the freshest and most genial tribute to ancient literature which has been paid even by an age fertile in such offerings. Mr. Gladstone will not rate our admiration the less because we have plainly stated our entire dissent from some important parts of his book. He has, we think, dealt with ethnology without the proper training, and he has treated mythology from a wholly false point of view. But he has done such justice to Homer and his age as Homer perhaps never received out of his own land. He has vindicated the true position of the greatest of poets; he has cleared his tale and its actors from the misrepresentations of ages. With an ordinary writer, we should conclude with the almost conventional compliment, that we trust we are not meeting him for the last time. With Mr. Gladstone we feel that there is truth in the words with which he concludes his Homeric labours,—words which the records of the present parliamentary session have shown to be no empty boast:

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"Nemesis must not find me,

*ἢ νῦν δηθύνοντ', ἢ ὕστερον αὖθις ἰόντα.*

To pass from the study of Homer to the ordinary business of the world, is to step out of a palace of enchantment into the cold gray light of a polar day. But the spells in which this sorcerer deals have no affinity with that drug from Egypt, which drowns the spirit in effeminate indifference: rather they are like the *φάρμακον ἐσθλὸν*, the remedial specific, which, freshening the understanding by contact with the truth and strength of nature, should both improve its vigilance against deceit and danger, and increase its vigour and resolution for the discharge of duty."

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## Art. III.—THE TROUBADOURS.

*Histoire de la Poésie Provençale.* Par C. Fauriel. 3 vols. Paris, 1846. 8vo.

*Die Werke der Troubadours, in Provenzalischer Sprache, mit einer Grammatik und einem Wörterbuche.* Von C. A. P. Mahn. Berlin, 1846. 8vo.

*Histoire littéraire des Troubadours.* 3 vols. Paris. 12mo.

"To consecrate his heart and his homage to a mistress; to live exclusively for her; for her sake to aspire to the glory of arms and virtue; to worship her perfections, and to procure a public recognition of them; to desire nothing higher than the title of her servant, and to consider it a sufficient reward of the greatest efforts that she deigned to accept them; in short, to honour his lady as a kind of divinity, whose favour could be the price only of the noblest sentiments,—such were the principal duties of every knight." The Troubadours powerfully contributed, both by their verses and their lives, to maintain and exalt this spirit. "Nearly all devoted themselves to the worship of ladies; some through affection, some through ostentation, and others through interest; for this was the road to fortune. The women, delighted with an incense which seemed to perpetuate their charms, always favoured, or seemed to favour, the adoring poet; passion and vanity vied which should most exalt the Parnassus of Provence." That the theory of chivalry was ill carried out in the actual life of the time, will be but too well proved by the glimpses of biography and poetry with which we are about to present our readers. The editor of St. Palaye (*Histoire littéraire des Troubadours*) does not exaggerate when he writes, "Parmi quelques exemples d'une galanterie pure, assujettie au frein de la pudeur et des devoirs, on y trouve mille traits de libertinage et de débauche; on y voit les sens maîtriser le cœur, la foi conjugale impudemment violée,

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quelquefois les mœurs outragées avec une indécence cynique, enfin les mêmes vices qu'aujourd'hui, moins déguisés sous d'honnêtes apparences." The condition of the church, the desperate depravity of man's highest external guidance, goes far to explain the social state depicted so faithfully by the Troubadours in their *tensons* and *sirventes*. "C'était le tems où les papes, qui avaient perdu de vue les règles, comme les exemples, de la primitive religion, remuant tout au nom de Dieu et de St. Pierre, faisaient d'une religion divine l'instrument d'une politique audacieuse." Accordingly the irreligion of the world consisted not so much in ignorance and neglect of divine doctrines and ideas, as in blasphemous familiarity with them. The language of love profited largely by this corruption of religion, just as the reality was exalted by the peculiar social conditions, which, by making every feudal castle a court and its mistress a queen, afforded additional excitements of, and excuses for, the extravagant respect to which love, under all circumstances, tends to abandon itself. It is impossible to reconcile the grossness which often betrays itself in the literature of the period with the moods of exalted delicacy and honour which constitute its principal charm, otherwise than by attributing the latter mainly to the accident which usually placed a gulf of social difference between the lover and his mistress,—a gulf which he could only hope to overpass by a long series of services, and by a display of self-devotion which should gradually change the lady's desire of public praise into personal affection for the giver of it. It remains for a later and more truly chivalrous age to glorify love between persons socially equal with that halo of reverence which we have so long admired, without remembering its limitations or comprehending its explanations, in the life and poetry of the middle ages. In presenting our readers with a few glimpses of this life and this poetry, we shall confine ourselves almost entirely to the love-stories and the love-songs of the Provençal poets. It is true that they wrote satires, and tales, and war-poetry in abundance; but the preëminence of love as the theme of their lyrics and the motive of their lives justifies us in thus limiting our sketch. M. C. Fauriel, in his *Histoire de la Poésie Provençale*, remarks:

"Entre tous ces divers genres de compositions lyriques, les troubadours faisaient une distinction singulière et caractéristique, qui les partageait en deux classes. L'amour seul leur semblait essentiellement poétique, essentiellement fait pour être chanté et pour inspirer le désir de chanter. Tout le reste,—la morale, la guerre, la croyance elle-même,—ne leur paraissaient pas des sujets de poésie aussi naturels ni aussi relevés. Sous la dénomination commune de *sirventesc*, ils comprenaient

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toute composition qui n'avait pas l'amour pour motif, et particulièrement toute composition tenant de la satire ou de la plaisanterie. Ce mot de *sirventesc* est tiré de celui de *sirvent*, par lequel on désignait les hommes de guerre non chevaliers que ceux-ci menaient à la guerre avec eux. *Sirventesc* signifiait donc une pièce de sirvent, c'est-à-dire d'une ordre subalterne, relativement aux chants d'amour, qui étaient, à proprement parler, les chants chevaleresques."

The *sirventes* of the Troubadours are of the highest possible value as records of the mind and manners of the time, but as poetry they are for the most part worthless. The satire is gross, the wit of the most cumbrous kind, the enthusiasm for war an impulse devoid of moral dignity or adequate motive, the religion a mere crust and scab of superstition without so much as a morbid life below it, the morality childish; but among such pieces we find many a love-song that shines like a dove with golden wings among potsherds. Never, before or since, was love so exquisitely sung as in some of these poems; never, before or since, have the chief conditions of perfect love-poetry, namely, the greatest simplicity of feeling and the highest art in language, been so combined. These conditions would seem, did we not know to the contrary, to be incompatible with one another; the primitive simplicity of feeling in the times of the Troubadours requires, however, no proof; and the proof of the conscious art of language, which was necessary to express such feeling, is to be found in repeated statements of the poets themselves. Pierre d'Auvergne, for example, says, "I will sing, since I must sing, a new song which rings in my bosom. It is not without trouble and torment that I have attained so to sing that my songs are not like the songs of any other. Every good song, however, is quite different from every other." It is well observed by the author of the *Histoire littéraire*, that the intensity of the love-poetry of the Troubadours is in great part to be attributed to the comparative unreality of all other interests at that time capable of engaging the poetic mind: "Dès que l'âme est vivement affectée par un objet, le talent poétique se déploie avec d'autant plus d'audace et de vigueur, qu'on a peu d'idées capables de le distraire, et qu'il devance la culture des autres talens."

In the following pages we propose to give such notices of the lives and poetry of a few of the writers who flourished in that wonderful hundred and ninety years which included the whole of the Provençal literature, as may enable our readers to infer the prevailing tone and tenor of the rest. We are indebted to Fauriel and St. Palaye for the biography, and have received much assistance from St. Palaye's prose versions of many of the poems.

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William IX., Count of Poitou, is chiefly remarkable as having been one of the earliest of the Troubadours; and as thus indicating the high social position with which the profession was, in its very origin, associated. William was born in the year 1071, and died in 1122. His life and his poetry were both remarkable for their licentiousness. As a specimen of the "affreux libertinage" of his habits, it is recorded that he established at Niort a "maison de débauche" in the form of a monastery, divided into cells, governed by an abbess, and harbouring a company of prostitutes, who wore the costume and aped the practices of nuns. Another of the offences of this poet was his marriage, in spite of the laws, with the wife of another man, the Vicomte de Châtelleraud. When the Bishop of Poitiers, in consequence of this proceeding, commenced, in the presence of William, the ceremony of excommunication, the count drew his sword, and threatened to kill him if he did not absolve him on the spot. The bishop pretended to quail, and required a few moments for consideration. These were granted, and the courageous ecclesiastic profited by the opportunity to complete the formula, adding, "Now strike, for I am ready." William replied that he did not love him enough to send him to heaven, and only exiled him. This is a good passage to commence with. It is well to remember upon what a dunghill blossomed the exquisite flowers of mediæval love-poetry. The verses of this "valeureux et courtois chevalier, mais grand trompeur de dames," are too much like his life to be quotable here. The Troubadours of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, like the "femmes galantes" of a later age, very frequently closed a career of debauchery and violence with a more or less suspicious devotion to religion; some retiring to monasteries, and occasionally rising to be abbots or bishops, and others adopting the more congenial fanaticism of the Crusades. Accordingly, the last of the poems which remain to us of William of Poitou is an adieu *à la chevalerie qu'il a tant aimée* for the sake of the cross.

Bernard de Ventadour has obtained a safe passport to fame in the shape of a favourable mention by Petrarch. He was the son of one of the inferior domestics of the Château de Ventadour, and rose to be the lover of princesses through his own "merits," namely, a handsome person, a turn for writing verses and singing them, and a facility in adopting the manners of chivalry. The divinity to whom the young Bernard devoted his verses and his life was Agnes de Montluçon, the wife of the Vicomte Ebles de Ventadour. His constancy—the only virtue expected of lovers in those days—was at last rewarded with a degree of success of which we are only told that it was suffi-

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cient to awaken the jealousy of the lady's husband. He was compelled to leave the château, and to seek his fortune elsewhere. He found it in the court of the Duchess of Normandy, Eleanora of Guienne, who had been divorced from Louis VII., and had married Henry Duke of Normandy, afterwards Henry II. of England. The affections of the Troubadour soon fixed themselves, probably not without encouragement, upon this lady. He says in one of his songs, "I would rather die of the torment I suffer than solace my heart by a presumptuous avowal. It is true that she has given me leave to ask of her whatever I like; but a king would not dare to ask what I desire. Nevertheless she approves of my writing to her, and she knows how to read." St. Palaye, or his editor, adds, "Savoir lire n'était pas un mérite commun parmi les grands." It is probable, however, that Bernard meant that the duchess knew how to read the real meaning of the obscure words in which he proposed to declare himself. This ambitious lover seems to have succeeded, to have been afterwards cast off for a rival, and, in his disgust at this and other misfortunes, to have abjured love and retired to a monastery. Mahn's collection contains twenty-seven poems by Bernard de Ventadour, most of them being favourable specimens of the love-poetry of the time. The first is of singular beauty. We quote the first stanza, to enable our readers to guess how inferior must be the effect of any version wanting the music of Bernard's metre, and append a translation of the greater part of this piece:

"Quand erba vertz e fuelha par,
E'l flor brotosson per verjan,
E'l rossinhols autet e clar
Leva sa votz e mov son chan,
Joy ai de luy, e joy ai de la flor;
Joy ai de me, e de mi dons maior.
Vas totas partz qui de joy claus e seinhs,
Mas ilh es joys que totz los autres vens."

"When the herb and leaf grow green, and the flower blossoms in the fields; when the nightingale lifts his voice loud and clear, and urges his song,—joy have I of him, joy have I of the flower, joy have I of myself, and still more of my lady; I am surrounded and closed in with joys. But there is a joy beyond all others. I wonder that I am able to abstain from declaring to her my desire. When I look at her, when I see her sweet eyes, I am kept only by fear from falling on her neck. If I had the power of bewitching people, I would turn my enemies into little children, so that they might not imagine evil of my lady or of me. I would then gaze at her loveliness as much as I liked, at her beautiful eyes and her fresh colour. I would kiss every part of her mouth, so that the marks would remain there for a month. O that

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I could find her alone, sleeping or pretending to be asleep, so that I might take a sweet kiss, since I have not courage to ask for one."

In another poem he recognises his admitted superiority over all contemporary Troubadours, and accounts for it thus:

"No wonder that I sing better than any other; for my heart is more disposed to love, and more submissive to its laws. Body and soul, spirit and knowledge, strength and power,—I have devoted all to love. He is already dead who does not love. What is the use of him, except to trouble others?"

Pons de Capdueil was a Troubadour without reproach, according to the strange semi-platonic ideas of his age. "Ce troubadour," says the author of the *Histoire littéraire*, "eut les véritables mœurs de la chevalerie. Il rendit célèbre ses amours, sans que la passion parût l'entraîner au-delà des bornes de la pudeur." His lady-love was Azalaïs, wife of Noisil de Mercœur, a great baron of Auvergne. Pons de Capdueil, who was himself a wealthy baron, devoted his fortune as well as his wits to the celebration of his mistress. "Les fêtes qu'il lui donna étaient comme autant de cours plenières . . . . où les amans étaient célébrés par la poésie et la musique. *Le Baron de Mercœur se prêtait à ces démonstrations de galanterie.* On les supposait donc également nobles et irréprochables." All the songs of Capdueil are addressed to this lady, for whom his love seems to have been as profound and constant as it was unsullied. On the death of Azalaïs, Capdueil became sincerely "dévot," after the prevailing mode. He not only served the Holy War with his sword, but also zealously advocated it with his pen.

Passing over Richard I. of England, and other names of less distinction as Troubadours, we come to Arnaud de Marveil, "the less famous Arnaldo" of Petrarch, who ranked him below Arnaud Daniel. Arnaud de Marveil was born in, and called from, the Château de Marveil in Perigord. Like Bernard de Ventadour, he was of very low parentage; but, nursed in one of those innumerable châteaux, each of which was a palace and contained a court, he had opportunities of fitting himself to be the lover and the laureate of princesses. Disgusted, by his early glimpses of "high life," with the profession of notary, to which his friends had devoted him, he took the usual means of ingratiating himself with the chivalrous and high-born society to which his spirit belonged. He became a Troubadour, and fixed his love and the adorations of his muse upon Adelaide Countess de Beziers, daughter of Raymond V., Count of Toulouse, and wife of Roger II. Vicomte de Beziers. The transition from distant and ethereal devotion to ordinary human

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passion, which so often occurred in the *liaisons* of the Troubadours, is beautifully indicated in one of the many beautiful pieces of this poet:

"I foresaw not, when I came here, how dearly I should have to pay for the delight of beholding so many beauties and graces. They say well, and I myself feel, that when we think to warm, we often burn ourselves. I love, without daring to say so; I am condemned to fly from her whom I adore, lest my looks should betray my secret. She would never pardon this presumption. At least I may look at her in my heart, as in a mirror. I find her in all things; the freshness of the air, the beauty of the fields, the colours of the flowers repeat her beauties, and unceasingly bid me sing of her. *Thanks to the exaggerations which are permitted to the Troubadours, I may praise her as much as she deserves;* I may say with impunity that she is the most beautiful lady in the world. If they had not a hundred times given this praise to those who did not merit it, I should not have dared to give it to her I love; for it would have been to name her."

The passion which was delicately hinted in these charming verses was not displeasing to Adelaide; but the poet pursued his advantage with as much reverence as he had shown in commencing his suit. "My reason is opposed to my desire. No doubt it ill befits me to aspire to such a conquest; kings alone should sigh for her. But does not love level all conditions? He who loves, becomes worthy to succeed." He obtained at last the favour of a kiss; an honour which did not exceed the bounds of mediæval platonism. But at this stage of the love-story of Arnaud de Marveil, a formidable rival appeared in the shape of Alphonso King of Castille. Adelaide wished to keep both her lovers; but found it impossible. The king obtained the dismissal of the Troubadour, who sought another home, but not another love, in the court of the Seigneur de Montpellier.

Garin d'Apchier was distinguished among the Troubadours rather by his high birth than his works; these, however, contain two pieces, which elucidate the relative positions of Troubadour and Jongleur in an interesting manner. The Jongleur was the hired singer of the verses of the Troubadour; and Garin complains as bitterly of his verses murdered by his Jongleur as Chaucer did of the mistakes of his transcribers. Concerning these minstrels, another Troubadour, Pierre de la Mula, says, "Ils se sont multipliés au point, qu'il y en a tout autant que de lapins dans une garenne; on en est inondé." He reproaches them for degrading the arts of poetry and song,—the "gai saber,"—by going about in pairs, crying, "Donnez-moi, car je suis jongleur."

The story of Geoffrey Rudel is singularly illustrative of the

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wilful idealism of the passion of love as it ordinarily appears in the lives and poetry of the Troubadours. Rudel was "Prince" of Blaye. Tripoli, in Palestine, after its capture by the Christians in 1109, had been given to the government of Bertrand of Toulouse. In the days of Geoffrey Rudel there was a Countess of Tripoli, the fame of whose beauty had reached Provence. Geoffrey fell in love with the descriptions of her which were brought home by the pilgrims, and he took the cross and set forth in order to behold her. He was seized with mortal illness just as the vessel reached its destination, and was deposited as dead in a house in the town. The countess was informed of the object of his voyage, and, touched with his fantastic passion, went to see his corpse. Geoffrey woke for a moment from his trance, to find himself embraced by his no longer imaginary mistress. He died in her arms, "praising God, and thanking Him for having accorded the only blessing he desired." The countess had him interred with great pomp among the Templars of Tripoli; and, not to be outdone by her departed lover, devoted herself to a monastic life from that day forth. There appears to be little reason for doubting the main facts of this story; Petrarch, and other still earlier writers, speak of them as matters of common history. The investigations of St. Palaye seem to prove that this particular Countess of Tripoli was unmarried,—an unusual condition for the mistress of a Troubadour.

Guillaume de Balaun and Pierre de Barjac loved two married ladies, named Viernetta and De Joviac. The story of the quarrel and reconciliation of Barjac and Viernetta abounds with those apparently incompatible characteristics which render the age of the Troubadours a perfect mystery to the modern understanding. We find it possible for a knight to load his mistress with the most unpardonable affronts, telling her that he has sought and found another lady much more beautiful than she is, &c., in a time when the laws of love were held so sacred that, on proposing to part with her, he says seriously, "*Let us seek a priest* who may absolve us from our mutual vows; you shall give me your absolution, and shall receive mine; and then we may legally form new ties." This necessity for applying to a priest for a release from the binding power of adulterous vows is regarded by St. Palaye as a *bonâ-fide* fact. After all this, the lovers were reconciled; and Barjac spoke in such glowing terms to his friend Balaun of the delights of such a reconciliation, that the latter resolved to taste them himself, and forthwith ceased to visit his mistress, or answer her letters. She sends a messenger to beg for explanations, which are refused; and the lady goes in person,



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and casts herself at his feet, asking pardon for unknown offences. Balaun overwhelms the unoffending Madame de Joviac with vague reproaches, and she departs at last indignant. Finding her really angry, he seeks pardon in his turn, and is very properly scorned. He sends an intercessor, who endeavours to explain matters; but the lady requires proof of the reality of a passion which has expressed itself so oddly, and refuses to see him again, unless he comes with the nail of his little finger torn off, and with a song publicly declaratory of his repentance. These conditions are joyfully accepted.

The history of Guillaume de Cabestaing, one of the most famous of the Troubadours, though evidently fictitious in part, is valuably illustrative of the strange thoroughness with which they made "love the highest law." The details of this and the other lives of the Provençal poets, being given by contemporary or nearly contemporary writers, may occasionally be inaccurate, but they can scarcely be much out of keeping with the feelings of the time. Cabestaing was a gentleman of Roussillon. Being well-born, but poor, he attached himself as page, or "varlet," to Raimond of Castel-Roussillon, who made him "écuyer" to his lady, with whom the "varlet" of course fell in love, but had the modesty to keep it to himself. Madame Marguerite, however, was not so shy, and provoked a declaration by asking him plainly whether he would dare to reply to the love of a great lady, should she give him marks of her affection. This proceeding of the lady was not so impudent as it would be in a time like ours, when people have a clearer apprehension of the relation of beginning to end. We find Cabestaing some time afterwards begging that he may be permitted to kiss the lady's glove, and promising that he will never venture to pretend to greater honours. He continued to write rapturous and beautiful songs, from which a malignant public inferred more than he intended. The lady's reputation began to suffer; for, strange as it may seem, a lady's reputation *could* suffer in those days. Suspicious rumours reached Count Raimond, who sincerely loved his wife, and trusted his servant. One day the count put arms under his cloak, and sought Cabestaing, who was hunting. After a little conversation, the following dialogue took place: "Answer," said the count, "my questions like a frank and loyal servant." "Certainly, monseigneur, if you inquire nothing which it is my duty to conceal." "In the name of God and your faith, tell me if love inspires your verses, and if they are addressed to a real lady?" "How else, monseigneur, should I be able to sing?" "The name of the lady?" "Nay, can one without perfidy repeat it? You know what Bernard de Ventadour says on this

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matter: If those who perceive my love should ask me the name of my mistress, I am bound not to reveal it to any but to him who can and will give counsel and assistance." "Well, whoever the lady may be, I promise to aid you with all my power." As in the actual life of chivalry grossness was strangely allied to purity, so we find that an almost superstitious theoretical respect for the literal faith of words was compatible with a great deal of lying. Cabestaing immediately replied, when thus pushed into a corner, that the object of his love was Agnes, sister of Marguerite, the wife of Raimond. The count was deceived; and Agnes assisted in prolonging the deception, with the knowledge and consent of her husband, Robert de Tarascon. This pretended amour awakened the jealousy of Marguerite, who would not believe her lover's account of the affair; and her vanity got so far the better of her prudence, that she required him to prove his fidelity by writing a song declaring his love for her and her only. The song was written, and, *according to a common custom of the time*, addressed to the lady's husband. But Count Raimond's love for his wife was greater than his pride in her, and he was more grieved than flattered. He murdered Cabestaing, and had his heart served up as venison for Marguerite, who, on learning what she had eaten, flung herself from a turret and was killed. The world sympathised more with the lovers than with the injured husband. The relations and friends of Marguerite and of Cabestaing, and all the knights and lovers of the country, took arms against Raimond. The King of Aragon headed the faction; the poor count was imprisoned, and his castle demolished; the funeral of his wife and her poet was celebrated with the greatest pomp, and the day of their death was long marked by a solemn annual service, instituted, it is said, by order of the King of Aragon.

Rambaud, Count of Orange, is mainly remarkable for having had two famous poetesses for mistresses, Beatrix Countess de Die, and Azalaïs de Porcairagues. His poetry is coarse, but scarcely so much so as that of the first of these ladies, whose verses, though passionate, are incredibly impudent. In one of them, lamenting the estrangement of her lover, she says she deserves to be betrayed by him for having refused him any thing; she declares her hearty repentance, and longs to have him in the place of her husband. Rambaud responded to this recall; and it is not wonderful that, with the example before him of such a mistress, he should have written: "I will teach lovers the true way to love; if they learn my lessons, they will soon succeed. Would you have women complaisant to you, threaten them at the first unamiable word; if they answer, do you reply with a blow on the nose; if they are malicious, be you still more so,

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and they will do what you like. Slander and bad singing will bring the highest successes, if you join therewith plenty of impudence and conceit. Make love to the ugly, and neglect the beautiful,—that is the way to win them. It is certainly not the way I follow; for my old habits are incorrigible; simple, gentle, humble, tender, and faithful, I love women as if they were all my sisters; but take care to avoid my example!" Having won and betrayed Azalaïs de Porcairagues, and wounded her reputation by talking freely of his relation to her, he replied to a poem, in which she lamented the imprudence of loving a man above herself in rank, in a strain which casts a curious light upon "chivalry." "I maintain that great lords, if their hearts are loyal, deserve better than any others that women should yield to them. It belongs to women of low minds to love in secret, and therefore to choose obscure lovers. Women, however, have often lost their good names with simple gentlemen: a thing which is impossible with a great lord, who has a noble and lofty mind. If any one maintains the contrary, I will answer so as to shut his mouth."

The life of Folquet de Marseille, Bishop of Toulouse, belongs rather to the political than the literary history of the middle ages; but his stormy career as an ecclesiastic was preceded by a youth of love and poetry. Petrarch mentions him, and Dante places him in paradise. He was a fierce hater and persecutor of heretics, after having been a somewhat inferior Troubadour and an unscrupulous lover of ladies. One long poem is a continual antithesis between love and pity, these being spoken of as personified. This practice of personification by many of the earliest and most earnest of the mediæval poets,—a practice which was adopted by Dante himself, whose Love, even in the most passionate passages, is still a winged boy with bow and arrows,—is curious, and, as far as it goes, a confutation of Mr. Ruskin's view of the incompatibility of seriousness with the habit of it.

"Love," says Folquet, "is only a torment if Pity does not come to his succour. . . . . Ah, how blessed I should be, if at last Pity would shake the high and rude branch to which I am attached! . . . . The best of the best, she who surpasses all value, how easily could she reconcile these two divinities! . . . . How can my heart so entirely contain Love, who is so great that all things disappear before him? *It is as when a great tower is seen in a little mirror.*" One incident in the political life of the beatified of Dante will be enough in this place. Simon de Montfort, having been driven from Beaucaire, and suspecting the inhabitants of Toulouse of intelligence with his enemies, laid siege to the town, Folquet, the bishop-elect, being in his

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army. Deputies were sent from the city to offer explanations; and the friends and relatives of the count persuaded him to clemency in his treatment of the hardly-pressed citizens. Folquet, *their bishop*, who had quarrelled with Raymond Count of Toulouse, and left the city on that account, was the only person to advise violence. He counselled Montfort to confiscate all the goods of the inhabitants, and to imprison the most distinguished; and gave practical aid to the carrying out of his advice by entering the city, and promising his diocesans the pardon of De Montfort on condition of their presenting themselves to demand it. They went forth accordingly, and were made prisoners; while the bishop gave up the town to pillage by the soldiers who followed him. The infuriated people repulsed this attempt. De Montfort then threatened the prisoners with death unless they persuaded the citizens to surrender. This threat not succeeding, Folquet and the Abbot of St. Sernin again deceived the people with promises of clemency, provided they abandoned the towers of the city and laid down their arms. The next day De Montfort went to the Hôtel de Ville, to sign a peace. His soldiers occupied the abandoned towers, according to agreement; and being thus master of the place, he proposed to deliver it to the soldiery, and afterwards to raze it. By Folquet's counsel and help, De Montfort commuted this sentence to a prodigious fine; and the zealous bishop was rewarded with the gift of the Château of Urefeuil, and a score of dependant villages.

Bertrand de Born, who figures in Dante's *Hell* for the sin of political schism, owes his preëminent fame to a combination of qualities. Vicomte de Hautefort, he was probably the ancestor of that noble lady whose praises we related in a foregoing Number. But in the time of Madame de Hautefort, the adored of Louis XIII., the idea of the honour of a knight had made some advance upon the mediæval formula laid down by Bertrand himself: "Les premiers statuts de l'honneur c'est de faire la guerre, de joûter l'avent et le carême, et d'enrichir les guerriers." Constantine, the brother of Bertrand, had a title to half the seigneury of Hautefort; but Bertrand wished to have it all, and a considerable part of his life and of his poetry was occupied with the struggles arising out of this question, which even Bertrand did not regard as one of right, but only of might. Strange were the times in which a character for chivalry could be sustained by such declarations as these: "Peace does not suit me; I like nothing but war. My only law is to fear naught. I care not for Mondays nor Tuesdays. Whatever be the time, I will destroy those who injure me. Let others, if they will, adorn their houses, and get for themselves

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the good things of life. I only desire to have plenty of lances, casques, swords, and horses. Right or wrong, I will not give up an inch of the land of Hautefort; I've got it, let those who can take it away." We cannot follow this bold soldier and bitter satirist through his innumerable squabbles and alliances with other barons and princes. His principal love-affair was with Maenz de Montagnac, wife of Tallerand, the brother of the Vicomte de Perigord. Maenz was courted by Richard Count of Poitou, Geoffrey Count of Bretagne, Alphonso King of Aragon, and Raymond Count of Toulouse; but she chose Bertrand "for her lover and her master." She subsequently dismissed him, suspecting that she had a rival. He did all he could to reconcile her, and assured her, in some beautiful verses, that he would rather spend his life in supplicating her than in the possession of all other ladies; but in vain. He at last gave up hope, and offered his heart to another celebrated beauty, Tiberge de Montausier. Madame de Montausier, though flattered with the offer, proposed that one more attempt should be made to conciliate his former mistress. Bertrand consented, promising, if he failed, never to love any one but her; and she, on her part, entered into a corresponding engagement. This conditional arrangement was superseded by the success of their joint endeavours, Maenz de Montagnac being convinced by their representations that Bertrand had been guiltless of inconstancy.

Rambaud de Vaqueiras was one of the most famous and prolific of the Provençal poets; but there is nothing sufficiently peculiar in his life to call for narration here. One stanza of his poetry will be enough to prove his unsurpassed powers of bold and simple illustration: "The day that love made choice of us two, your beauty filled me with the pride of the peacock, when he contemplates the green, the vermilion, and the blue of his feathers, and arrogantly leaps upon a wall to show himself. His pride continues until, casting down his head, he beholds his feet. Thus the loveliness of my lady puffed me up with vanity and joy, until she smote me with her 'no!'"

Deudes de Prades, if we may trust the translations of St. Palaye,—for we have not seen the originals,—combined, in his best verses, the simplicity and lofty tenderness of his own time with the finished art of a later age. We present our readers with the following version, as a specimen of his poetry, and of the style of the translations in the *Histoire littéraire des Troubadours*, a work which has not yet been superseded as a popular account of the subject:

"Avec le doux printems qui renaît, je veux faire une chanson nouvelle. La joie d'un nouvel amour m'y invite. De cette première

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joie vient l'espérance d'une plus grande. Si je ne l'obtiens pas, ce ne sera point ma faute, mais toujours j'implorerai celle que j'aime, toujours j'adresserai mes vœux vers le pays qu'elle habite.

L'espérance me paraît si belle, que j'y trouve la plus heureuse possession. Content par le seul espoir, que je serai heureux si, m'appelant 'mon doux ami,' elle me dit jamais: 'Je veux que pour moi vous vous teniez en joie, et que nulle crainte ne détourne votre cœur de m'aimer.'

C'est ce qui me plairait bien à entendre; mais cela ne peut être, je le sais. Une dame ne dit point ce qu'elle souhaite. Plus elle veut en amour, plus elle le cache par honneur; plus elle dénie son ami, plus elle s'en fait prier. Mais un beau semblant vaut mieux que tout ce qu'elle pourrait dire.

Qui se connaît en amour peut bien juger qu'un beau semblant, qu'un doux soupir ne sont pas messagers de refus. Mais celui-là veut être refusé, qui demande ce qu'il possède. Aussi je conseil à tout amant véritable, de faire ses demandes en prenant."

Of the life of this poet nothing worth relating is known.

Peyrols of Auvergne was a gentleman born, but without fortune. He early became a favourite of the Dauphin, and fell in love with a sister of this prince, the wife of Bernard de Mercœur. He was encouraged both by the lady and her brother, for the sake of the honour to be acquired by his verses in praise of her. As was not unusual in such cases, the lady's kindness went further than she at first intended; but Peyrols had the folly to think himself higher in her favour than he really was, and his boldness brought on a quarrel, which the Dauphin was rash enough to smooth, instead of allowing it to be the termination of a friendship which threatened his honour and that of his sister. What was so threatened came to pass, and the poet had the extreme imprudence to sing his triumph in verses which the world easily comprehended. The Dauphin publicly blamed his sister, of whose guilt he had been more than the accomplice, though without meaning it. The Troubadour was ignominiously dismissed from the court, and loaded with contempt by the countess herself. He made passionate but fruitless endeavours to obtain pardon; and afterwards he consoled himself with another love, chosen from an inferior condition. Concerning this lady he writes: "I have prudently limited my ambition. Love is worth nothing unless it is returned. Its perfection consists in a mutual return of feelings, respects, and complaisances, without pride on one side or the other." He was not, however, so successful with this lady as with the countess, and his lamentations on this score were expressed in some very beautiful verses. After one or two other love affairs, "Peyrols se livra comme tant d'autres libertins à la dévotion des croisades." From this time forth his poetry

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became of a "religious" cast. The religious poetry of the Troubadours in general was as blasphemous as their love-poetry was idolatrous. Peyrols' poetry was no exception. The following sentence, in the version by St. Palaye, may be taken as a specimen of the style of addressing the Deity which was common at the time: "Seigneur Dieu, si vous m'en croyiez, vous prendriez bien garde à qui vous donneriez les empires, les royaumes, les châteaux, et les tours; car plus les hommes sont puissans, moins ils vous considèrent." We may remark by the way, that a perusal of what remains of the poetry of the Provençal minstrels leaves an impression that the fashionable world, to which they addressed themselves, and of which they formed part, was plunged into a depth of practical atheism without any known parallel, except, perhaps, in the France of Béranger. The only spiritual quality which these poems display is the sanctity of the *idea* of love; but even in respect of love it followed almost as a necessity from the irreligion of the age that every Troubadour was "a *rake* in grain," although

"Veneer'd with sanctimonious theory."

Nay, worse than this, these world-famous models of gallantry seem always to have considered themselves at liberty to resent a slight, or an ill-success, by some outrageous satire, so that it seems to have been a common practice with virtuous ladies to veil denial under indefinite postponement, in order to avoid the affronts of disappointed lovers. The story of Gaucelm Faidit affords one of many examples of the necessity under which ladies felt themselves of guarding against this danger. He fell in love with Marie de Ventadour, who is described by a very early historian as "la dame la plus estimée qui fut jamais dans le Limousin, celle qui s'attacha le plus à faire le bien, et qui se défendit le mieux de faire le mal; elle se conduisait toujours suivant la raison, et ne fit jamais aucune folie." Faidit paid his court to her. "Elle y parut sensible, comme faisaient en pareil cas presque toutes les dames, pour devenir les héroïnes d'un troubadour." Marie de Ventadour, in order to get rid of his importunities for a time, without turning him into an enemy, persuaded him to engage in the crusade undertaken by Philip Augustus and Henry II. for the restoration of the kingdom of Jerusalem, assuring him that this was the way to make himself worthy of her. On his return, however, he found his mistress less pliable than ever. Driven to despair, he told her one day, that if she would not put an end to his wretchedness, he would never see her more, but would seek a new love forthwith; and he rushed from her presence without waiting for a reply. The lady knew the probable consequences

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to herself, and consulted Madame Audiart de Malamort on the means of avoiding the poet's wrath and preserving his affections, without lowering herself. This lady, who was not so sensitive as her friend to what the world might say of her, devised a way of releasing Marie from her danger. Madame Audiart sent a messenger to Faidit to ask which he would prefer, a little bird in the hand, or a great one in the air? Curious to know what she meant, he went in person to get the solution of the riddle. The lady then told him, that if he would consent to take leave of Marie in a song, complaining publicly but gently of her severity, she herself would treat him more kindly. The beauty of Madame Audiart, and her *bels semblans*, overcame the poet, and a song was written, in which he somewhat contradictorily, and towards Madame Audiart ungallantly, says that he is resolved to give up his suit to Marie, although he "prefers her severity to the favour of any other." On going afterwards to claim his reward of Madame Audiart, she received him courteously, and assured him that she would love him in a friendly way, but that she would never *aimer d'amour*.

Bertrand d'Alamanon was one of the most considerable gentlemen of Aix, in Provence. He fell in love with Etiennette de Gautelmi, the aunt of Petrarch's Laura, and his songs concerning her are among the best of the poetry of the time. Here is the opening of one of them: "If you wish to know why I make only half a song, it is because I have only half a subject. Love is all on my part; my lady does not love me. But, wanting the yes, which she refuses me, I live upon the no, which I may hear as often as I like. To hope with her is better than to possess any other."

Cadenet, whose love-verses will supply us with the best piece which we have been able to select from the poems of the Troubadours, was the son of a poor knight, the proprietor of the Château de Cadenet, in Forcalquier. While the poet was yet a child, the château was besieged, and razed, and he was carried prisoner to Toulouse. His captor, Guillaume Hunaud de Lantur, treated him as his own son; and, says St. Palaye, who did not care a straw for love-poetry, "l'éducation qu'il lui donna aurait produit de meilleurs effets, si le jeune homme, en se formant l'esprit, ne se fût attaché au frivole, plutôt qu'à l'utile, s'il n'eût préféré un gout de fantaisie au vrai mérite de son état." Early fascinated with poetry, "Cadenet ne vit plus rien de si beau que la profession de jongleur." He left the knight of Toulouse; and for a long time wandered on foot, and with very poor success, under the feigned name of Baguas, or "Garçon." Finding unassisted merit made small way, he re-

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sumed the name of Cadenet; and it seems that the world then, as now, thought all the better of a singer for having some social position. He was soon noticed and patronised and provided for by great men, and had opportunities of falling in love with great ladies,—a *sine quâ non* of the ~~profession of~~ Troubadour. If our readers will, to the following thoughts, add in imagination the tenderest graces of the tenderest language ever spoken, they will agree with us that Cadenet was one of the world's truest poets, and by no means guilty of having attached himself *au frivole* in abandoning himself to the bent of his genius:

"If I could have compelled my will to follow my reason, love would not easily have conquered me. Not that a man is not the nobler for love, since he who loves well never believes that he has done well enough. Those who do not love, cannot know this lofty desire of well-doing, and can never obtain such honour as he who is happy in love, or aspires to become so. But however beautiful it be to love, I am submitted to love in spite of myself. Not, indeed, that I do not wish to live nobly, but that it is impossible to serve, except through force, a lord from whom there is no aid or grace to be hoped for. No lord who, while he is incessantly exigent of his subjects' service, does all he can to ruin them besides, can expect to be served further than the laws of fealty oblige. One thing there is which comforts me in my pain: it is, that no one ever prospers long by disloyalty; and if one is sometimes raised thereby to glory, it is only to be cast down into deeper infamy than that wherefrom he rose. Often, on the contrary, I have seen men lifted by loyalty from a low estate into enduring honour. It is foolish to dread the trouble to be suffered in the way to honour. Good fortune soon comes, when it ought to come. It is true, my good fortune delays long, and comes slowly. But great honours must be dearly bought, and that only is obtained with ease which is not worth having. The more the pain, the more the glory. And even should I never succeed, it will be much to have well deserved. At least, I can say that I have loved you, my lady, for a good which it is impossible for you to refuse me; for my heart is content if I am able to exalt your honour. When I see a tower, or a castle, or a native of your country, I am filled with joy; and when I approach your dwelling, I seem, such is my haste, to recede while I go forward until I am in your presence."

Cadenet was nearly as excellent in satire as in love-poetry. There is classical simplicity and effectiveness in the following specimen, which renders it very unlike the great mass of coarse invective which remains to us from the pens of the Troubadours:

"Would that the powerful were such as I would be had I their power! They would then be magnificent in arms and clothes; they would make splendid cheer; they would shine in courts, honour ladies,

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and generously give away their wealth. That would be better than the pillage to which our barons are now given, who keep only lightly-armed cavaliers, in order that they may fly quickly to the booty, and flee still more quickly when they are opposed. In former times, magnificent clothes, noble gifts, courteous assemblages, and other such things, were the marks of knights. But nowadays they are only distinguished for stealing cattle. And yet it does not seem that they go the better clad."

Guillaume de la Tour was one of many who proved by their life and death the profound sincerity of the passion which they expressed in their verses. He loved the wife of a barber of Milan, and carried her off to Como. She died soon afterwards, and the poet lost his reason. He fancied that she feigned death in order to get rid of him. For ten days he remained immovable at her tomb, opening it every evening, taking out the body, embracing and kissing it, and beseeching her to tell him whether she was dead or living. He would not leave the place until the people of Como drove him from it and from their city. He wandered from one place to another, inquiring of all the diviners whether his mistress could return to life. Some one told him that she would certainly revive, if he recited the entire Psalter, with one hundred and fifty *Paters* and *Aves*, and gave alms to seven poor people, before he ate, drank, or spoke, every day for a year. He was overjoyed with this information, and punctually fulfilled the conditions; and, finding that they failed, died of a broken heart.

Lanfranc Cigala was equally unfortunate, but his grief found relief in beautiful verses. "It is a thousand years," he writes, "since Death has perpetrated so great a crime. None ever beheld the lady for whom I weep, none who had seen her ever heard her named, without love arising in his heart. She made the evil good, and the good she perfected. O Provence, how is it that you and all your people did not die when she died?" Henceforward he devoted himself to religion. He left a number of poems, of which the most remarkable and characteristic is one in which he relates how two knights, brothers, who shared a wealthy castle, loved two noble ladies who lived in another castle, about three English leagues off. These ladies returned the passion of their lovers, and sent one day to invite them to spend the night at their castle. Each received his invitation, and each accepted it without the knowledge of the other brother. But, being at war with some of the great barons of the country, the brothers had sworn, as a measure of precaution, never to leave their castle both at the same time. On this occasion, each sent to ask the other for permission to be absent; but each replied that it was impossible to forego his

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own engagement. Therefore both set out together. They had not proceeded far, when they heard some persons approaching them; and, concealing themselves at the side of the road, they overheard a knight say, "Heaven send us a good resting-place to-night!" To which another replied, "God preserve the two brothers from evil! We shall find their hospitality most timely. They will receive, and honour, and serve us well; for there are no more brave nor courteous knights living. Were it not for their castle, we should have to travel three leagues further through this hail and snow and wind." The two brothers were at once pleased and vexed with this discourse. Each exhorted the other to go home; at last one of them consented, saying that he did so for the love of his lady.

Pierre Vidal is more famous for his personal oddities than for his poetry. He seems to have been a combination of Don Quixote and Malvolio. He was of low birth, but got into "good society" through his gift of song. His excessive vanity made him the amusement of many a feudal court, the patronage of which he mistook invariably for a compliment to his talents or his person, whereas "on le regardait comme un fou agréable." He fell in love with every fine lady he met, and believed and boasted that his feelings were always returned, notwithstanding a somewhat rude correction received by him in his youth from a knight who slit his tongue for saying such things about a certain lady, the knight's wife. Hugues de Baux took pity on him, and got his tongue cured; and thenceforward he lived on terms of close friendship with the Seigneurs de Baux, until another and a similar imprudence banished him from their society. Pierre Vidal fell in love with Adelaide de Roquemartine, wife of Barral Vicomte de Marseille, one of the Seigneurs de Baux; and the lady, as usual with the mistresses of Vidal, amused herself, while appearing to reciprocate his affection. The lady's husband himself countenanced the game, and often reconciled his wife to Vidal when they had quarrelled. One day Vidal found her asleep and alone; he knelt down and kissed her, and she awoke laughing, supposing it was her husband. Seeing Vidal, she shrieked, and frightened the poet away; and insisted that her husband—who wished her to regard the matter as a joke—should take vengeance for the insult. Barral tried in vain to persuade the countess to overlook Vidal's offence; finally the poet had to fly the country, to escape the lady's wrath. He continued, however, to love and sing of her. "Delicious," he writes, "is the air that comes from Provence. I tremble with joy when I hear any one speak of her country; and for each word that people speak of it I require a hundred more." He compares the ecstasy he felt in behold-

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ing her to that of the idiot who gapes amazed at a painted window. Hopeless of being allowed to return to her, he followed Richard of England to Palestine, and wrote songs bragging beyond measure of his own prowess in fight. When in Cyprus, he married a Greek woman, under the impression that she was the niece of the Emperor of the East, and apparently went quite mad. He took the title of Emperor, and put by money for the conquest of the Empire, from which he considered himself wrongfully withheld. He continued, however, to implore the pardon and favour of the wife of Barral de Baux, and finally succeeded, through the Vicomte's intervention, in obtaining a gift of the kiss which he had stolen. Among other misadventures of this hair-brained knight and Troubadour, it is related that, being in love with a lady named *Loba* (She-wolf), he called himself *Loup* in her honour, and on one occasion clothed himself in a wolf-skin, and appeared before some shepherds and dogs, who hunted him, and beat and bit him so severely, that he was carried to his mistress for dead. Pierre Vidal's madness seems to have been confined to his actions; his poems are numerous, and fully as wise as the most of those of his contemporaries. One of his pieces contains an interesting exposition of the nature and degree of chastity required of ladies in the time and country of the Troubadours. We give it in St. Palaye's words:

"Il faut maintenant vous expliquer pour quelle offense le chevalier est en droit de quitter sa dame, sans jamais lui pardonner, quelque puisse être son repentir. C'est lorsqu'après, lui avoir accordé les dernières faveurs, elle a pour un autre la même complaisance. Ce crime ne peut se laver. Car comme il n'y a rien de plus beau que la vertu dans une dame, aussi n'y a-t-il rien de plus affreux que son déréglement."

Of Boniface Calvo we shall speak only of one poem, in which depth of passion is more than usually well combined with subtlety of intellect. It is on the death of his mistress. He says that his enemies themselves cannot rejoice at the loss which he deplores. "Unhappy that I am, if I knew of any kind of death worse than the life which remains to me, I would immediately fly to it. How hateful she has made to me every thing that used to delight me! Any other man would die of my grief. If I do not die, it is that I am so much accustomed to suffering, that I live upon that which would poison others.... She did and said every thing in such a way, that I will not beseech God to receive her into Paradise. Paradise, it seems to me, without her, would be ill-furnished with courtesy. God cannot fail to lodge her where He is."

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The story of Aubert de Puicibot is a remarkable one. Placed in a Benedictine monastery when a child, he found himself in youth totally unfit for the destiny proposed for him. Love of liberty, poetry, and ladies, was too strong for the external bonds of religion. He accordingly fled from his prison, and established himself in the service and favour of Savari de Mauléon. He fell in love with a young lady, whose only terms of surrender were, that he should get made a knight and would marry her. His patron knighted him, and furthermore endowed him with house and lands; and the marriage was happily celebrated, and for a while continued to be happily kept. But while Aubert was on a journey to Spain, the lady yielded to the seductions of an English knight, who carried her away, and soon afterwards abandoned her. Aubert, in his absence from his wife, had not been more faithful; and on his way home, seeking one evening for amusement, "on lui indiqua la maison d'une pauvre femme, dans laquelle il trouverait une fille très-joly." It was his own wife. How utterly without sacredness was the tie which had been thus doubly outraged the story goes on to show; but he could not receive her again publicly as his wife: "il la força de se faire religieuse."

Guillaume Figueira affords so striking an example of the style in which orthodox Catholics, in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, dared to speak of the corruptions of Rome, that we make in his favour an exception to our rule of quoting only the love-poetry of the Troubadours. He calls Rome the source of all decay:

"It is you, deceitful Rome, who sow trouble and war in the world. You are blind with covetousness. You clip too close the wool of your sheep. If the Holy Spirit would hear my wishes, I would break your ravenous beak. . . . . You pass the bounds which God has set you, absolving sins for money. . . . . May God confound you, Rome, for reigning so wickedly. . . . . You have established your seat in the bottom of the abyss and of perdition. May God never pardon you the pilgrimage you made to Avignon. There, without cause, you slew innumerable people. . . . . Ill does he who in any thing follows your steps. May the fiends therefore carry you into the fire of hell. Rome, you make a game of sending Christians to martyrdom. Like a wild beast, you devour great and small. If the brave Count Raymond lives two years longer, he will make France repent of having abandoned herself to your impostures; despiser of God and the saints! . . . . Unless your power is soon destroyed, the world will be overturned. Your cardinals dream of nothing but of selling God and His friends." &c. &c.

No wonder that the clergy in general should have hated the very tongue in which it was no uncommon thing for such

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things to be said; or that Innocent IV. should have issued a Bull interdicting the language itself of Provence, as heretical and forbidden to the use of students.

Gui d'Uisel loved a lady named Nugidas de Monclus, who, after a long period of severity, responded to his songs and sighs by declaring that she would do whatever he wished. "You may have me," she said, "either for a mistress or a wife. Choose which you like best." Gui, overjoyed, demanded time for consideration. He consulted his cousin Elias, and gave the substance of the discussion in a *tenson*, or poetical dialogue:

"*Gui.* Tell me, Elias, should a lover who loves his lady truly, and is so beloved by her, desire, according to the laws of love, to be her lover or her husband, supposing that he has the choice?

*Elias.* I have the heart of a loyal lover, and not of a deceiver; therefore I should consider it a greater honour to have a beautiful and wise lady for ever than for a year or so; and I hold that the condition of her husband is to be preferred.

*Gui.* For my part, I consider that to be best which makes one become better; and I despise nothing so much as that by which one grows the worse. Now for the sake of a mistress one is always striving to become better; but the man that marries neglects himself, and loses whatever merit he may have had before. Again, a lover is praised for his love; but a husband is ridiculous if he loves his wife.

*Elias.* If you really loved ever so little, you would feel that you have been talking nonsense. A false lover seeks only his own pleasure, and thinks not of hers who is the object of his love. I, by preferring the chains which bind me for ever to my lady, prove that nothing elsewhere would please me so much, and that when she desires any service of me, I should hate to have the liberty of refusing her.

*Gui.* I do no injury to my lady in not desiring to have her for my wife; on the contrary, this comes of the extreme respect and honour I feel for her. The fidelity of a lover is far more honourable than that of a husband. He is bound to his mistress by the disgrace of inconstancy in love; and if he treats her with indignity, he sins against love and all the laws of chivalry, to his great dishonour."

To these considerations Elias replies, that he is of the same mind as before, but he seems unable to offer any further reasons. Gui is evidently intended to have the best of the argument. It seems, however, that the lady was of Elias's way of thinking, and that she proposed the choice between mistress and wife only in order to discover the character of her suitor, whom, we are delighted to say, she rejected with scorn on his declaring the result of his mature deliberations. Gui, astonished at his disappointment, justified the lady's *ruse* still further by attacking her in his songs. "Her caresses," he says, "would have been very delightful; but her folly has altered my feelings, as time will alter her charms."

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Guibert Amiels was singular among the Troubadours for not loving above his rank:

"I am a Troubadour," he says, "who am not of those who trespass on the ground of the *grand seigneur*, and seek to make themselves heard afar. My songs are simply between myself and her I love. I do not care for the love of great ladies. I have neither the fortune nor the faculty to aspire to lofty conquests, which do not suit me, and which I should not obtain if they did. I love better a beautiful little bird in the hand than two or three eagles whose flight is lost in the heavens."

Arnaud de Marsan has left us a long poem on the best way of getting on in love. The principal points of advice are these:

"Be well-dressed, whether your clothes are rich or plain; take care that your shirt is fine and white; and that your robe, if you carry one, is rather short than long. Let your coat be full in front. Your cloak should be of the same stuff as your robe; and the belt should match. Nothing helps a man so much as beautiful hair. Often wash it, and do not let it be either short or long. The eyes and the hands are that by which a man is most often judged. Let there be nothing mean about the conduct of them. The eyes should not look impudently, nor the hands bear themselves uneasily. Let your grooms be wise and handsome, lest people laugh at you and say, 'like master like man.' Don't let your servants come and whisper any thing in your ear at dinner, and never speak low to them. Take particular care that the servants of your guests are well treated. Your house should be open to all the world. Play for the highest stakes. It is base and shameful to leave the dice as if you were afraid of losing."

This curious mediæval "Art of Love" goes on in exactly the same strain for many pages, and the author adds the force of example to precept by saying, "It is thus that I have done; and I have won a great number of good and beautiful ladies."

Guillaume de Montagnagout is distinguished for the purity of his poetry in a time when even the theory of chivalrous love had become corrupted, namely, towards the end of the short period occupied by the Provençal literature. One of the few songs he has left contains one among many proofs to be found in the verses of the Troubadours, that their carols were by no means "wood-notes wild," but that they were the result of art and critical canons, as "conscious" as those of the best poets of our own day. "Although the first Troubadours said many things about love, it is possible to say new things still; for a man is not a good Troubadour unless there is novelty and invention in his songs. One of the earliest has said that love has been so much sung of, that it would be difficult to say any thing further. It is no such thing. I say what I have never heard

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said before; and love has given me so much knowledge, that if no one had ever made verses, I should have been the inventor of them." Of the poetry of De Montagnagout here is a specimen, which, if it does not quite come up to the poet's pretensions to continual novelty, has at least the merit of being full of truths which bear saying a great many times:

"He alone ought to be loved who aspires to perfection in his life. You who so aspire, set your heart and your hope upon love. Love enables a man to do the noblest deeds; it banishes melancholy, and fills him with joy. To proceed deceitfully in love is not truly to love. You do not love, and ought not to be beloved, if you require of her who has your heart the least thing that is against virtue. However ardent your passion, you will desire nothing against her honour. To love is to have one will with her you love in every thing that can increase her praise. The loyal lover loves reasonably, without excess of passion. He who so loves will be crowned by God with happiness; but whoever wanders from this way becomes a deceiver. Never have I felt the least desire to do any thing which could displease her I love. No pleasure could please me if her honour received the least wrong thereby. The true lover desires the happiness of his mistress a hundred times more than his own. . . . But in our time nobility is much decayed; because, without considering honour, every one in love seeks nothing but pleasure. This lesson will bring upon me the abuse of many. But to have respect to them would be to share in their disorders."

Amanieu des Escas has written the companion piece to the poem of Arnaud de Marsan, above quoted. It is a perfect manual of etiquette for young ladies of the thirteenth century, and is curious and attractive on account of the mixture of homeliness and stateliness shown by it to have characterised mediæval manners:

"One morning, in the month of May, as I was musing upon the means of seeing her I love, I saw a beautiful lady, whom, saluting, I approached. She took me by the hand, led me to a place apart, bade me sit down beside her, and said, 'Seigneur Amanieu des Escas, I beseech you to instruct me frankly in all a young lady ought to do in order to obtain honour and avoid wrong from evil-speakers.' 'Lady,' I answered, 'I will gladly do so, although you have ten times more understanding than I have. But the more one has, the more one asks for counsel. In the first place, I advise you always to get up early, so that when your lady calls you, she may find you shod, dressed, and properly adjusted. Before lacing, wash your hands, arms, and face. After that, my sweet friend, lace yourself very tight. Do not have your nails so long that the black may be seen. Above all, take care that your head is clean. What people see most should be most carefully attended to. Brush your teeth every morning. . . . Prepare then for the uprising of your lady, so that she may not have to wait



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for any thing. But do not enter her chamber until her husband is up, unless she calls you.'"

Then follow long directions for the fulfilment of the duties of lady-of-the-bedchamber, which would seem to have been the office of all young ladies who were not themselves at the head of a feudal court. After this she is told how to behave at dinner and at church; and finally, how to conduct herself in what was, at that time openly, and is *de facto* always, the chief consideration of life:

"If any one makes love to you, do not be prudish. Defend yourself with amiable and witty answers. If you do not care for him, ask him whether he likes the English or the Gascon ladies best; so get up a dispute, and call in some of the company to decide it. Never speak ungraciously to those who seek you in love. There are five hundred ways of getting rid of a displeasing lover without being disrespectful to him. If you wish to have a lover, do not let beauty and riches rule your choice. For the handsomer a man is, the less he is worth if he has not greater merits; and a man who is pleasing to every body is much above one who is only rich. Choose, then, a lover who is courteous and of good birth. When he pays his worship to you, he ought to say," &c. &c. "To which you should reply: '*Belami*, I accept your homage; and Heaven forbid that I should ever have any other lover. If you are loyal, you will always find me true. I shall always be ready to reward you for your services, if they are rendered without deceit, and if no word escapes you which can hurt my fame.' Being thus agreed, you can receive and give presents; but if he makes any improper request, beware of consenting, for if he loves you he will not seek to injure you. Nevertheless, be careful always to flatter him with some hopes."

A great deal more of the like advice is given by the poet to "Madame la Marquise,"—for so he addresses the young lady. Another piece contains directions equally full for the conduct of a young "damoiseau," or son of a man of station.

We close our quotations with a version of portions of an anonymous piece, in which love seems to us to be expressed with great simplicity and force. But in perusing all translations of really good poetry, the reader must make allowance for the absence of that "slight and perpetual novelty," which Aristotle describes as the peculiarity of the language of poetry, and which revives, in their original radiance, the dullest truisms of passion. The piece is called the *Farewell:*

"Adieu, my dear, you for whom my heart melts and languishes; you who are more delightful to me than any thing in the world; whom I loved entirely the first moment I saw you and heard you talk; you to whom I belong more than to myself; for at night my spirit flies to

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you, and finds so much joy, that when I wake and remember it, I am ready to put out my eyes for their folly in forsaking sleep. You are my life and my death; but death from you is dearer than any other life. It is a great foolishness in me to dare to think of you; but it would be a greater not to tell any evil to the physician who alone can help me. Know then, sweet lady, from whom I hold in fee all that I am and have, that I go and come faint and without heart, while you have two hearts, mine and your own. Yes, that hour when you accepted my little ring of gold, you took with it the heart out of my breast. . . . I give myself up, then, to you without reserve, whether for death or for life. In all the places which are lighted by the sun there is nothing to be seen like you. Every thing I behold seems ugly when I consider the whiteness of your neck, that wonderfully well-turned chin, that vermilion mouth, of which God has never made the equal for kissing, and laughing beautifully, and for compelling love. I am so consumed with love when I think thereof, that I know not what I do or say, and answer not those who speak to me."

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## Art. IV.—HEGEL'S PHILOSOPHY OF HISTORY.

*Vorlesungen über die Philosophie der Geschichte. Herausgegeben von Dr. Eduard Gans; besorgt von Dr. Karl Hegel.—G. W. F. Hegel's Werke:* Vollständige Ausgabe; Neunter Band, Dritte Auflage. Berlin, 1848.

*Lectures on the Philosophy of History.* By G. W. F. Hegel. Translated from the third German edition by J. Sibree, M.A. London: Bohn, 1857.

We are reminded of the growth of this world of ours by the rise of new sciences, and by the new relations which older sciences are forming with each other. A wide and all-embracing survey of the past, such as only recent research, and the new life which it has infused into the old learning, have enabled our modern scholars to take, is an indispensable preliminary to the discovery of any law (if such there be) affecting the order of human progress. "The science of history,"* says an acute and thoughtful writer, "has only become possible in our own time." Not that works, and some of very remarkable ability, have not long been before the public in which the succession of events in history has been attempted to be reduced to a principle. But such works have either been written to establish a foregone conclusion, and retrieve the character of some depreciated theory, like Bossuet's *Histoire Universelle* and Frederic Schlegel's *Philo-*

* J. S. Mill's Ratiocinative and Inductive Logic, vol. ii. p. 615.

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*sophy of History,*—an assumption which necessarily deprived them of all scientific value; or, when they have been really philosophical in their aim, they have endeavoured to trace the relations of cause and effect within a limited period, and in reference to a particular issue,—perhaps have confined themselves to the examination of a single element in the complex working and result of civilisation. Works of this latter kind, therefore, are rather contributions to the philosophy of history than the exponents of its philosophy, in a strictly scientific sense; developing the proximate and empirical laws which characterise particular groups of events, and which, when they have been examined and compared with each other in the several spheres of their operation, may possibly furnish the data for ascending step by step to ultimate principles, and to generalisations warranted by the universal *kosmos*. Polybius's investigation of the causes of the world-wide dominion of Rome, may be mentioned as an early and an admirable specimen of the philosophical treatment of a certain portion of human history. Mr. Hallam's *Constitutional History of England*, and M. Guizot's masterly development of the principles of our modern civilisation from its mediæval rudiments, are other examples of the same description of writing. Montesquieu's *Spirit of Laws*, though its object is limited, more fully realises the idea of a comprehensive philosophical review of former ages; and Burke's Speeches and Tracts abound with aphorisms, combining the experience of the practical statesman with large general views, in which he has condensed the essence of principles universally applicable. But none of these writers ventured to embrace the vast subject of the history of our species as an organic whole. Perhaps we are not yet prepared for such an undertaking. Perhaps all the attempts hitherto made in this direction can only be regarded as tentative and preparatory, and are hardly to be vindicated from the charge of something presumptuous. This much we may at least affirm, that only within the last half century have the studies been prosecuted, and the views opened, and the victory over old prejudices won, that rendered it possible so to combine the results of wide-spread inquiry, and so to interpret from a common point of view the records of the past, as even to approximate to a theory of human progress and destination. It is scarcely necessary to allude in passing to the immense advance in every branch of philological and historical learning effected by the labours of the great scholars of France and Germany since the commencement of the present century, and to the abandonment, under the weight of resistless evidence, of the false and misleading notion, that the biblical annals and chronology, even

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of the earliest periods, must be referred to as an absolute rule for the construction of universal history.

Released from former restraints, and furnished with new instruments of inquiry, learning has wrought out its results in such abundance, and with such rapidity, that the mind is almost oppressed by the multitude of its materials. Mere accumulation of unrelated facts, however new and curious, fatigues the attention and deadens the intellect. History, without a law, is like a vast almanac of the ages, mere juxtaposition without connection. We want a principle to organise this huge chaos into significance, and tell us what it means. We want to see what all the strife and change which has been incessantly agitating mankind is tending to, and where it is destined to issue. We desire, if possible, for the very relief of our minds, to cast on the darkness and confusion of history the interpreting light of philosophy. England, slow to generalise, and tenacious of obvious practical conclusions, has done little towards this work. Mr. Mill, at the close of his work on Logic, adopting the better elements of the *Philosophie Positive* of M. Comte, has offered some valuable suggestions on the method in which it should be conducted. The point of main interest turns on the question, whether society revolves in ever-recurring cycles of advance and decline, or is destined to a slow and irregular but still continuous progress. Vico, a century ago, maintained the former of these views. Somewhat later, Herder, whom the Baron Bunsen justly designates "the founder of the Philosophy of History,"* put forth a well-known work, which treated the history of the human race as a grand organic development, and in which, notwithstanding some indistinctness in his general conclusions, we may consider him as the advocate of the latter. Herder's work, though rich in thought and very suggestive, was loose and desultory in its composition, and can only be regarded as a prolusion to the proper science of history. It was in the more recent philosophical schools of Germany, combining immense erudition with rare powers of abstract reasoning, that this high theme was first encountered with any degree of scientific exactness. The English, French, and Scotch metaphysicians of the last century confined themselves mainly to an analysis of the psychological phenomena of the individual consciousness; but to inquiries in this narrower field the Germans have added profound philological attainments, and a thorough acquaintance with history in all its branches, which give remarkable breadth and many-sidedness to their philosophical speculations. Of all British philosophers, the late Sir William Hamilton was in this respect the most of

* Christianity and Mankind, vol. iii. p. 16.

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a German. This tendency to unite history with metaphysical analysis is perceptible more or less in all the German schools, from Kant to Hegel. It is conspicuous in Schelling; even the severe abstractions and high generalisations of Fichte's *Bestimmung der Menschen* betray its influence; and so deeply does it impregnate their kindred theories, that sooner or later a comprehensive work on the Philosophy of History might have been confidently predicted as an inevitable result of them. It is only, therefore, what might have been expected, to find Hegel, whose system represents the last term of the speculative philosophy of Germany, applying its principles to the elucidation of history, and venturing to assign the law which governs the progress of the human species. The introduction of this remarkable work for the first time, we believe, to the English public through the medium of Mr. Sibree's translation, affords us the opportunity of exhibiting a brief statement of its views, which may be new to many of our readers, and of offering a few remarks on their soundness and applicability.

Mr. Sibree has executed his task very creditably. To those who are unacquainted with German, we can recommend his version as perspicuous and readable. From constant comparison of it with the original, we can affirm that he has given the sense of his author with great fidelity, though sometimes rather paraphrastically, and with the occasional use of expressions that will strike the English reader as affected. But it is no easy matter, with our ordinary and accepted phraseology, to put the English mind on a level with so novel a range of thought. On the whole, we think the translator has been successful.

Mr. Mill observes, that hitherto the science of history has been conducted almost exclusively on two opposite methods. One of these, which he calls the geometric, proceeds *à priori*, and is deductive; the other, which he designates the chemical, begins by an analysis of facts and their aggregations, and thus ascending by degrees to the recognition of proximate laws, is inductive. These two methods, Mr. Mill has shown, should be combined, and made to verify each other. Hegel declares that he has followed the inductive method (*Einleit.* p. 14; Engl. Tr. p. 10); that his theory is not an *assumption*, but a *result* deduced logically from the collective facts of universal history, which he has passed successively in review before him. It is hardly possible, however, to keep assumption and result altogether distinct. Every man sits down to study under some mental influence or prepossession, which unconsciously directs his attention to those facts, and those relations of facts, that are most in harmony with the idea latent in his mind; and he is

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thus committed to a theory before he is aware of it. It cannot be asserted of Hegel, that he has been wholly proof against the snare which besets a speculative genius with such alluring force. Hegel's theory of history is a particular application of his general philosophical system,—that the world is the evolution of an idea, the progressive realisation of a potential logic wrapped up in its primitive germ. There is something startling in the adventurous effort of a human mind to grasp the fundamental conditions of absolute being, and to draw out of them the grand architectonic plan of the universe. As clearly and briefly as we can, we will endeavour to convey an idea of Hegel's world-theory, if we may so call it; and to show how it is applied by him, or is itself applicable, to the successive phases of social development.

According to Hegel, the simplest and most elementary possibilities which thought can entertain are *existence* and *non-existence*, and these are absolutely contradictory to each other. A contradiction or *antithesis*, therefore, is involved in the fundamental idea of the universe; which antithesis is harmonised or solved by the origination of individual finite existences, passing from non-existence into existence (*Werden*), and so bridging over the chasm between them. Such, he supposes, was the commencement of the great process of the world's development, expressing in that primary act the law of its future growth. On this point we confess to a very imperfect apprehension of the meaning of our philosopher; and, to speak the truth, cannot deny that we look on the mysteries into which he so fearlessly plunges, as far too deep to be fathomed by the line of any human intellect. So far, however, as we can gather his idea from his subsequent exposition and application of it, we infer that it must amount to this,—that in the earliest germ of existence the implicit principle of its future development was contained; a potential law of Right and Truth, the condensed essence of a universal logic, which has an inherent tendency to unfold and realise itself, and, bursting with ever-increasing force the bonds within which it was at first confined, seeks continually for more and more liberty, till the idea which it involves has attained to its complete expression. The world's law is a sovereign logic; and the phases of its history may be translated into a series of syllogisms,—extremes mediated by a common term, antithesis and solution, distracting tendencies and final reconcilement, then new distractions and a new reconcilement, and so on *ad infinitum*, with some accession to freedom and to the power of right and truth at each successive crisis. In the lower grades of creation, inorganic, organic, animal, this divine idea, this sovereign logic, expresses itself

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unconsciously; it is fulfilled, but without any sense or response in the subject of it. In man first a dim consciousness of the idea is kindled; but for a long time it is faint and dull, just sufficient to distinguish him from the brute, though as yet almost choked and stifled by the weight of its physical encumbrances. In the successive stages of this social advancement, men attain to a distincter apprehension of this eternal Reason, discern more clearly what Right and Justice, Wisdom and Goodness mean, and make renewed efforts to liberate themselves from the thraldom which hinders them from realising it, and to give it such an objective existence in their social condition as shall bring their actual and their ideal life into harmony. When men shall have attained to a full recognition of the Divine Idea, as it is involved in the sovereign logic of the universe, and have reduced it completely to practice in all the external relations of their existence,—when the world shall be governed by Right and Truth, and men, recognising them as such, shall freely accept and obey them as the glory and blessedness of their being,—the great antithesis of the world's history, the strife between right and wrong, between justice and oppression, between truth and falsehood, will be harmonised, and the problem of man's destiny on earth be solved. The goal, therefore, of man's aims and endeavours, of which history is the record, is the attainment of this spiritual freedom, the appropriation and fulfilment of the eternal reason, oneness with the absolute Power, which is no other than the law of Truth and Right. The recognition of this great aim and striving of human nature after freedom, more and more developed into clear consciousness through the successive stages of social development, unlocks the secret of history, and furnishes the principle of its philosophy. The idea of this freedom, and the right and truth of which it is the condition, may exist either *subjectively, i.e.* simply in the mind itself as a conception, or *objectively*, as realised in an outward constitution of things—in the State. For long periods there is an inconsistency and antagonism between man's sense of what *ought* to be and what *actually* is; and herein lie the great antitheses of history, out of which all progress is evolved. Then, after repeated efforts, comes a partial synthesis, when the subjective and the objective for the time are harmonised; and this forms the culminating point of a nation's history, the age of its highest greatness and prosperity. As the indwelling or subjective idea does not become clear to man till it passes into some objective form, Hegel regards the State, which is its concrete embodiment in law, government, religion, science, and art, as the great means of social development; for it not only affords men a present fruition of their

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highest aspirations in act and reality, but it reacts on the idea itself, rendering it more distinct and vivid, and stimulating it, if not checked by a counter-influence, to a further growth. Former civilisations invariably exhibit to us one of two results,—either a torpid acquiescence in the form of society that had been once stereotyped by some great authoritative force,—in the proximate synthesis by which an earlier antithesis had been only too effectually sealed up,—in which case the mind ultimately decays and rots in its own stagnation; or else the synthesis, in which a foregoing antagonism had found temporary reconcilement, is itself broken up by the unabated activity of the idea giving birth to a new antithesis, which has again to work out its issue in a remoter harmony. Such is the law of human progress; and whether we look at the negative or the positive result,—at the result of stationary or the efforts of progressive civilisation,—we draw the same inference from each, that activity, change, development, aspiration, are the end of man's being on earth, and that apart from them his destiny is frustrated.

As the State, in Hegel's view, is the great instrument of social progress, he begins his historical survey with the earliest existence of States. For researches into pre-historic times, when we have only tradition and mythology for our guide, and there are no concrete monuments to appeal to, he does not attempt to conceal his aversion, and even his contempt. It is evident that the researches of Niebuhr and his school found no favour in his eyes. He is one-sided and unjust in this respect. He has all the impatience of a theorist, who cannot wait for the slow results and precarious combinations of a tentative and conjectural criticism, but must have facts forthwith to lay the foundations of the splendid superstructure which he has planned. Our present object, however, is not to criticise, but to expound, as best we may, the historical theory of Hegel. Before the origin of the State, he looks upon man as partaking more of a physical than of a moral nature, emerging out of simple naturalism, almost confounding himself and his operations with surrounding objects, with little or no apprehension of any thing beyond the native instincts and affections under whose immediate impulse and guidance he lives. His being is immersed in nature. As yet he is scarcely a disengaged consciousness; and this assimilation with the physical endures in humanity even after the commencement of a State. Nothing is more characteristic of the earliest forms of civilisation, when the mental effort which originally reared them has passed, when the first great human synthesis has been achieved, than the rapidity with which they crystallise, as it were, into a per-

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manence and immobility of aspect hardly distinguishable from the deep-rooted hills and the eternal streams and the changeless deserts out of which, like a new organic development, they have recently emerged. The pyramids are a fitting type of this state of society. China, India, and ancient Egypt, exhibit remarkable phenomena of this description. The two former have transmitted the characteristic features of their primitive life almost unaltered to the present day, and after the lapse of thousands of years are only just beginning to experience the reflected action of our Western civilisation. When the light of history first dawns on it, we find China already a completely organised state,—all classes equally submitted to the authority of law, the obligations and services attached to every social relation distinctly defined and prescribed, with no room left for the exercise of individual choice and judgment. Uniform and universal education moulds all the citizens into one type of character, and trains them to unquestioning obedience. The officers of government, eligible from every rank, receive their appointments as the result of competitive examination. As for religion, its only recognised form is a reverence for ancestors, and the worship of the emperor as the representative of Deity on earth. But in this primitive solution of the social problem, the state has overdone its work. The objective embodiment has not only expressed, but drained and exhausted, the subjective element, and left no power of free reflection in the mind itself. The life of the Chinese is altogether external. The synthesis is complete at the expense of the possibility of a higher antithesis; and the consequence is, a hard, dry, prosaic form of civilisation, working mechanically within itself, and incapable of change except by impulse from without.

In striking contrast to China stands out the old life of India. The Indian mind sees God in all things; but its religion evaporates in a dreamy pantheism, which centres in no clear conceptions of right and truth, and prompts no effort to realise them objectively. Instead of a stereotyped equality under the law, as in China, the nascent development of society has been arrested in India in the form of caste, and future growth rendered impossible by the benumbing despotism of the Brahmins. It is a sacerdotal synthesis in India, under which no political life, no social progress, can take place. Yet there are mental elements of great richness and exquisite beauty in the Indian character, were they not confined by this outward pressure to a purely subjective expression,—did they not waste themselves in a wild and unfruitful idealism.

"There is a beauty," says Hegel, in an eloquent passage, which Mr. Sibree has spiritedly rendered (p. 146), "of a peculiar kind in women,

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in which their countenance presents a transparency of skin, a light and lovely roseate hue, which is unlike the complexion of mere health and vital vigour,—a more refined bloom, breathed, as it were, by the soul within, and in which the features, the light of the eye, the position of the mouth, appear soft, yielding, and relaxed. This almost unearthly beauty is perceived in women in those days which immediately succeed childbirth ; when freedom from the burden of pregnancy and the pains of travail is added to the joy of soul that welcomes the gift of a beloved infant. A similar tone of beauty is seen also in women during the magical somnambulic sleep, connecting them with a world of super-terrestrial beauty. A great artist (Schoreel) has moreover given this tone to the dying Mary, whose spirit is already rising to the regions of the blessed, but once more, as it were, lights up her dying countenance for a farewell kiss. Such a beauty we find also in its loveliest form in the Indian world ; a beauty of enervation, in which all that is rough, rigid, and contradictory is dissolved, and we have only the soul in a state of emotion,—a soul, however, in which the death of free self-reliant spirit is perceptible. For should we approach the charm of this flower-life,—a charm rich in imagination and genius, in which its whole environment, and all its relations, are permeated by the rose-breath of the soul, and the world is transformed into a garden of love,—should we look at it more closely, and examine it in the light of human dignity and freedom, the more attractive the first sight of it had been, so much the more unworthy shall we ultimately find it in every respect."

In these two earliest types of civilisation, the synthesis was effected not by the equilibrium and harmony of the subjective and objective elements of human life, but by the predominance of the subjective in India, and of the objective in China. In China there was a State, but no free mental action ; in India much intellectual and imaginative development, but though there were ancient codes of law, as that of Menu, scarcely the rudiments of a State. Hegel has acutely remarked, that history and a State almost imply each other, and are the reciprocal conditions of each other's existence. We observe, accordingly, that China has had a full and exact history from a remote antiquity, but little literature and no speculative philosophy ; whereas India, though abounding in poetry and speculation, is almost entirely without a history.

China and India were shut out by mountains and deserts from the rest of the world, and in early ages had not much contact even with each other. We perceive a change in the character of the civilisation, when we approach nations that lay more contiguous to each other and to the awakening life of the West. For instance, in the wide regions that were under the influence of the religion of Zoroaster, stretching to the south of the Caspian, from the Oxus and Jaxartes to the Tigris,

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we discern already an awakening of the human spirit to a half-consciousness of its freedom and its ultimate destiny. Its ideal world, its subjective element, found expression in the kingdom of Ormuzd; and to embody that idea, and give it an objective reality in the subdual of Ahriman, the Dark Spirit, was the object of man's existence on earth. The antagonism of the two principles typified the struggles of human life; while the final triumph of Ormuzd symbolised the recompense, the grand consummating synthesis, with which they were destined to be closed. The precepts of the Zendavesta inculcated something higher than unquestioning compliance with an ancient law, and blind submission to a despotic priesthood; they enjoined useful labours, and a resolute encounter of evil in all its forms, as the condition of happiness in this and in a future world. They awakened, therefore, an incipient sense of personal independence, and deposited in the nation's heart the principle of progress.

In Egypt, notwithstanding the massiveness and fixity of its ancient civilisation, the principle of growth was not entirely inactive. The canon of its hermetic Scripture was never entirely closed. It was not, like China and India, wholly shut up within itself. It made conquests northward and eastward, and must have imbibed new elements of life from the Semitic and Hellenic races, with which it was increasingly brought in contact. But we observe only an incipient movement towards mental emancipation; it was never completed. The Egyptian civilisation, after all, resembled more a crystallised product than a living growth. The spirit was still immersed in naturalism, though with a visible effort to liberate itself. In the sphinxes and other strange mixtures of the human and brutal form, Hegel finds an expressive type of the mental state of Egypt,—confined and deadened on one side by a reverence for the old symbolism and animal worship, yet struggling forth into mental freedom and independence on the other.* How to accomplish this mental emancipation was the problem, according to Hegel, which Egypt propounded to posterity, and which it transmitted to another civilisation,—that of Greece,—

* Revolting as animal worship is to the feelings of Christians, Hegel argues, and with some reason, that it has not been more degrading in its influence than sun and planet worship; for in the wonderful instincts and mysterious movements of the brute creation, the Egyptians beheld with awe the working of a hidden and incomprehensible principle (p. 258; Engl. Tr. p. 220). With these remarks of Hegel may be compared the chapter on Animal Worship in *Kenrick's Ancient Egypt*, vol. ii. ch. xxiii. To understand these ancient worships, we must look at them not from our point of view, but as much as possible from their own, and regard them as what they really are, links in a chain of mental and social development.

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to solve. In the chasm between Egypt and Greece two other national developments intervened,—one of immediate, the other of remoter influence,—the Phœnician and the Hebraic, which must not be overlooked. The inestimable service rendered by Phœnicia to the world, was its breaking asunder, and virtually flinging off, the yoke of sacerdotalism. Its rough, bold, seafaring habits of mind effected this great deliverance, though the old rites and the old symbols were still outwardly retained. The priests of Phœnicia were only the most eminent of its citizens, and the functions of religion were retained among the privileges of its great mercantile aristocracy. It was through the tempering medium of Phœnician freedom that the seeds of a sacerdotal civilisation were conveyed from Egypt to Greece. Though not renowned for science and literature themselves, the Phœnicians, by their diffusion of the knowledge of alphabetical characters among the coasts and islands of the Mediterranean, did for nascent Greece what the invention of the printing-press has done for modern Europe,—it furnished the human mind with its most powerful instrument of progress, and gave it a weapon by which it could ever henceforth effectually repel and subdue the encroachments of a priesthood. With the earliest dawn of Greek history, we find the power of the priesthood gone.—In a pastoral land of hills and brooks, shut in between the Jordan valley and the Mediterranean, lived a peculiar and secluded people, allied in speech and blood to the Phœnicians, who in quite another direction made an advance so marked and so decisive towards spiritual freedom, that the world for centuries to come was not in a condition to accept the truth of which they were the depositaries, and to appropriate its consequences. The Hebrews shook off all adhesions of the primitive naturalism, and rose to the idea of a pure and simple monotheism. But the object of this worship was removed to a great distance from them, dwelling in heaven, where even His chosen people could not attain unto Him. The Hebrew idea was, God *above* the world, not *in* the world. The antithesis, therefore, between God and the world, was as yet only partially solved. Yet even in that early age the dim foreshadowing of a better day passed over the prophetic mind, in the anticipation of a kingdom of God, when the Universal Father should come down from heaven and dwell in the midst of His children, and realise the beautiful idea of Truth and Right in a converted and renovated world. It was a prevision of the final synthesis of the world's history.

The moment we touch the coasts of Greece, we perceive that a change has come over the spirit of civilisation. The hideous symbolism of Asia and Egypt disappears from the temples, and

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gives place to human forms of matchless grace and majesty. The old priesthoods are succeeded by high-spirited and independent chieftains, who take the offices of religion into their own hands, and keep its ministers in check. For the monotonous and crushing despotisms of the East are substituted the strife, the impulse, the restlessness of free monarchies or rising republics. Caste and privilege and degradation are replaced by the equality of all freemen under the law. The very heaven of the Greeks breathes the spirit of liberty. Their gods are all independent deities, yielding a free and unconstrained homage to the confessed superiority of Zeus. The Greeks looked on nature with a fresh wonder and delight, without being subdued and oppressed by it. They felt themselves its masters, and rolled its weight off their souls as the ruling gods had overpowered the Titans. Their spirit was no longer steeped in mere physical impressions and influences. Conscious of freedom and strength, they turned their thoughts inward on themselves; yet not, like the Indians, to be absorbed in a dreamy subjectiveness. Their outward life was too bright and too joyous for that. They threw the light of their own minds on every object around them, and burnished the face of universal nature with their own intellectual brilliancy. They clothed the gods with their own human feelings and attributes; and instead of leaving deity, like the Hebrews, invisible and inaccessible in a distant world of glory, they infused it daily into their own redundant and tumultuous tide of life. Wherever they turned their eye in their own beautiful land, in wood and glen and mountain stream, in the sacred plain or the temple-crowned promontory, or in the fair isles that studded the blue Ægean, a genial presence welcomed them, which to them was living and real, and inspired their poets and artists with the most exquisite conceptions of outward and sensuous beauty. Such was the transformation which the elements of Oriental civilisation underwent in the mind of Greece. While the old faith endured, and there was harmony between the indwelling idea and its outward realisation in their polity, their religion and their art,—their national life was in its bloom, and wore a beauty to which no succeeding age has furnished a parallel. But the principle which animated and held together the elements of this beautiful combination gave way to the dissolving influence of the speculative intellect. The idea proved too strong for the synthesis in which it had temporarily found an objective realisation; and a new antithesis ensued, which worked the ruin of the old civilisation of Greece. The conquests of Alexander prepared the way for the dominion of the next historical people—the Romans. Alexander is one of those world-historical personages whose career and conduct

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obtain a complete justification at the hands of Hegel. Alexander understood the purpose of his age, and endeavoured to fulfil it. A great idea possessed his mind, and was the inspiration of his life. In reference to this leading object, his character must be judged. From first to last, a marvellous spirit of beauty invests the history of Greece. Two beautiful youths introduce and conclude it; its earliest articulate voice sang the grief and rage of one, and its last great reprisal on Asia was avenged by the death of the other. These are mere accidents, according to the ordinary view; but Hegel has noticed their significance, and they lend a sort of poetic charm to the most wonderful and fascinating narrative in the great epic of human progress.

As the Greek genius was preëminently objective, delighting in beauty of form and hue and movement, making the divine and the æsthetic all one; so that of the Romans was as decidedly subjective, grave, serious, and practical, identifying the moral with the divine. We speak, of course, of the Romans as they were originally, before they fell under the influence of Greece. At an early period they directed their attention to questions of government and law, and occupied themselves with defining men's social and political relations with each other. Some of the deities peculiar to them partook of the same abstract and ethical character: they were an embodiment of the personal conditions and subjective affections of the human mind—Peace, Health, Fortune, Victory,—even such as were odious and negative—Fever, Ill-luck, Childlessness (*Orbona*).* When their history comes into connection with that of the Greeks, we find their most eminent men devoted to the studies of politics and jurisprudence; and this circumstance was not without effect on the next phase in the world's history, which was represented by Christianity. It helped to awaken the mind to a distincter consciousness of personal independence and personal responsibility. The distinction between *res* and *persona* was first clearly defined by the Roman jurists, as a basis for decisions in their courts of law. It is true, all this tended, in its immediate working under the Empire, to produce a selfish and isolated individualism, with no higher consciousness than that of holding property under certain conditions, and of being

* These deities are a striking exemplification of the deep subjectiveness of the genius of the Romans. Particular feelings and ideas took such a hold of their mind, and became so intensely real, that it could not contain them there, but relieved itself, as it were, by giving them an objective form, and deifying them. These deities were the objects of a free and personal worship, quite distinct from the ancient and national religion, and were honoured, for the most part, not with *templa*, but with simple *sacella*. Their character is well described by C. G. Zumpt, *Die Religion der Römer*, read before the *Verein für Wissenschaftliche Vorträge*; Berlin.

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bound to the performance of certain duties under an all-embracing despotism. Hegel compares it to a body in a state of decay, resolving itself into innumerable worms. Still, the distincter perception of individual personality, with the rights, duties, and responsibilities attached to it, was an indispensable preparation for appreciating and profiting by the spiritual freedom proclaimed by the Gospel; it was a lower discipline, through which the mind must pass on its way to the higher.

Hegel's conception of Christianity is peculiar. From his high speculative point of view, he regards the Trinity as essential to it; and in the following way. The ideas of God and Man are reciprocally necessary. God is implied in Man, and Man is implied in God. Still, as God is infinite and absolute, while Man is finite and originates in a certain *negativity*, there is a chasm and dissonance between them, which it is the aim and effort of human history to bridge over and reconcile. This is the fundamental antithesis of the universe; its final synthesis will be the consummation of all things. Man is reconciled to God in Christ, and Christ's Spirit represents their union. In its primitive conception, therefore, Christianity is essentially *triune*—embodies a Trinity. Philosophic thought might have discerned for itself this antithetic relation of God and Man, and have gathered from the actual position of the world's affairs that the possibility of a final reconcilement between them had become a mental necessity for mankind. But for the multitude it was indispensable that this abstract truth should pass into a concrete form, and assume an historical realisation. Hence the life, death, and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth; a combination of events, with its associated beliefs, on which, according to Hegel, as on a pivot, the entire history of humanity turns—the solution of its past, and the condition of its future. Nevertheless Hegel attaches very little importance to the theological questions about the person and birth of Christ, and to the miraculous generally in his history. If we view him solely as a Teacher, we can only place him higher in the same order of character with Socrates. It is the manifestation to the world of the principle of the Divine government already indicated, the reconcilement of Man with God, and the admission of Man through that to the absolute freedom of the Spirit, which gives, in Hegel's view, the whole of their religious value to the actions, sufferings, and teachings of Christ. And the world was prepared by a long previous discipline for such a spiritual revolution. *The fullness of time was come.* Pain was a large element in the process of redemption. Universal subjection prepared the way,—through the slow regeneration of centuries (and the work is not yet accom-

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plished) for universal emancipation. The pervading sense of guilt, misery, and hopelessness under the Lower Empire, predisposed men to embrace Christianity. God had come down from heaven, and revealed Himself through a human life as a Father, and opened wide His arms of mercy to the erring and sinful, and showed the way direct from earth to heaven. The temporal and the spiritual were separated no longer. Those who accepted Christ, and let his Spirit work the intended change within them, entered thereby into immediate communion with God; and in that communion obtained emancipation from their moral burdens, and complete freedom of spirit. Such, according to Hegel, was the purpose of Christianity; a purpose which it is still carrying out. It aims at building up a kingdom of God among men—a state in which God and man will be completely at one.

This great idea was very rudely and grossly expressed by the mediæval Church. It was perverted by the sacerdotal spirit. The communion with God was limited to the priesthood, and fettered by sacramental conditions. Still, this form of Christianity, coarse and carnal as it was, was perhaps the only form in which it could have taken strong hold of the wild natures to which it had to be addressed. Under all its corruptions, there was some compensation in the belief that the world was not severed from God, because Christ was always in the Church. Religion became a great objective mass of rites and dogmas, which men revered as a manifestation of the truth, not from conviction, but on authority. To the sacerdotal and idolatrous tendencies of the mediæval Church, under which Heathenism recovered a part of its ancient domain, a strong protest and resistance manifested itself in the enthusiastic recurrence among the followers of Mohammed to the pure monotheism of the old Hebrews. The false synthesis that was consolidating itself in Europe, was thus providentially dissolved by the outbreak of a new antithesis in Asia. Mohammedanism, however, was more an idea than a life—producing a sudden, and for the time a resistless, outburst of enthusiasm, but not issuing in a permanent civilisation. This attempted purification of religion, which cost Christianity large provinces and the seats of its earliest possession, led ultimately to reprisals on the part of Western Christendom, which reacted, in their final consequences, on Christendom itself, and were among the remoter causes of the Reformation.

Meanwhile a new popular influence in various tribes of Teutonic origin had swept over the provinces of the Western Empire. Attached by a loose and feeble bond to their old hereditary faith, the Germans, with that open susceptibility to



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first impressions which has in all ages distinguished their race, became the ready converts of a religion which brought with it in the first instance the recommendations of a higher civilisation. Their ancient worship was dissolved by the superior attraction of Christianity, which took up into it the disengaged elements, and in the strong fermentation that ensued engendered a new antithesis—that conflict between the secular and spiritual powers which endured, in one form or another, through the whole of the Middle Ages. Its synthesis was first attempted by Charlemagne in the secular sense, when he would fain have erected a new empire of the West, and used the clergy as his artificers in its erection. It was a scheme the success of which depended altogether on the personal character of the sovereign; and it fell to pieces on the death of Charlemagne. A dark and troubled period of entire social decomposition followed, which righted itself at length in a sort of crystallised aggregation round various centres of military authority, held together by the graduated dependencies of the feudal system. Tendencies towards a new social synthesis now became apparent. The overpowering religious awe which seized men's minds at the close of the first millennium from the birth of Christ, in the all-pervading belief that the world's last hour was at hand, afforded the Church an unparalleled opportunity of asserting its influence and establishing its dominion; which was used with consummate energy and skill by Hildebrand and his successors for more than a century. Of this theocratic ascendancy in Europe the Crusades were the marked historical expression. The carnal piety of the age, incapable of the consolations of a spiritual faith, could not rest till it had dispossessed the infidels of the Holy City, and held in its own firm material grasp the tomb where the Saviour had lain, and the mount whence he ascended visibly to heaven; and was at hand to welcome him with its own mortal voice at his expected reappearance on the scene of his earthly ministry. These events were the consummation of the progressive synthesis of the time, carrying with them the occasions of a new and wider antithesis. For the result of the Crusades was deep and bitter disappointment, issuing in incurable scepticism and distrust. Where men had hoped to seize the earnest of heavenly blessedness, they encountered disaster, disease, and death. And these negative, disorganising influences, separating men's wishes and convictions daily further and further from the actualities around them, were confirmed by other events which now occurred in rapid and startling succession,—the overthrow of the Eastern Empire by a Mohammedan power, the mental excitement resulting from the cultivation of Arab and the revival of Greek learning, and

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the stimulating prospects opened by maritime discovery; all forced into hostile action by the shameless venality and dissoluteness of the Church, affecting separation from the world, as alone possessed of God, and yet in all its tastes, its interests, and its aims, the very type of the grossest worldliness. The great monarchies of Europe, emerging out of feudalism, were unavoidably brought into collision, at various points, with the priesthood, and were anxious to fence in their national churches against the encroachments of the Papal usurpation. All things announced inevitable change; but the immediate cause of open revolt was the outrage offered by Rome and its emissaries to the public sense of moral decency. The circumstances of its origin had a powerful effect on the character of early Protestantism. It was an indignant recoil from stupendous wickedness and hypocrisy; and its sense of human sinfulness was deep and penetrating. Its spirit became earnestly introspective; it took up with renovated conviction the unflinching sternness of the old Augustinism, searched the inward man with severe and jealous eye, and saw no hope for him but in the renovation of divine grace. Hegel has well traced the influence of these reactionary views. The devout Protestant saw an immense antithesis between the true Church filled with the Spirit of God, and the world filled with the power and working of the Devil. Hence he suspected every where the presence and operation of the Devil; and the burning of witches, and even of heretics, was only too natural an expression of early Protestant feeling. Various were the attempts of Protestants in different parts of the world to reconcile this antithesis, and realise a kingdom of God in the civil constitutions of men—as among the Anabaptists in Munster, the Calvinists in Geneva, the Presbyterians in Scotland, the Puritans under Cromwell in England, and the Pilgrim Fathers in the wilds of North America. All these aims, often originating in high and earnest purpose, failed from their impracticable narrowness; and after a few years of intolerable constraint, men escaped from their tyranny, and relapsed into the ordinary course of human citizenship.

In the midst of these religious ferments, thought sprang up in another direction, intellectual and scientific, and developed a new antithesis. It was the period of Descartes, Bacon, Newton, Locke, Leibnitz. To the age of religious enthusiasm succeeded that of enlightenment and freethinking; what the Germans call *Aufklärung*, and what Mr. Buckle means, in his recent work on civilisation, by Scepticism. In France, this spirit was represented by the *Encyclopédistes;* in Germany it was patronised by Frederic II. It involved that

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collision between the ideal and the actual, which leads to the effort to harmonise them, and is the condition of all progress. It was fortunate for England and Northern Germany that, in consequence of their adoption of the Reformation, religion participated in the general movement of ideas, and assumed a form which disarmed hostility, by its greater accordance with the knowledge and intellect of the times; whereas in France, religion, shut up in a sphere of its own, and not allowed to benefit by the influences of the general culture, became, when the hour of reaction arrived, an object of intense hatred and destructive attack. All the revolutions that have taken place in the world are nothing more, from the Hegelian point of view, than so many endeavours, often spasmodic and unavailing, to harmonise the disparities, reconcile the antagonisms, and close up the antitheses between men's ideas and the actual state of the world, so as to get a step nearer to that absolute freedom of spirit which is the result of perfect coalescence with the Divine Idea. The first French Revolution failed from its reckless destruction of all that had previously existed, and its fanatical attempt to realise at a stroke the abstract ideal of philosophers and theorists. For it is an error to suppose that there is one absolute type of social condition, which should be universally adopted. What was often mistaken for the only possible form of freedom in the last century, was a social tyranny exercised by majorities; as if wisdom could be obtained by a simple show of hands. Freedom does not consist in allowing each individual mind to take its own arbitrary way unchecked, but in the free acceptance and loyal recognition by all minds of the law which they perceive is essential to their living together in organic harmony, and which must vary in its provisions according to a thousand undefinable requirements of historical tradition or geographical position. Hence the form of freedom must be modified by national peculiarities; and nations are then in their happiest state—at the very acme of their prosperity—when the ideas by which they are most strongly possessed, and which constitute their peculiar genius, are expressed and embodied the most completely in their external existence; when their subjective and objective life are in the most entire harmony; when they have a sense of perfect freedom in yielding perfect obedience to the law, and obedience is not constrained but spontaneous. The great desideratum in working out the problem of society is, to furnish constant stimulus and ample space for the ceaseless growth and expansion of mind; and to let it have such gentle, but steady and effective, influence on things without, that they may continually widen and adapt themselves to its needs—antithesis

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and synthesis quietly succeeding and supplementing each other without any violent change or sudden disruption,—society peacefully developing itself towards the ultimatum of absolute freedom, when the Finite shall lose itself in the Infinite, and the Human and Divine be one.

We fear we may have exhausted the patience of our readers in this lengthened, but still very imperfect, exposition of the Hegelian theory of history; but it would have been quite impossible to convey any idea of it, without following it in its applications to the successive phases of social development, and indicating the practical conclusion drawn from this survey by the author himself. In reviewing the different periods of history, we have not limited ourselves in every instance to the particular applications which Hegel has made of his theory; but we have ventured on none that did not seem to us a legitimate and obvious inference from it, as we understand it. We now crave a small space for a few observations on the principle of this theory.

As a literary production, Hegel's work has great merit. It handles the great mass of learning which it pre-supposes with the ease and lightness of a commanding intellect. His style, notwithstanding some strange peculiarities of diction, is forcible and expressive, and, considering the abstract nature of his theme, is for the most part clear and flowing. He marshals the grand historic groupings of events with a sort of pictorial effect before the mental eye, and draws out their connections in unbroken sequence from age to age with the continuity of deductions from a fundamental principle. Yet it must be admitted that his generalisations are sometimes arbitrary and sometimes superficial, and the reader is beguiled with a show of scientific precision which is not warranted by facts themselves. A certain tone of fatalism pervades his interpretation of history, as if men by seizing its seminal idea at the root of all things could predict its future course. In the primitive germ of existence, when it first arose out of nothingness, he assumes a latent wealth of implicit power, which must ever, by the working of an inherent law, press outward into expression and embodiment, as the acorn expands organically into the oak; the incipient activity of an indwelling idea, which it is the destined function of history to evolve and realise to its utmost fullness. The progressive liberation of this idea from the fetters that hinder its expansion,—in other words, the emancipation of Spirit from the animalism, the ignorance, the prejudice, as well as the outward oppressions, which clog its earlier career, so that humanity may attain its complete development and fulfil the task for which it has been pre-ordained,—is the process,

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according to Hegel, which is accomplishing itself in that continuous change and movement of society of which History is the record; and to recognise the law of progress which pervades it is the Philosophy of History. This idea (though there is nothing original in it), if it were to be taken as the acknowledgment of a plan springing out of the wisdom and love of a sovereign Intelligence, we could heartily accept as the most satisfactory solution attainable of the mysterious purport of human existence. But we cannot find that Hegel, though his meaning is wrapt up in a vague and mystical phraseology, has any belief in a God, as that word is understood by the vast majority of religious men. He constantly uses the expression "World-Spirit" (*Weltgeist*). It does not, however, mean the same thing as the "Living God" of the Theist and the Christian, but seems equivalent to the absolute Logic or Reason, which is the law and principle of the world's development. "The insight," says he (*Einleit.* p. 45), "to which philosophy should conduct us, is this: that the actual world is what it was destined to be; that the truly Good, the universal divine Reason, is at the same time a power capable of realising itself. This Good, this Reason, in its concretest expression is God. God governs the world: the substance of His government, the fulfilment of His plans, is the world's history." It is from this conception of the Divine that the fatalism of his theory results. Notwithstanding some expressions that point apparently in the opposite direction, the Divine government certainly does not, according to a strict interpretation of his theory, grow out of a combination of two elements—the response and concurrence on one hand, and the repulsion and antagonism on the other, of free spirits; but the two elements are ground down, as it were, into a homogeneous mass of moral indifferency, under the weight of an overpowering necessity. What he calls "world-historical characters" (he mentions particularly Alexander and Julius Cæsar), are the most efficient agents in his realisation of the great idea of history; and the acknowledgment of their immense services to our race, mingled even with a certain gratitude and admiration, must not be prevented by any moral alienation from their personal vices and crimes. Moral deserts, argues Hegel, are a distinct question, and rest on a perfectly independent basis. Virtue always carries its compensation with itself, as all vice draws its inevitable and appropriate penalty after it; but the deepest sense of this eternal distinction need not, and ought not to, distort the grand and salient features in which the physiognomy of universal history is expressed. Hegel has here touched on one of those insoluble problems, which history more than any other human study

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continually suggests. He has attempted to trace the dim, mysterious limits, where the Divine order and the freedom of man come into contact. Neither can be denied: but how are they to be reconciled? Take away the unerring certainty of the Divine order, which foresees, provides for, and fulfils all things in their appointed time and place, and the world lapses into chaos. Take away human free agency, and moral imputation in any intelligible sense becomes impossible. We have long, therefore, felt that there is an element of the infinite in this question, which must ever prevent its complete solution by a finite mind. All that can be said about it, is condensed with wonderful force and depth in that sublime antithesis of Scripture, *πορεύεται κατὰ τὸ ὡρισμένον· πλὴν οὐαὶ τῷ ἀνθρώπῳ δι' οὗ* (Luc. xxii. 22).

Nevertheless, in spite of great spiritual deficiencies, the theory of Hegel seems to us to possess a decided superiority over the more recent ones of M. Comte and Mr. Buckle, in ascribing the progress of society not so exclusively to the results of positive science and the mere expansion of the intellect, but rather to a general development of the whole interior nature of man, including his affections, his sense of the beautiful, and his moral and religious sentiments. The chief means of social advancement insisted on by Hegel, is, in his peculiar phraseology, the objective embodiment of the subjective element in man,—the outward realising of the idea according to its actual degree of expansion; and this includes art, poetry, religion, and the usages of social and domestic intercourse, as well as law, government, science, and philosophy, as the constituents of a national life. It is absurd to speak of the progress of human well-being, and overlook the intimate relation to it of the moral and emotional part of our nature. A false theology, and narrow views of man's relation to God and the universe, have shrunk from the light of science, and depreciated the importance of its bearing on human happiness; and it was no more than might be expected, that when the unavoidable reaction came, injustice should be done in the opposite direction, and the intellect be exalted at the expense of the heart and soul. The influence of science on civilisation is undoubtedly immense; and nothing more visibly measures the progress of civilisation than man's growing mastery over the laws of the physical universe, by which he compels them to utter their most hidden secrets, and do his bidding, and minister to his health, his ease, his safety, his activity, and his enjoyment. But in regard to that which is the highest aim of human life, the inward peace, dignity, and contentment of the soul itself, and that interchange of sweet and noble affections

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which purifies and exalts it,—if we except the pleasure resulting from the abstract contemplation of truth, which, however refined, does not enter largely into the happiness of the majority of men,—the effect of science is chiefly negative, and consists in removing the pressure of outward evils, in dissipating superstitions and prejudices, and so opening a wider sphere for the free play and development of the moral and spiritual nature. Our homes are made more pleasant and beautiful, and we move with greater ease and fewer sores and irritations through the physical encumbrances and obstructions of life, by the help of science; our minds, too, are strengthened and expanded by the wide and glorious prospects which it opens before us: but were there no hearts to be touched, no sensibilities to be spared a rude laceration, no moral and religious emotions to nurse the well-spring of a nobler life within, what would be the value of this vast apparatus of intellectual machinery? It would be like perfecting an organism, and leaving out the vitality for which only an organism was valuable at all. The recognition of the necessity of increasing measures of spiritual freedom, as the condition of social advancement, so as to afford full scope for the expansion of the inherent energies of the mind, is another feature of the Hegelian philosophy by which it is advantageously distinguished from the theories that aim at making man what he ought to be by the plastic hand of hierarchies and the moulding force of outward laws, and that have driven M. Comte, with all his science, into the despotic absurdities of his *Catechism of Positive Religion*. The elements of real human progress must be freely evolved out of man, and cannot be mechanically fastened on him. Science, for all the higher purposes of humanity, is a dead organism of latent forces till it is taken up by the moral nature and made beautiful by the presence of pure and noble affections, till it is animated by earnest purpose and inspired by some great idea. In some of these points Hegel has a decided advantage over the later theorists on society. Progress is with him a growth from within, not an accretion from without. Man's indwelling idea moulds the crude mass of external nature into conformity with itself. It is not the simple action of physical impressions, continually widened and varied by unceasing observation, that deposits all the wealth and accumulates all the force of which the human soul is susceptible.

Yet, after all, notwithstanding many ingenious and original applications, what does Hegel's celebrated formula of the law of social progress explain that we did not know before, and is not the idea of every man who has observed the course of human affairs and believes in a providential plan? Who does

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not see that this is the order of human perceptions and endeavours—sense of evil and wrong, observation of incongruity between what is and what should be, impatience, effort, conflict, success, harmony; then new difficulties, new struggles, new solutions; and so on indefinitely? It is a mere summing up of the collective results of human experience. But the generalisation which it expresses, to suit all cases, is drawn out to such extreme tenuity, that it loses all available substance, and could not be applied to any practical purpose by the statesman or the philanthropist for calculating the probable consequences of any combination of events. All that is original in the formula is, the attempt to trace it back to a primary idea of creation, which, as we understand it, is atheistic, and involves an essential absurdity. We may wrong our author by misconceiving him; but the only construction we can put on his language is, that he regards Deity itself as a progressive evolution out of nothing, not as the primal all-sufficient Source from which all things originally flowed, but simply as a future possibility now in process of development—the grand final totality of perfected humanity. To us this view seems not only utterly repugnant to every axiom of natural reason, but in its moral aspects blank and desolate beyond expression. Can any effect proceed from a cause that is less than itself? But this theory not only supposes in the first instance a spontaneous evolution out of nothing, but through the entire course of ensuing development a series of effects ever increasing in potency over their causes. Evolution, such as is every where displayed in this boundless universe, is to us wholly inconceivable without the assumption of an infinite fund of power and intelligence behind it. And what religion, available for comfort and support, can a frail dependent being like man extract from the simple thought, however sublime, of the indefinite progressiveness of his species, and the hope that possibly some thousands of years hence the collective wisdom of man may attain a perfection not wholly disproportionate to the idea of God? Strange and repulsive as such theories must appear to every man whose mind has been once imbued with deep religious sentiment, it is undeniably the tendency of mere science, unchecked by other influences, to introduce such bare abstractions into circulation, and to replace personal agency by mere law as the ultimate fact of the universe.

It is a curious question, what would be the effect of the unrestrained predominance of purely scientific tendencies of mind on some of the most beautiful expressions and precious interests of our nature, on language, poetry, art, religion. It is a remarkable fact, noticed by Hegel himself (p. 63, English

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Translation), that language, as a medium of sentiment and feeling, and even of thought, often deteriorates with the growth of civilisation. It lies less close to the soul; it is less simple, genuine, and true; it is a less faithful exponent of what is deepest and holiest in humanity. It acquires more the character of a conventional system of symbols, which express the abstractions of thought, and not the concrete realities of the heart and life. What would be the ultimate condition of literature, if one or two languages, as the English or the French, were to become the sole medium of intercourse between civilised men, to the final abandonment of those dialectic varieties in which the peculiarities of national character have hitherto found a fitting utterance? In spite of some possible commercial and even scientific benefits, there would be more loss than gain in such a change. It would be the victory of dry intellect over the soul. For the languages themselves so elevated into sovereignty would lose their original character. To adapt themselves to the wants of a wide-spread and diversely circumstanced population, they would have to efface their old distinctive peculiarities, and rub themselves down to a certain monotonous equality of tone. They would cease to be the languages of Shakspeare and Voltaire. Poetry in its higher sense, as the genuine language of the heart, would be almost an impossibility. What still went by the name of literature, would consist in its higher and graver department of scientific treatises, or bare statements of fact; in its more popular form, would find a vent, as it now does increasingly in the United States, in penny sheets, in periodicals and newspapers. With the dying-out of a dialect capable of rendering the soul's best thoughts into poetry, art and religion, from their close affinity with poetry, would both lose an element of vitality,—the former degenerating into a mechanical photography, the latter becoming a speculation, and ceasing to be a lofty sentiment full of ennobling effect on the life.

We do not anticipate any such result, notwithstanding some present appearances that may seem to threaten it; for there is *a vis conservatrix* in human society, which always interposes in time to sustain the balance of our being, and to prevent any one constituent of it from absorbing the rest. As London at the present day is in some degree correcting the evil of its own unwieldy magnitude by breaking down of itself into different municipal wholes, each with its own cluster of associated interests and institutions gathering round a common centre, and represented by a local paper; so, when the further advance of the world requires it, that wonderful equalisation of thought, speech, and interest, which has for years been con-

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verting all Europe and America into one great nation, will doubtless again separate into distinct nationalities, kept even more distinct by their very recognition of a common brotherhood; and give birth once more, under the inspiring breath of freedom, and in the consciousness of internal strength and vitality, to those deep, rich, expressive literatures, which can only spring from the exuberant fullness of a nation's heart. With reference to this future result, there is something significant in that passion for the cultivation of old literatures, rather increasing than diminishing with the progress of civilisation, which keeps alive an interest in the most beautiful remembrances of the past, and operates as a healthy counteraction to the refrigerating influence of pure science. The counteraction is strongest where the local tendencies most require it. With what enthusiasm do the cultivated minds of North America abandon themselves to the study of the great writers of England, Italy, and Spain, which are to them what the classics of Greece and Rome once were, and still are, to the scholars of Europe! Jefferson, it is well known, with a sort of prophetic insight, was most anxious to promote classical studies among his countrymen. Nor have the most enlightened and patriotic Frenchmen shown themselves less eager to restore the ancient reputation of their country for classical learning, as some counterpoise to the rigid scientific tendencies of the Ecole Polytechnique, so zealously encouraged by the first Napoleon. Oriental and archæological studies have long been zealously cultivated in France.

Among the secondary causes which, over and above the conviction of its inherent divinity and truth, uphold the authority of Christianity among thoughtful and earnest men, one doubtless is, the perception of its direct subserviency to nourish all those hopes and beliefs in which our moral nature finds its richest nutriment, and which infuse a higher spirit into the pursuits and interests of our daily life. The sublime utterances of the Bible, its solemn appeals to what lies deepest within us, and the awful glimpses which it gives us into the Divine and Infinite, are felt to be in this respect of unspeakable value. They inspire a deep sense of the inherent worth and dignity of the soul. They uphold the value of the individual, as carrying a divine and imperishable life within him, against the somewhat depreciatory influence of economical and statistical inquiries, which often reckon man's worth at so much productive power, whether of good or evil, and take no note of the interior qualities of his nature. There is one view connected with all speculations respecting the final destination of our race, to which Hegel nowhere distinctly alludes, but to which most minds can-

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not but incessantly revert, though the data for forming an opinion lie beyond the sphere which the historian and the scientific theorist, with their particular objects, can properly enter: and yet, apart from this view, we feel that no solution of these high questions can be considered satisfactory and complete. Does man's life finally terminate here? Or is it only the commencement of a higher life? On this question, science, as science, has nothing to say; for its only possible data do not transcend the visible and actual, and its inferences cannot exceed the warrant of its data. But there is something older, deeper, and more vital than science, which if science cannot create, neither can it touch. Our only postulates are, a living God, and the worth of the individual soul. On these solemn themes the heart is wiser than the head. Here not the intellect, but the soul, must decide; for the soul lies near to God; in faith and prayer it receives communications from Him which it cannot distrust. Faith is not nourished by science, though the freest science is compatible with it; but by art, poetry, literature,—by affectionate converse with other souls, and constant dealing with the spiritual realities of life. The views which result from intellectual speculation, and are opened on us by the ever-widening horizon of science, are in constant process of transmutation; but the affections and the trusts which grow out of them are unchanging and eternal. Literature, which reflects the concentrated result of the universal experience of life and the soul, and is quickened at times by influences from a higher source,—Literature, of which the Bible itself is only the highest form,—and not Science, is the special nurture for those elements of our being which are permanent and involve indestructible relations with the Unseen and the Infinite.

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## Art. V.—MR. KINGSLEY'S POEMS.

*Andromeda, and other Poems.* By Charles Kingsley, Rector of Eversley. London: John W. Parker and Son, 1858.

*The Saint's Tragedy.* London, 1848.

It is one thing to write poetry, another to be a poet; and some have indulged a wish that none but poets would write poetry. It is a wish, indeed, which must often rise in the heart of any one whose business leads him to read what new things are written in verse; yet certainly it could not be gratified without a griev-

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ous mutilation of our literature, and a terrible limiting of the pleasure we derive from it. For some of the sweetest strains, some of the most finished lyrics, and even some of the noblest poems, our language can show, and which have taken the strongest hold on the sympathies and memories of men, have been the productions of writers whom we cannot call poets, because the bent of their nature was in another direction. A poet is not one only who "sees into the inner heart of things"—to whom Beauty has "unveiled the depth of her glowing breast," and who walks the world startled ever afresh by some sudden revelation of its hidden glories and mysteries—in whom the most trivial of nature's wonders can raise thoughts that "lie too deep for tears:" he must be one who has a passion to reproduce all these things —who cannot hold the golden treasure buried in his breast, but has an irresistible impulse to send it forth again upon the world, coined into new shapes, and stamped with a fresh image. The impulse to create is common, in some degree, to all men; but it makes a great difference whether it comes only in occasional bursts and sudden excitements, or whether it is the bent of the whole nature—the form of activity natural to a man's organisation, and the legitimate purpose of his life. But a poet must have more than the sense of beauty and the passion to create; he must have the gifts and tendencies, whatever they are, which lead him to select language as his instrument, and yet more than this, to select the rhythm of verse, and not that of prose. What is the exact difference between the two—what are the causes at work which give to verse its special hold upon the sense and the imagination—have never yet been accurately ascertained. Whatever they may be, Mr. Kingsley cannot be said to possess them in that degree which alone entitles a man to the name of poet. He has the sense of beauty in a high degree; in a degree yet higher the command of language; but his genius naturally leads him to utter himself in prose, not in verse. Hence his prose writings are incomparably superior to his poems. One of the very greatest of all writers of poetical prose is Christopher North. It is curious to see how his powers sink below even the average level when he deserts his stronghold. "The Island of Palms," "The City of the Plague," the "Address to a Wild Deer," read like the level and commonplace breathings of uninspired mortality; they are to those half-divine strains which chequer the *Recreations* as if the magician of strange powers had broken his wand and buried his books, and, wilfully self-divested of the magic of his genius, chose to range himself an ordinary man amongst ordinary men. Yet he knew where his own strength lay; and in one of the "Walks by Grasmere" has eloquently defended the claims of prose as the highest medium for the expression of poetry, and wittily scoffed at the hampering limitations

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of verse and rhyme. If he were in earnest, no further explanation would be needed of his incapacity to wield verse, than this evidence of his want of power to appreciate its infinite superiority as the vehicle of art, and its unapproachable place as a power for moulding into the most refined, the most moving, and the most expressive harmonies, the feelings of the heart, and the harvests of the imaginative insight.

In Mr. Kingsley the contrast is not so great as in Wilson; his poetry approaches somewhat nearer to the level of his prose; yet, with all his energy of thought and imagination—with all his rarely-equalled command over the resources of the English language—it is impossible not to perceive that in writing verse he is untrue to the natural direction of his powers, and that he has soared into an atmosphere not native to his wing. It is not only a want of command over the instrument he uses, and insufficient appreciation of the finer resources of rhythmical harmony, which leaves its shadow of disappointment in the perusal of most of Mr. Kingsley's poems; he has deeper disqualifications for the work to which, with that faulty estimate of the truest field for their energies to which all men are liable, he has devoted his highest efforts. To write sermons is a bad apprenticeship to tragedy. Now, whatever some straitlaced people, with whom we have no sympathy, may deem of fly-fishing and fox-hunting as concomitants of a cure of souls, there is one qualification which no one will deny to be eminently suited to that sphere of duty, nor question that Mr. Kingsley possesses it in the largest abundance. A passion for preaching is the central fire which heats his energies, and glows along all his activity. His is the genius of the prophet. Language with him is valuable, not as a plastic medium, through which in serene calm to re-create the aspects of things, and give a new and secondary life in art to the real life of the universe; but as an instrument of incitement and control over the minds and actions of men. With the control of mighty words he reins, and urges with a whip of eloquent invective the restive energies of men. Not what he simply sees and feels prompts him to speak, but what he would have done away with, and what he would have done. Deep purposes of moral change are what inspire him, and art with him is the channel of influence.

Undoubtedly it may legitimately be made so; yet we doubt if all forms of art are alike capable of being pressed into this service. In their higher and purer developments, where they are the most exquisitely adapted for the objects which art deems supreme, they are less capable of being allied with extrinsic objects than in some of their less refined and elevated conditions; and it is not too much to say that he whose function it is to rouse men to action has both a more efficient and a more fitting

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instrument in prose than in verse. It is possible that verse may have a deeper power to rouse those feelings from which action is to be generated, where such action is simple and immediate, but not where the motives are complicated, and the course not obvious. The strains of Tyrtæus could never have weighted the balance against Philip so long and so heavily as the oratory of Demosthenes. And perhaps even the former assumption may be doubted; martyrs, indeed, have gone singing to the stake, and hymns been on the lips of men marching into battle: but to the men of action come instinctively the words of action; and it may be questioned if any poem ever went so effectively and directly to its purpose as that sentence which was signalled from the *Victory* before Nelson and Collingwood led their lines into the roar of Trafalgar.

If these remarks be true, a tragedy is the last stage from which to preach to men a change in their modes of politico-economical action, or to stir them up against the false aspects of duties and mischievous inversions of human affection inculcated by the Church of Rome. The true defence of the *Saint's Tragedy*, —that work of remarkable power, genius, and beauty, and which has deeply touched the hearts of so many readers,—is, that, directly didactive and devoted to the purpose of immediate influence as it is, it is not a sermon invented for the occasion; but only a vivid enforcement of an actual lesson to be found in history, and where a life teaches a great moral lesson, that it does so is not against, but in favour of its choice by the poet, who gives it that completeness of form, those graces of beauty, that charm of reconstructive art, which recommend it to men who might otherwise have passed it by, and who by the vigour and insight of his own imagination lays bare its deepest and most hidden meanings, giving thereby power to the imagination of lesser minds to grasp them and feel them real. Had Mr. Kingsley been content to do this simply, his play, fine as it is, would have been finer, and perhaps his lesson would have been deeper, though his sermon would have been less complete. He is too intent upon making the most of his text for his own purposes. His effort is to be exhaustive in teaching us all that can be learnt from the sad career of Elizabeth, and the spiritual tyranny of Conrad; and he even goes beyond his text to give us a useful picture of the lay mind of the middle ages, and to make his interlocutors directly sarcastic and argumentative in modern schools of thought. Had he contented himself on his own ground in depicting the results of the Romish moral teachings in staining by enforced consciousness and false slurs the purity of the household affections, and had brought his play to a close with the death or burial of Louis, delicate and difficult as his subject-matter would still have been, he would yet have left a sim-

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pler impression, and written a more perfect tragedy. The effect is impaired, and the inherent unity which art demands is destroyed, when we are hurried to a new set of impressions, and from the contest between the rich affections and the warped conscience, painted with deep passion and high genius, are transferred to the lingering agonies of a canonisation won by the false self-sacrifice that consists in self-degradation. It is not paradoxical to say that such a subject is too painful for tragedy. It reads like witnessing torture. When pain or suffering arise in a noble contest or by swift judgment, when it is accompanied by raised passions, it is not only that we know that by such accompaniment it is made tolerable to the sufferer, but the feelings of the reader too, roused by sympathy, give him the power to contemplate it. But the cold and slow withdrawals of support, the measured rising of the tide of misery, the gradual crushing of a noble nature, who can bear to see laid bare and anatomised? Wounds and death are within the sphere of the painter; we can bear to gaze upon the writhings of the Laocoon; but who could tolerate a picture which should reveal on canvas the secrets of the hospital? And Mr. Kingsley drains the painfulness of his subject to the last dregs, and will not spare us, even after death, the loathsome enthusiasm of the saint's devotees. This is not tragedy, this is not the sphere of poetry; and if it was right to read the painful lesson—and far be it from us to say it was not—it should have been taught in another form. We do not say it should or could effectively have been read to us without the aid of the imagination; but then, both in the shaping of the whole and in detail, the imagination should have been made (as in choice of subject and treatment it is made) secondary to the truths to be inculcated. By embodying them in a drama, the author virtually undertakes to deal with his subject as a poet, and not as a preacher.

There is no need at this late day to dwell upon the beauties and merits of this play. It affords in many of its passages a very remarkable evidence of the truth of that which we have above asserted, that a man, the general bent of whose nature does not lead him to be a poet, may yet, under exceptional promptings, vie with and surpass the highest reach of more artistic but less rich natures. Seldom has a warmer, purer voice been given to the passionate affections than in the earlier part of the *Saint's Tragedy;* seldom has the conflict of the soul been laid bare by a more eloquent exponent.

It is with regret we turn from a production, which with all its defects is a noble and worthy fruit of the genius of its author, to the small volume of poems which he has lately published. It is not much to tell Mr. Kingsley that he has unwisely hazarded

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his fame, because it is not for fame that he writes; but a man who aims through writing to influence other men is bound to cherish his opportunities. At least if he cares to do more work, he would do wisely not carelessly to impair the reputation he has won. We are at a loss to know what motives can have induced Mr. Kingsley to give this volume to the world. He may not be a man of cool judgment, but he ought to have the critical faculty sufficiently developed to know that these minor poems, with very few exceptions, scarcely reach the level of clever mediocrity. The mass of them are prose thoughts inexpertly moulded into verse. Spirit many of them have, and vigour, and signs of ability which Mr. Kingsley's writings can never be without. Still, unrecommended by his name on the title-page, the whole impression must have gone uncut to the trunk-maker's, or to whatever other place is the modern Hades of still-born publications.

We have said that there are exceptions to the low average of merit in the collection. Prominent among these stands "The Sands of Dee," long ago familiar to the public. Its wild sweetness and mournful cadence have earned it a strong and well-deserved hold upon the popular mind. Even here, in two of the lines, Mr. Kingsley's genius has deserted him. No man with fine and true poetic instincts ought to have admitted

> "The cruel crawling foam,
> The cruel hungry foam,"

to spoil the keeping of the poem. It owes its charm to pathos, embodied in an utterance of exquisite simplicity; it moves us more deeply by the very absence of any direct appeal to the feelings, by the tranquillity of its mournfulness: and this exaggerated personification, this sort of outbreak of exasperated feeling and angry accusation, jars sharply with the mood excited by the rest of the poem.

Mr. Kingsley's remarkable power of wielding the English tongue would give him rare facilities as a translator. Of all translations, the most difficult to make are those from very closely allied languages. The temptation is great to choose the same word instead of one conveying the real meaning; similarity of forms obscures differences of real import, and by pre-occupying the mind, makes it a puzzling and difficult thing to discover the real equivalent. Of languages embodying an average amount of common ideas, perhaps none is so difficult to translate into English as the Anglo-Saxon; and not far from it is the Icelandic. We have never seen any thing which remotely approaches the skill with which alike the form and the spirit of the old Norse songs are reproduced in the Longbeards' Saga of Mr. Kingsley. If he would perform an invaluable service to English literature, let



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him translate the Elder Edda. We no longer think it impossible that it should be so rendered into our tongue as to give a not inadequate idea of the original. The bald, hampered, and lifeless construings which are all we now possess, where we possess any thing, to give the English reader an idea of ancient Northern poetry, would be happily ousted if we could have such poems as the Icelandic Gudrunaquitha, or the Anglo-Saxon Beowulf, rendered in strains so spirited and instinct with the genius of the North as the specimen we quote:

"Out of the morning land,
Over the snow-drifts,
Beautiful Freya came,
Tripping to Scoring.
White were the moorlands
And frozen before her:
Green were the moorlands,
And blooming behind her.
Out of her gold locks
Shaking the spring flowers,
Out of her garments
Shaking the south wind,
Around in the birches
Awaking the throstles,
And making chaste housewives all
Long for their heroes home,
Loving and love-giving,
Came she to Scoring.
Came unto Gambara,
Wisest of Valas,—
'Vala, why weepest thou?
Far in the wide-blue,
High up in the Elfin-home,
Heard I thy weeping.'

'Stop not my weeping,
Till one can fight seven.
Sons have I, heroes tall,
First in the sword-play;
This day at the Wendels' hands
Eagles must tear them.
Their mothers, thrall-weary,
Must grind for the Wendels.'
Wept the Alruna wife;
Kissed her fair Freya:—
'Far off in the morning land,
High in Valhalla,
A window stands open;
Its sill is the snow-peaks,
Its posts are the water-spouts,
Storm-rack its lintel;
Gold cloud-flakes above it
Are piled for the roofing,
Far up to the Elfin-home,
High in the wide-blue.

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Smiles out each morning thence
Odin Allfather;
From under the cloud-eaves
Smiles out on the heroes,
Smiles on chaste housewives all,
Smiles on the brood-mares,
Smiles on the smiths' work:
And theirs is the sword-luck,
With them is the glory,—
So Odin hath sworn it,—
Who first in the morning
Shall meet him and greet him.'
Still the Alruna wept:—
'Who then shall greet him?
Women alone are here:
Far on the moorlands
Behind the war-lindens,
In vain for the bill's doom
Watch Winil heroes all,
One against seven.'
Sweetly the Queen laughed:—
'Hear thou my counsel now;
Take to thee cunning,
Beloved of Freya.
Take thou thy women-folk,
Maidens and wives:
Over your ankles
Lace on the white war-hose;
Over your bosoms
Link up the hard mail-nets;
Over your lips
Plait long tresses with cunning;—
So war-beasts full-bearded
King Odin shall deem you,
When off the gray sea-beach
At sunrise ye greet him.'"

It is in purely original poetry that Mr. Kingsley is most liable to fail. Nobody can doubt the originality of his genius, and his thorough genuineness; but in poetry he requires something to mould himself on. Partly for this reason he excels in ballad poetry unintermixed with modern ideas. "It was Earl Haldan's Daughter" and "The Red King," in spite of the affected phraseology of the latter, are two of the best things he has written in verse.

The main poem of the present publication is "Andromeda," a classical subject-matter treated in hexameters. This metre has become to a certain extent fashionable among English and American writers. Perhaps there is no human being who reads it with pleasure; but it is not difficult to understand that there should be a certain pleasure in writing it. It has pleasant associations to recommend it; and while it differs from ordinary models, it is of all verse the most easy to write; moreover, the monotony which makes it intolerable to the reader is not equally

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obnoxious to the writer, who moves over less ground at a time. Its poverty is a measure of the ease with which it is written. Probably all Englishmen, certainly the great mass of them, are entirely ignorant of the real force of the ancient hexameter. Our ears are dead to the rhythm of quantities. It is possible to understand that their lesser variations may have given great richness to the rhythmical harmony of ancient verse. It is impossible to reproduce this by the bald distinction between accented and unaccented syllables. The richness of our native verse is due to an infinite variety of pause and cadence, and to a harmony of quantities unreduced to any rule, and standing quite apart from the rhythmical structure of the verse. The necessity of commencing every line of English hexameters with an *ictus* is almost in itself sufficient to give it its character of sameness. They combine the elements of monotony in two different systems of rhythm into one hybrid flow, and result in the pace of a butcher's pony in verse. Such as it is, Mr. Kingsley handles it well, and makes the most of it. He is as much better than Longfellow as a canter is better than a see-saw. The poem itself abounds in glowing language and luxuriant description. It is like a painting whose value depends on the gorgeousness of its hues and the roundness of its lines. It is to what the highest poetry should be as Rubens is to Raphael. But the English mind is now, and not unreasonably, somewhat sated with that rich blazonry of external nature in which for some time after its first introduction it revelled with delight.

We have indicated that Mr. Kingsley is a greater artist in prose than in verse. He has treated this subject in both ways. We will cite two nearly parallel passages, and leave it to our readers to decide whether the comparison does not, as far as a single instance can go, corroborate our judgment. The conditions, indeed, of the comparison are in favour of the poetry, for the passage is one of imaginative description, better suited to verse than to prose; and in the prose the native luxuriousness of the author's fancy is under restraint for the perusal of boys and maidens:

"'Promise me, and seal it with a kiss.'

Then she lifted up her face, and kissed him; and Perseus laughed for joy, and flew upward, while Andromeda crouched trembling on the rock, waiting for what might befall.

On came the great sea-monster, coasting along like a huge black galley, lazily breasting the ripple, and stopping at times by creek or headland, to watch for the laughter of girls at their bleaching, or cattle pawing on the sand-hills, or boys bathing on the beach. His great sides were fringed with clustering shells and sea-weeds, and the water gurgled in and out of his wide jaws, as he rolled along, dripping and glistening, in the beams of the morning sun.

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At last he saw Andromeda, and shot forward to take his prey, while the waves foamed white behind him, and before him the fish fled leaping.

Then down from the height of the air fell Perseus, like a shooting star; down to the crests of the waves, while Andromeda hid her face as he shouted; and then there was silence for a while.

At last she looked up trembling, and saw Perseus springing toward her; and instead of the monster a long black rock, with the sea rippling quietly round it.

Who then so proud as Perseus, as he leapt back to the rock, and lifted his fair Andromeda in his arms, and flew with her to the cliff-top, as a falcon carries a dove?"

" 'Kiss me but once, and I go.'
Then lifting her neck, like a sea-bird
Peering up over the wave, from the foam-white swells of her bosom,
Blushing she kissed him: afar on the topmost Idalian summit
Laughed in the joy of her heart, far-seeing, the queen Aphrodité.
Loosing his arms from her waist he flew upward, awaiting the sea-beast.
Onward it came from the southward, as bulky and black as a galley,
Lazily coasting along, as the fish fled leaping before it;
Lazily breasting the ripple, and watching by sandbar and headland,
Listening for laughter of maidens at bleaching, or song of the fisher,
Children at play on the pebbles, or cattle that pawed on the sandhills.
Rolling and dripping it came, where bedded in glistening purple
Cold on the cold sea-weeds lay the long white sides of the maiden,
Trembling, her face in her hands, and her tresses afloat on the water.
As when an osprey aloft, dark-eyebrowed, royally crested,
Flags on by creek and by cove, and in scorn of the anger of Nereus
Ranges, the king of the shore; if he see on a glittering shallow,
Chasing the bass and the mullet, the fin of a wallowing dolphin,
Halting, he wheels round slowly, in doubt at the weight of his quarry,
Whether to clutch it alive, or to fall on the wretch like a plummet,
Stunning with terrible talon the life of the brain in the hindhead:
Then rushes up with a scream, and stooping the wrath of his eyebrows
Falls from the sky like a star, while the wind rattles hoarse in his pinions.
Over him closes the foam for a moment; then from the sand-bed
Rolls up the great fish, dead, and his side gleams white in the sunshine.
Thus fell the boy on the beast, unveiling the face of the Gorgon;
Thus fell the boy on the beast; thus rolled up the beast in his horror,
Once, as the dead eyes glared into his; then his sides, death-sharpened,
Stiffened and stood, brown rock, in the wash of the wandering water.
Beautiful, eager, triumphant, he leapt back again to his treasure;
Leapt back again, full blest, toward arms spread wide to receive him.
Brimful of honour he clasped her, and brimful of love she caressed him,
Answering lip with lip; while above them the queen Aphrodité
Poured on their foreheads and limbs, unseen, ambrosial odours,
Givers of longing, and rapture, and chaste content in espousals."

These passages are so much alike, that it may be well, perhaps, to cite another example of the beauty of Mr. Kingsley's descriptive prose. It is a picture of the sirens singing in the setting sun. Both quotations, it is scarcely necessary to say, are from his charming English remoulding of the myths of the Greek heroes:

"And all things stayed around and listened; the gulls sat in white lines along the rocks; on the beach great seals lay basking, and kept

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time with lazy heads; while silver shoals of fish came up to hearken, and whispered as they broke the shining calm. The Wind overhead hushed his whistling, as he shepherded his clouds toward the west; and the clouds stood in mid blue, and listened dreaming, like a flock of golden sheep."

Mr. Kingsley is not only more a preacher than a poet, he is more an historian than a poet. His leading impulse is to give to his own ideas a vivid expression and form calculated to secure the adhesion of others; but more than this, he has little sympathy with the individual forms of life in which the poet most delights. The highest poetic working is that which creates an individual who is representative of much beyond himself; and the poetic imagination is most deeply impressed with special phenomena. Mr. Kingsley, like many others, works in the opposite direction; he imagines the type, has that clearly before him, and strives to embody it in an individual form. His insight is into the features of a time; and both his sympathies and his imagination are attracted by bodies of thought, by ideas common to many men. His characters are powerfully drawn; figures each not so much of a man as of a sort of man. And kinds of men, and directions of thought, he sees into with clearness, and describes with singular force: yet the accuracy of his insight and truth of his delineations are always subordinated to his vehement desire to enunciate his own convictions, and liable to be distorted by it. We do not say that the moral temperament which leads to these results is not greater than a cold artistic faculty like that of Goethe; we only say it is unwise in one thus constituted to grasp at the power of expressing himself in the highest forms of art. It is something to be a fox-hunter, a clergyman, a reformer, a fly-fisher, a naturalist, and a novelist. With so many claims on our respect, Mr. Kingsley should have spared us the drawings in "The Heroes," and also these minor poems. The "Saint's Tragedy" no man can wish unwritten. May it live to exert its influence on many generations! Elizabeth of Hungary is in great measure an exception to the remarks we have just made. The author is at once supported and confined by the possession of biographical detail. Yet even here the personal image grows dim, when contrasted with the singular vividness with which the ideas and feelings are depicted. For the author has not only the prophetic fire, but is potent to describe the rush of strong feelings; and this, again, you see clearly from the tone of his writing, is not done so much through the imagination, as because a strong and full current runs through his own veins. Conrad is not a man, but Mr. Kingsley's idea of a priest; and the subordinate characters are unsteadily drawn and commonplace, conversing in a language equally remote from the reality of our day and their own. "St. Maara" is an exercise in the school of Tenny-

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son. How little Mr. Kingsley is fitted to move in verse is shown by the exactness with which he follows the rhythm and versification of his model; a couple of lines will show exactly what we mean:

> "I rose and tried to go;
> But all the eyes had vanished, and the judge;
> And all the buildings melted into mist."

It is shown, too, by the superiority of his verse, wherever, as in the "Andromeda," "St. Maura," and the "Longbeards' Saga," he has some definite mould on which to shape it. For its matter, the "St. Maura" is fervid and eloquent; and Mr. Kingsley is rarely seen to more advantage than when he can be fervid and eloquent. Yet, with our best efforts, we cannot stifle an impression that it is somewhat turgid and unreal.

The natural man will kick against the sermon. He rebels at the under-current of moral admonition which underlies every line of Mr. Kingsley's writing. We tire of the noblest actions and the finest sentiments set forth on paper with so much pomp of diction. We love to let both deeds and people recommend themselves. If you wish to make a man universally hated, you have only to press him upon every body as a paragon; if you wish to make people see the defects and shortcomings of a great action, or of a certain set of principles, you have only to insist upon them sufficiently, and you beget a reaction. The best things are placed at a disadvantage, if you will go on writing about them. Thus a manly character is a thing to be desired, and manly exercises are noble in their way. But they better bear to be practised than extolled. Hunting and fishing are admirable pastimes under the open air of heaven; but it is astonishing how soon they become bores in books. It is all very well to wade up to your middle from the simple desire to catch fish; but to make incessant demands in print upon the admiration of your fellow-creatures because you are fond of catching fish, is not very well; it soon becomes tiresome, in fact; and to indulge contempt for all those who have not the skill or opportunity to catch trout and salmon, is unchristian. It is a fine thing to ride well to hounds; but it is both more exciting and less fatiguing to go across country than through the recommendatory literature on the subject. We have had enough for the present of "the dappled darlings," "hark forwards," &c. both in prose and verse. Shooting and skating are delightful; but nothing shall persuade us that a north-easter is not a disagreeable accompaniment. Let us enjoy ourselves as of old, without so much fuss, and without thinking ourselves or others eminently virtuous or distinguished for doing so. Already there are signs of a reaction; an eminent contemporary has fallen back on *Harry*

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*and Lucy*, and *Sandford and Merton*, and disinterred the old notion that the mind is greater than the body.

And so it is of other things. Who doubts the sweetness or the value of the household ties and affections? But if you insist on saying so much about them, men will turn their eyes elsewhere, and discover some other claim to their respect and admiration than that of being the father of a family. Things excellent in themselves are better treated simply than with any approach to ostentatiousness or exaggeration.

There is another subject to which it is impossible to help some allusion in the discussion of any part of Mr. Kingsley's writings. Those who have called him the "Apostle of the Flesh" have just that degree of truth with them which makes a caricature telling. He is the emphatic denouncer of prudery, than which there is nothing more detestable; the warm defender of family ties and household affections, than which there are no things more pure and more sacred. But he does not seem always aware that to praise is almost as delicate a matter as to condemn, and may become almost as dangerous a mode of infringing that unconsciousness which is of the essence of purity. And it is not too much to say, that Mr. Kingsley's temperament and taste do not fit him very exactly for dealing with this sort of subject-matter. It is not that he is too outspoken,—a more simple and direct outspeaking would be more to our taste than the guarded suggestions of Mr. Kingsley's writings; it is that the debatable landmarks of modesty have a sort of charm for him, and he is too fond of being near the boundary. Matters innocent and even beautiful in themselves do not always bear allusion; the roots of passion, like those of blossoming roses, are hidden in the ground. A wise writer will eschew fastidiousness both of phrase and matter; and false delicacy is the bane of true modesty. We have no quarrel with Mr. Kingsley for boldly handling subjects that seem to him to require it, though they should be without the pale of the conventional proprieties; what we dislike is, that he sometimes sways the thoughts of his readers in directions inconsistent with the truest delicacy. As modesty veils the person, so it veils a thousand other things; and it is no defence of an allusion to these in print to say that in themselves they are infinitely sound, pure, and healthy. A warm temperament should distrust itself with the pen. Fielding had a fund of natural delicacy, yet he cannot be said to be always a delicate writer; and Mr. Kingsley has one or two things which might have been written by the author of the description of Mrs. Waters, had he taken orders and been submitted to the restraints of the nineteenth century.

Apart from these considerations, Mr. Kingsley's whole posi-

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tion needs a very careful and firm footing. He has taken the energetic healthy animal man under his protection; but the healthy animal man is generally pretty well able to defend himself, and needs but gentle stimulants to his appetites, his anger, or even his love of physical excitement.

But we are in danger of wandering from our present limited subject, Mr. Kingsley's poems. As for his other works, with all their failings, he has scattered many a handful of good seed in the English field. As for the poetry, indifferent as it is, a cultivated mind and a noble nature shine through it as the light through an ill-adapted lantern. Mr. Kingsley is not a poet: the "Saint's Tragedy" is far from being all a tragedy should be; yet, however in our colder critical moods we may judge of its artistic merits, there are passages in it the recollection of which seems to make criticism detraction, and our brief analysis of the author's genius an impertinence. And it would be so, were it not that it is for the interest of all literature that those who are deeply and justly admired should have their claims strictly examined. An unqualified reception of the present volume as good poetry would not be desirable in itself, nor creditable to the character of English readers.

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## Art. VI.—MAHOMET.

*The Life of Mahomet, and History of Islam to the Era of the Hejira.* By William Muir, Esq., Bengal Civil Service. 2 vols. London: Smith, Elder, and Co., 1858.

*The History and Conquests of the Saracens.* Six Lectures delivered before the Edinburgh Philosophical Institution. By Edward A. Freeman, M.A., late Fellow of Trinity College, Oxford. Oxford: J. H. Parker, 1856.

*History of Latin Christianity.* (Book IV. Chap. I.) By Henry Hart Milman, D.D., Dean of St. Paul's. London: John Murray, 1857.

The history of the great founder of Islam and his vast religious empire involves the consideration of questions almost bewildering from their numbers and their importance. To superficial thinkers that history presents, indeed, but little difficulty. Their shallow judgments are moulded by the deep-rooted prejudices of a traditional teaching, which with them practically supersedes the necessity of all thought. If unbiased in favour of particular theological systems, they are satisfied with regarding Mahomet as a cold and scheming impostor, whom accident or

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the force of circumstances placed at the head of a great confederacy, and who raised the fabric of his dominion on the credulity and sensual passions of his followers. But if their convictions are deeper, and their devotion to any special religious school stronger, the picture becomes invested with a more sombre and repulsive colouring. The characteristics of conscious imposture and wilful deception remain the same; but they are attributed to demoniacal influence and Satanic agency. The image of Antichrist rises up before them; and in the life and teaching of Mahomet are clearly seen its loathsome and horrible features. In his marvellous career and its astonishing results, they behold throughout the hand, not of God, but of His enemy; and the apostle of Islam is thrust down to the lowest pit amongst the vilest of traitors and most deadly of heretics. To scan his features and examine his acts, would be to tamper with evil and expose themselves to its corrupting influences; and the words of Christ and his Apostles, in which they read his express condemnation, dispense with a task at once arduous and irksome. The conclusions of so shallow and blind a bigotry have not unnaturally called into existence an admiration almost as partial and unmerited. The plea of sincerity has been urged as an extenuation for erroneous teaching, and the system of Mahomet has been painted as at once beneficent and humane.

Of the large number of books which have treated, whether specially or incidentally, of Mahometan teaching and history, a great majority embody the conclusions of these three classes of thinkers; and the contemptuous indifference of the first is perhaps scarcely less to be deprecated than the vehement antagonism and the undue and false admiration of the others.

It would be an idle as well as almost an endless task to describe with any minuteness the conflicting judgments which have been pronounced on the acts and teaching of Mahomet, from writers such as Prideaux and White on the one side, to Gagnier and Boulainvilliers on the other. But the subject of Islamism is one which emphatically demands a full, fair, and free inquiry,—a clear, unbiased, unambiguous verdict; and such a verdict, we feel bound to say, has not yet been delivered. In spite of all the critical power and generous impartiality which by some writers have been brought to bear upon it, the question has not advanced towards its solution so far as might have been expected,—certainly not so far as the extension of thought and information will not long hence imperatively require. The reasons of this partial failure probably have not altogether escaped some, at least, of those candid and impartial writers whose works have contributed most largely to elucidate

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the subject; but the fact of that failure renders excusable, and perhaps necessary, a brief mention of some of the treatises on the religion and history of Islam.

The *Life of Mahomet* by Humphrey Prideaux, Dean of Norwich, may, without hesitation, be pronounced a marvellous specimen of unconscious blindness and perverted reasoning. It might be more difficult to decide whether the pitiable unfairness which denies to the apostle of Islam a single redeeming quality, which will not even give him credit for sincere motives yielding afterwards to the pressure of temptation, deserves a harder sentence than do those maligners of Christianity for whose benefit he took pen in hand. The hatred of idolatry, the vehement conviction of the unity of God, the desire to terminate a long reign of frightful anarchy, are not allowed to have been even subordinate motives in bringing about a revolution, which is attributed to sheer lust of power. The descendant of Haschem aspired, as he conceives, to the supreme dignity among the Koreish; "and being a very subtle crafty man, after having maturely weighed all ways and means whereby to bring this to pass, concluded none so likely to effect it as the framing of that imposture which he afterwards vented with so much mischief." It is astonishing that even Dr. Prideaux could not have seen, that the very slightest compromise (such a compromise as, it would now seem, on one occasion for a brief period he actually made) would at once have carried him to this supposed summit of his ambition; but it is certainly no marvel that such a method of defending Christianity furthered rather the cause of his antagonists than his own, and that such infatuated ignorance should stimulate in others an undue admiration for the work of "the great impostor and antichrist." A few years later, in the preface to his translation and learned commentary on the Koran, Sale expresses his belief that Mahomet had "given the Arabians the best religion he could, as well as the best laws;" while by the Count de Boulainvilliers he is exalted into one of the greatest of human benefactors. The tide of indiscriminate approbation and condemnation had now begun to ebb, and more of scholarship and impartiality is evident in the pages of Gagnier and Ockley, the professors of Oriental literature at Oxford and Cambridge. But the labours of Ockley were directed chiefly towards clearing up the obscurities of early Mahometan history; while the character of Mahomet himself is sketched by him with a singular and good-humoured quaintness, which imparts a charm to pages not very profound in their analysis of human motives.

On either side of these are to be placed some writers who have laboured for definite religious objects, and others who

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have designed to interest only the general reader. By Maracci, the confessor of Innocent XI., in his *Refutation of the Koran*, the failings and crimes of Mahomet could not have been handled with a keener and more rigorous severity, had he enjoyed the clearest light and the highest privileges; while his repudiation of miraculous power is urged by Dr. White, in his Bampton Lectures for 1784, as a special argument for the inferiority of his system to the Christian faith, which *was* established by such supernatual manifestations.

One name, and that the greatest, among the historians of the last, almost of any, century, yet remains to be mentioned —that of Gibbon. But it would be vain to look for any conclusive and satisfactory judgment on the moral and religious teaching or life of Mahomet, to one in whom the most profound learning and the keenest intellect had failed to extinguish, or even to moderate, prejudices as bitter as they were unworthy. Amidst the gorgeous array of sentences, monotonous (some might be tempted to say wearisome) in their very magnificence, we cannot feel perfectly certain that we have apprehended the exact mind of the writer. Deeds of virtue and crimes, errors of teaching and sayings undeniably true, acts of policy and beneficence, selfish schemes and wholesome reforms, are so constantly and so nicely balanced, that, at the most, Mahomet would appear one not very harshly to be condemned, although not perhaps to be acknowledged as a teacher of uncompromising righteousness.

But by the writers of the present age the whole subject of the life and teaching of Mahomet, and of the problems involved in it, has been presented, if not in an aspect entirely new, yet in a far clearer and more brilliant light. The same sagacity and practical wisdom which has invested with new life the history of Rome and Greece, and disentangled the fictions of legend from actual fact, has been brought to bear on the legend, the mythology, the history of Islam, by such writers as Caussin de Perceval, Weil, and Sprenger. The same generous and unprejudiced criticism, the same wide and liberal appreciation of all high aims and worthy motives, characterises also the pages of the three works which we have enumerated at the head of the present article.

Our limits must prevent our examining as fully as we might wish the chapters of Dean Milman, of Mr. Freeman, and Mr. Muir; they will also preclude our doing any thing like full justice to a subject of the utmost intricacy as well as gravity, and one in which a strict impartiality will compel us to impugn some of their positions and reject some of their conclusions. The simple desire to arrive at the truth must lead us to probe

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deeply and speak freely. We believe that but for certain impediments, of which they may or may not be conscious, these writers would have done even higher service; and it is in the hope of receiving from them and from others further help and yet closer criticism, that we act on the old maxim, *ἀμφοῖν φίλοιν ὄντοιν ὅσιον προτιμᾶν τὴν ἀλήθειαν.*

But before we approach the life of Mahomet himself, a brief notice is required of Mr. Muir's prefatory chapters on the Preislamite History of Arabia. We confess that, while reading his admirable and most valuable introductory essay on the credibility of the sources for the biography of Mahomet, we were scarcely prepared to find in the succeeding chapters so wide a departure from the canons of criticism previously laid down. The whole period of Arabian history antecedent to the rise of Islam is by no means attractive; but no one could have laid down better than Mr. Muir has done in his opening chapter the laws by which the history of such difficult and obscure periods is to be interpreted. It is manifestly open to any writer to avoid such subjects altogether, or to refrain from the almost hopeless task of reconciling a series of intricate ethnological traditions: but it is scarcely reasonable to apply a severer canon to the authorities for the life of Mahomet, than to the altogether less trustworthy sources from which the few brief notices of earlier periods are to be gleaned. Mr. Muir has sifted with critical and most impartial accuracy the vast mass of Mahometan tradition, and given at length the rules which have guided him in his researches; but in the Preislamite period, he accepts, with an almost blind faith, obscure filiations of tribes and races to personal eponymi, and draws definite geographical conclusions from the mere occurrence of a name. To his canons of credibility, as applicable to Mahometan history and tradition, we shall have to recur hereafter; but as this strange inequality is found also in his life of the prophet, and for the same reason, it is better to call attention to it at once.

The scanty knowledge which we may possess of the times preceding the birth of Mahomet is derived from no contemporary, indeed from no written national records whatever. A few rock-hewn inscriptions, scarcely legible, may contain some sealed lore respecting the ancient Himyarite princes; but beyond the wild and conflicting legends of the Arab tribes we are left altogether to the chance testimony of foreign writers. The pages of Diodorus may throw light on so exceptional an event as the invasion of Ælius Gallus; a few incidental notices may be gleaned from those of Josephus: but with these exceptions the authorities for early Arabian history are found chiefly in the Old Testament; and in the genealogical lists of the books

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of Genesis and Chronicles Mr. Muir sees indisputable data for the first settlements in Arabia. Had these lists been handed down by Shiite or Sonnite tradition, the probability is, that his own canons of criticism would have led him to reject every one of them; but the personal existence of Shem, Ham, and Japhet, of Cush, of the children of Keturah, of Joktan, Teman, and Amalek, is taken for granted on the authority, as it would seem, of the "inspired historian."* Mr. Muir is certainly not called upon to put forth a volume of Biblical criticism; but any one who quotes a genealogical or ethnological statement as conclusive is bound to ascertain first the value of his authority, and bound also by every principle of fairness to test such statements in the Pentateuch or elsewhere, by the same rules which he would apply to the works of Hishâmi, of Wâckidi, or his Secretary. From such a course no fears of irreverence or scepticism need deter him: he is not required to do more than leave it an open question, on which we cannot pronounce absolutely, but against which lies certainly a great improbability. We can hardly suppose that, from his expression of the "inspired penman,"† Mr. Muir regards the whole book of Genesis, or the whole books of Chronicles, as the production of a single individual. Of their authorship, moreover, we know nothing, or of the time which may have elapsed between the compilation of the narrative and the events which it professes to record, while yet it existed as mere floating tradition. They are unsupported by external testimony; they exhibit great and manifest contradictions; and no small proportion of the facts given in the book to which he makes most frequent reference, if occurring in the pages of Tabari, Mr. Muir would be the first to set down as wild legend or mere mythology. His faith in these genealogical lists has, however, such influence over him, that he draws up, with but little hesitation, tabular lists of Arabian eponymi, and of the progenitors of Mahomet from Adnan.‡ It is true that the history so constructed is little more than a barren series of probable statements, of feuds *said* to have raged between certain tribes, of cities said to have been built at certain periods, of monarchs who are said to have reigned over certain kingdoms. But the existence of such early progenitors as Moab, Ammon, Amalek, Kahtan, Cahlan, Yarab, Yashjab, seems to him to be an offset against the uncertainty of the general narrative; whereas, in point of fact, nothing should be admitted with more hesitation than the personality of eponymous heroes. The preface of Livy attests the general tendency of nations *consecrare origines et ad deos referre auctores;* and if Mr. Muir had consulted the early volumes of Mr. Grote's *History of*

* Vol. i. p. cix. † Ib. p. cxxvii. ‡ Ib. pp. cxlix. cxcv.

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*Greece*, he would have found the whole subject treated with consummate ability, and practically set at rest. The Arab may not have exulted, like the sons of Hellên, in the thought that, at whatever interval of descent, the blood of the gods still flowed within his veins: he may not, with them, have valued his genealogical tree for the fewness rather than for the multitude of its generations: but he was under the same temptation to substitute a definite fiction for an indefinite reality. Mr. Muir looks, perhaps, on such genealogies with the greater indulgence from the common fallacy which infers the truth of the earliest links from the known personal existence of the later. But (as Mr. Grote has forcibly asked) because the historian Hecatæus, who prided himself that sixteen generations carried him back to the gods who walked upon the earth, was a real person, is it, therefore, reasonable to infer the existence of these divine progenitors?*

But Mr. Muir's introductory chapters exhibit in forcible colours the disorganisation, the feuds, the gross and obstinate paganism, of the great majority of the tribes of the peninsula. Political disunion and moral corruption had, indeed, well-nigh dealt a fatal blow to all national greatness, when the founder (or restorer) of Arabian monotheism appeared amongst his countrymen. The vast peninsula which stretches from the mouths of the Nile to the Sea of Oman, from the head of the Persian Gulf to the Straits of Bab al Mandâb, had passed through a strange and chequered history, emerging sometimes from its obscurity, and again falling back into its old mysterious monotony. Something, indeed, it had exhibited of greatness and magnificence; it had received the costly products of India, and transmitted them, with the spices and fruits of her own happier regions, to the vast world of Roman dominion. But, with all its opulence and splendour, it had still remained isolated from the surrounding nations; it had exercised no influence on their fortunes and their power; it had been moulded but little by the forms of a foreign civilisation. The vast aggregate of tribes which claimed the son of Abraham and Hagar as their progenitor, seemed indeed to be divided into two distinct classes,—the one clinging to the roving life and wild independence of their common ancestor, the other labouring contentedly in the busy marts of traffic, and amassing wealth in splendid and populous cities. The merchants of Mecca, of Petra, and of Bostra may have rivalled the wealthiest citizens of Rome; and their towns presented the spectacle of luxury congenial to a

* The whole range of history can scarcely furnish more than a single well-attested eponym,—the great progenitor of the Ottoman sultans. Cf. *Freeman's Lectures*, p. 144.

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sedentary and commercial people. But their traditional character had been rather modified than changed; rather diverted by circumstances into a new channel than weaned from ancient habits and associations. The commerce, which had been transported on the Ships of the Desert from the gardens of Yemen to the rock-hewn cities of Idumæa, was drawn off to the ports at the head of the Red Sea. The energy and perseverance of Roman enterprise forsook the rugged defiles of the mountains, so soon as it had opened out a speedier, if not safer, transit by water. The marts of the Nabathæans were deserted, the annual train of caravans interrupted, and the wealth and splendour of the Arabian traders destroyed. The palaces of Petra became silent and ruinous; and the wild rovers of the desert took the place of the merchant-princes, with their hands against every man and every man's hand against them. Thenceforth the history of the several tribes had exhibited for the most part a fearful monotony of feuds and warfare, treachery and bloodshed. Strife became their normal condition, broken by short and fitful truces, grudgingly given and eagerly violated. What the tenth century was at Rome to the annals of the papacy, that was the period following the suppression of Arabian commerce to the descendants of Ishmael and Yarab. If the reader turns away wearied and disgusted by the wild factions and headlong iniquities of John XIII. and Benedict VI.; if he only with difficulty sees the slender thread which connects those scenes of anarchy and violence with better times; he will feel yet more wearied and repelled by the narrative of hereditary feuds embittered in their descent from sire to son, by continual wars between tribe and tribe which acknowledged no common centre and even threw aside all individual subordination. In the midst of this perpetual tumult, if not altogether in consequence of it, the religion of the peninsula had been corrupted as much as its civilisation had been repressed. Here and there were seen at work the conflicting influences of Judaism and Christianity; but the worship of the vast majority was a gross and degraded idolatry. The Sabaism of the Arabs had not, indeed, lost all trace of Abrahamic tradition; it had not altogether forgotten the sacred doctrine, to guard which had been the special work of the posterity of Jacob; but the unity of the Godhead had been overlaid by a fetish worship, which rendered it practically a nullity. A notion of mediation, whether originating among themselves or derived from others, had led to the personification of the heavenly bodies, and to their inauguration as intercessors with the unseen God, who was too highly exalted to take note of the wants or the sufferings of man. But the tribes who were thus torn asunder by

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feud and faction still retained in this, their common idolatry, a centre of religious attraction; and the Kaaba at Mecca, with its grim array of three hundred and sixty deities, was to the Arab what the Temple on Mount Zion, with its imageless shrine, was to the Hebrew. The influence of Judaism was felt chiefly in the regions of Medina and Mecca; that of Christianity in the ancient Himyarite kingdom of Yemen: and the army of the Christian Abrahah, the powerful Abyssinian viceroy, perished in the same year which witnessed the birth of Mahomet. But neither Judaism nor Christianity in Arabia had appeared in their fairest colours. The Jews were apparently more versed in the wild legends and absurd traditions of the Talmud than in the writings of their prophets, the Christians more vehement for orthodox or heretical dogmas than careful of the realities which those dogmas were intended to represent. The Arabian peninsula had either received or given birth to a number of heresies, and the conflicts of schismatical teachers furnished a strange comment on the religion which proclaimed peace on earth and goodwill towards men. Thus, while the great body of the nation, or rather of hostile tribes, was resigning itself more and more to its gross and debasing idolatry, with no political allegiance and no civil subordination, a few only here and there (such as those whom Arab tradition has marked by the name of the Four Inquirers) were stirred up to something like thoughtful sorrow for the condition of their countrymen, and prayed for some remedy, of which yet, amidst the strife of weapons and tongues, they well-nigh despaired.

It was at this crisis in their history that the child was born who was afterwards to unite this chaotic mass by the strongest ties of religious obedience and union, to put away the degrading rites of the old idolatry, and lead the believer in the unity of God to convert the infidel on the battle-field. The tribe of Koreish was divided into the rival families of Haschem and Abd Schems; and Abd al Mutalib, the representative of the former, received from his mother the infant Mahomet, the only child of his son Abdallah, whose death he was still mourning. A few years later, the fatherless child was deprived also of his mother, and was left altogether to the care and protection of his grandfather. Five-and-twenty years passed away, with few incidents except the Sacrilegious War (one of those instances of the violation of sacred months, which the state of Arab society rendered a matter of little wonder), and the annually recurring fair at Ocatz, where the child Mahomet witnessed the poetical contests of the tribe, and heard (what was to him of far higher moment) the preaching of the Christian bishop of Najran. Once he accompanied the caravan to Syria, and there beheld



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the solemn ritual of the Christian church, and may have imbibed possibly some little of Christian teaching. But besides this no record remains of his early years, except that which tells of the gentleness of his demeanour and the purity of his life. The shepherd boy who guarded the flocks of his uncle Abu Taleb (for his grandfather was long since dead) was known commonly by the name of Al Amîn, or the faithful; and at the recommendation of his uncle, the excellence of his character at once obtained for him the superintendence of a caravan from Khadijah, the daughter of the Koreishite Khuweilid. His carefulness and probity were rewarded with a more than usual profit in the sale of the merchandise; and when introduced on his return, his appearance and demeanour won the heart of Khadijah, and led to his union with the wealthy widow. During fifteen years more he lived happy in the privacy of his home and the affection of his wife and children. The rebuilding of the Kaaba gave him, at the age of five-and-thirty, the first opportunity of exercising his judgment and sagacity before his countrymen; but it was not till he approached the age of forty years that the signs of a deeper and more important change became apparent. Always thoughtful and reserved, always refraining from intemperance and excess, he had won the respect, perhaps the love, of his tribesmen; but there was no reason to believe that under this quiet aspect his heart was constantly stirred by the yearning for a complete reform of their political and religious condition. If he had given utterance to any deeper conviction, had expressed his abhorrence for the gross and material idolatry which centred in the Kaaba, this was known only to the faithful partner of his life and cares; but the symptoms were now evident of a graver change in his life and character. His habit of thoughtfulness was merged in fits of gloomy and silent abstraction. He withdrew even from the quiet of his home to the solitude of a cave, and remained for days in deep musing. Nor was it long before his thoughts, and the yearnings of his heart found utterance in words. The language betrayed a high-wrought and fervid mind. In few but wild phrases it expressed his desire for divine aid, and a conviction of the presence and the power of God. A resurrection from the grave, a future judgment for all the sons of men, a righteous retribution for every thought and act, the paramount need of justice, mercy, and faith, with declarations of the mercy and long-suffering of God, formed the substance of the earliest Suras, or revelations, which afterwards expanded into the bulky volume of the Koran. Presently the thought of human recklessness and disobedience seemed to fill him with a more vivid apprehension of the divine wrath, to be executed

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upon all sinners and unbelievers; and the fearful vision of the Pit and the Crushing Fire becomes more prominent in the hurried rhapsodies which summoned his countrymen to repentance and reformation. The brief picture, given now and then, of the religious life is a practical setting-forth of kindly offices. As with the Psalmist among the Hebrews, so with him, the acceptable religion is to "feed the captive, and give food to the poor that lieth in the dust, and stir up one another to stedfastness and compassion."* But the light so vouchsafed to him was not to be kept hidden in the recesses of his own heart. The fact of his having received it was itself a call for displaying it before others. His wife Khadijah, his freedman Zeid, with a few others, heard his words and accepted his teaching; but to all others they were idle tales, and himself one whose reason was perverted by his dreams. What, then, should repress their obstinacy and remove their unbelief, but the mission of a prophet,—of himself,—to testify against their idolatrous worship and their gross and debasing sensuality? And so, shortly, he began his work as a public preacher, and declared all his words to be the actual utterances of God. To him the spiritual world lay open,—the angels went and came from the throne of the Almighty. Like the Moabitish seer of old time, he saw the things of God falling into a trance, but having his eyes open. He was inspired by the Holy Spirit; he was but the mouthpiece of the Divine Being, who spoke by his lips. But the revelation of His will in itself conferred on him the office and character of an apostle. He was sent to bear the tidings of repentance and acceptance with God to those who were sharing with the creature or with a phantom the honour of the Creator; and whether they heard or forbore, he was charged with the same message. Every word which fell from him at the times of inspiration was the absolute declaration of the Divine will, to be treasured up as the guide of their lives and the consolation of their hearts. But a divine revelation could not be confined to a single tribe or nation. Its blessings and its penalties must be extended to all others. There may have been other revelations; but this, the latest and the most immediate, must have a yet wider sway and more constraining power. He must go forth in the faith of the Divine Unity, to convert, not the idolatrous sons of Ishmael alone, but the Christian and the Jew, who had each perverted the revelation made to them. He must preach (with the sword if need be, and on the battle-field) that there is no God but God, and Mahomet is the prophet of God.

Thus, putting aside the question of its merits or shortcom-

* Sura xc.

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ings, we have before us the promulgation of a new religion, whose apostle and founder claimed for himself a direct commission from heaven, and announced his words as the immediate utterances of the Almighty. In him was centred the spiritual and temporal power. He was their ruler on earth because he was their prophet; and his Koran or Book would remain through all their fortunes for the infallible guidance of the faithful. External evidence he produced not, nor did he care to seek for it; his religion proclaimed its own power: the Koran attested its own excellence,—it was in itself a greater miracle than any other. It professed to be at once a Catholic faith, and a temporal code,—to advance the spiritual life as well as to establish the political supremacy of his countrymen. In one person, therefore, were combined the offices of temporal judge and priest, or rather teacher; for the system of Islam repressed or rejected the ordinary notions of sacrifice and mediation.

How much of reality was there in all this? Was the system of Mahomet an actual revelation, or was it an impudent fabrication from materials already in his hands? If it was an imposture, was that imposture an unconscious or a deliberate one, or was it a mingling of various elements? Was the evident sincerity and earnestness of one portion sullied by the as manifest deceit of another? Was the mighty work thus achieved a blessing or a curse to those who followed him? did it purify their morality and advance their civilisation, or keep back a fairer and more legitimate development? If, again, it were an imposture, what were its sources, and how far did he avail himself of them? What were the influences at work to mould it rather in one form than another? Were the professed Abrahamic traditions of the Ishmaelites a real relic of primeval history, or a more recent importation by Jewish fugitives scattered on the overthrow of the Holy City? What amount of influence did the various religious systems around him exercise on that which he promulgated as the faith of Islam? How far was he acquainted with the Scriptures, whether of the Jews or Christians; or how far were the tales of the Koran derived from the legends of the Talmud, and from spurious Christian Gospels? And if so, what was his knowledge of the higher and purer teaching of the Hebrew prophets, and of the morality of Christ himself? And of the prophet, are we to judge as a sincere and single-hearted man, or as from the first a crafty schemer and double-minded hypocrite? Or were there several stages in his career, during which the simpler faith and truer convictions of his earlier years were tarnished by the defiling touch of earth-born desires? Did he obey a direct call from

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heaven, or forge a false commission; or, with a real charge to preach to his countrymen, did he combine secondary ends of his own? Was he, again, unconscious of these lower motives, or fully awake to them? or did an element of self-deception exist along with the deliberate duping of others? And with his teaching how far was his life in harmony? Was the standard of moral excellence which he exhibited in his own person an advance or a retrogression? by what signs of spirituality did he attest his mission as a teacher sent from God?

These are grave and momentous questions,—questions on which it might savour of presumption if we ventured to pronounce an authoritative judgment; but the attempt to clear the discussion of the ambiguities and equivocations which have unfortunately complicated it, will, we hope, be not altogether useless. We might, indeed, find ample matter for thought in the political history of Mahomet, and the conquests of his successors: we might trace out the analogies of the rival caliphates with the divided empires of the East and West. But in Mahomet the religious element so entirely preponderates,—it is so completely as a religious reformer that he wields his colossal power,—his appeal is so uniformly to the hearts and consciences of his followers, that it would be an unworthy evasion if we treated these essential features as practically subordinate. The real history of man must resolve itself into the history of his religion; and as certain is it that the history of his religion involves that of civilisation in every form. Researches into the ancient history of the Arabian tribes will undoubtedly serve to determine their exact condition at the time of the birth of Mahomet,—to show the degree to which he would be likely to influence them, the extent to which he may have been influenced himself, the force of Jewish or Christian or heathen prejudices and associations in the formation of his whole character. But the questions of the genuineness or the falsehood of his call, the imposture or truth of his revelation, will still remain, and can only be answered by a direct analysis of its purely religious elements.

We believe the conclusions at which Mr. Muir has arrived to be generally fair and true. The early aspirations of Mahomet, his hatred of idolatry, his single-minded desire for a purely religious reformation, the uprightness of his life and the tolerance of his teaching, the marvellous patience, the astonishing determination which characterised the apostle of Islam till the flight to Medina,—are all warmly and eloquently described. For knowledge, perhaps of necessity imperfect,—for a misapprehension (perhaps involuntary) even of the more prominent points of Judaism and Christianity,—for the diffi-

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culties of his position, his temptations, and his failings, the great reformer has been judged by him at once equitably and without harshness. Mr. Muir has, indeed, added to the number of his failings by establishing on the clearest grounds the fact of a lapse and a decided compromise with the idolatry of the Kaaba. But neither this nor the conviction that, from the very commencement of his career as a prophet, his course was a downward one, have availed to disturb the calm impartiality of his judgment. The total absence in Mr. Muir of all carelessness and levity of thought, his earnest realisation of the importance of the points under question, impart a peculiar value to his investigations. But (although in a less degree than some other writers) he has instituted comparisons without defining the grounds on which they are made, has employed theological terms without declaring the sense in which he uses them. Thus he draws out in elaborate contrast the opposite results in the temptations of Mahomet to that of Christ, and is inclined to attribute the former to the personal agency of Satan. The falsehood of the Koran is frequently set off against the truth of the Old and New Testament; and the former is condemned as betraying ignorance of essential doctrines of Christianity, such as Sacrifice, Mediation, Redemption through the death of Christ, the holy Trinity.

It is not our office to impugn any religious convictions by which Mr. Muir may be actuated, or to extort the admission that possibly the full and gradual deterioration in Mahomet's character hardly requires to be accounted for on the ground of Satanic possession. The theologian may be free to maintain the position; but the case is entirely altered when the *historian* institutes comparisons between conflicting religious systems and the merits of their respective founders. If they are to be compared at all, and if theological terms or doctrines are to be introduced into the discussion, the truth of historical criticism imperatively requires that the evidence on which the comparison is instituted should be produced, and all equivocation and ambiguity of phrases carefully avoided. He must fairly convince himself that he has data equally trustworthy in both cases; that he has the same means of judging of life and teaching in one case as in the other. The lamentable confusion of terms which threatens to render the controversy almost infinite, cannot be suffered to go on without check or protest. The whole subject is of the gravest moment for the future history of the human mind, of morality and religion. Writers, who represent Christian theological schools of the most opposite characters have come forward as opponents of the creed of Islam, of Buddha, and of Brahma. Agreeing in the main in

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the employment of certain phrases, and professing a harmonious belief in certain doctrines, they claim the high sanction of inherent requirements of the human mind and heart for ideas which they affirm to be set forth by those doctrines. It is thus that the representatives of almost every form of Christian belief have assailed the prophet of Islam as denying the doctrines of Mediation and Atonement, of Sacrifice and Repentance. And yet by every one of these words each probably, so far as he has analysed them at all, means things far removed from the rest, if not altogether opposed to them. If we take, for example, the doctrine of Sacrifice, we shall find some affirming that man, having once fallen, is conscious of an infinite gulf between himself and God, whose wrath can be appeased only by an offering of blood; and that this inherent idea of the impossibility of remission without bloodshed finds its consummation in the death of Christ, which enabled the Eternal Father, by satisfaction done to His attribute of justice, to give scope to that of His mercy. Others, again, are not wanting who maintain that such an idea is simply the result of sin, and is in itself a perversion,—that the true doctrine of Sacrifice is that of obedience and resignation to the divine will,—that such obedience no mere man had exhibited, or could exhibit,—that it was realised in the perfect holiness of the Son of Man, whose sacrifice therefore consisted in the obedience of his whole life, consummated, not begun, by the final submission to the death of the cross. So, again, by some it is maintained that the idea of Mediation arises from the impossibility of a sinful being approaching immediately to the perfectly pure and righteous God, —that, as it is impossible for the clean to have fellowship with the unclean, so neither can there be any point of approximation between man and his Maker, except through a Being who should in one person unite both the divine and human natures;—while others, allowing, indeed, that men have this shrinking from God, and this longing for media in worshiping Him, affirm, on the contrary, that the long line of prophets and teachers was specially commissioned to dispel this delusion, and to convince men that, while they shrunk from God, He was seeking for them their highest good. This, they maintain, was the special work of Christ, who, by manifesting forth the Divine Love, bridged over the gulf which sinfulness had imagined to intervene between man and God. Nay, even Christianity itself some would suppose to be a mysterious system of doctrine, while others would claim for it an ethical character,—the former finding their ideas realised in the Athanasian Creed, the latter in the Sermon on the Mount. To enumerate, finally, the conflicting meanings attached to the terms Inspiration and

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Revelation, would be a task far beyond our present limits; but the conclusion forced on the critical historian is, that, be the several positions already mentioned true or false, they signify different things under the same terms, and that (for example) one will see in the system of Brahmanical belief a nearer approach to the Christian idea of mediation, which another will maintain to be more adequately represented by that of Mahomet. Without pronouncing here for the truth or error of one side or the other, we would only assert the utter impossibility of instituting, with such equivocations of language, any fair historical comparison between two such systems as Christianity and Mahometanism.

But even after our terms have been fairly analysed and accurately defined, we have yet to determine how far we are in a position to form a judgment,—whether we have the same degree, or at least the same kind, of knowledge, or the means of acquiring it, in the one case as in the other: and the *historian* who would so compare the life and teaching of Mahomet with that of Christ, must weigh in an accurate balance the historical authority and credibility of the Gospels and Christian tradition on the one side, and the Koran with Mahometan tradition on the other. If Mr. Muir cannot be said to have attempted the former, he has furnished in his introductory chapters a most masterly and conclusive examination of the latter. The several canons which he lays down we cannot afford even to enumerate here, but will only say that they exhibit almost uniformly the same impartial accuracy, and supply sure and sound tests for separating historical truth from legend or falsehood. His conclusion (and it is this which chiefly affects our present purpose) is, that "every verse in the Koran as we now have it is the genuine and unaltered composition of Mahomet himself," and that "by this standard we may fairly judge his life and actions; for it *must* represent either what he actually thought, or that which he desired to appear as thinking."* Fully accepting Mr. Muir's judgment, we must maintain that the Koran is at once placed in a totally different position from the Bible of the Christians, and that our knowledge of the life and acts of Mahomet is different in *kind* from our knowledge of the facts and teaching conveyed to us by the writings of the Evangelists. It is true that the authority claimed by the Mahometans for the Koran is precisely that which popular Christianity has claimed for the Bible; viz. that it is in every word a direct communication from God to man, and that throughout it is the exponent of absolute and eternal truth. But be-

* Vol. i. p. xxvii.

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tween the two there is this vast—nay infinite—difference, that this authority was claimed for the Koran by its author, that no such authority is claimed by the Bible, although it is barely possible that such a meaning may be forced out of one or two passages in a single book of the New Testament. The Mahometan claim is therefore strictly in accordance with the will of their teacher, the claim for the Bible is the after-growth of centuries. The Mahometan position is, again, so far more reasonable than the Christian, that the Koran is substantially the work of one man, composed for a definite purpose, and the faithful and full exponent of his opinions; whereas in the Old Testament we have the whole literature (historical, devotional, poetical, prophetic) of a nation during a period of perhaps a thousand years; and in the New, besides the four Gospels, a series of independent Epistles by writers whose words the most diligent commentators have not always found it the most easy task to reconcile. While, then, we may with Von Hammer almost as surely believe the Koran to be the word of Mahomet, as the Mahometans hold it to be the word of God, we cannot possibly (unless we betake ourselves to the regions of faith, which at once preclude all historical criticism) have the same historical assurance with regard to the teaching of Christ, or the facts of his life as recorded in the Gospels.*

But this vantage ground on the part of the Moslems is considered to be cut away by the assertion that the Koran can urge none but its own testimony in favour of its authority, and that, in spite of miracles recorded by tradition, nothing is more certain from the Koran "than that Mahomet did not in any part of his career perform miracles or pretend to perform them."† And hence the utter falsity of the Mahometan system is at once inferred by writers like Dr. White,‡ on the ground that miracles are visible proofs of divine approbation as well as of divine power, and the truth of Christianity rests on such manifestations. The position is one which, unfortunately, can claim the far higher sanction of Bishop Butler: but Dr. White's astonishing conclusion, that "hence we may justly reject as incredible those miracles which have been ascribed to the interposition of wicked spirits," is probably original. Here again, however, we are not concerned to discuss such tests as these. They do not

* We speak only of the *historical* authority of the Gospels. A candid examination of the various opinions of critical writers on the New Testament must, if it prove nothing else, show the utter obscurity which envelops the question of their authorship. Dean Milman's conclusion is, that the Gospels as we now have them were not written by any of the Evangelists whose name they bear, but that they were drawn up, *after the close* of the apostolic age, from a common stock of *oral* tradition. *History of Christianity*, vol. i. p. 126, &c.

† Vol. i. p. li.

‡ Bampton Lectures, vii.

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profess to be historical. It is enough that we cannot have a more absolute assurance with regard to the miracles than with respect to the other facts of the New Testament. It may suit the purpose of Butler, in his Analogy, to affirm that miracles are the direct and legitimate evidence of Revelation; Dean Milman may be free to believe that the Gospel miracles carry their own credibility along with them, and that none others do or can do so; while Mr. Maurice may declare that at best the desire for such signs has often implied a weak, if not an erroneous, faith. But the historian, who has to deal simply with matters of fact, can only affirm that every occurrence which comes up to the popular notion of a sign or miracle stands in precisely the same position, whether it is recorded in the Gospels or elsewhere (unless they can be proved in given cases to be otherwise); and that in the Gospels, along with the narration of miraculous events, is manifestly discernible a line of tradition which refuses all such signs as testimonies to divine authority, and appeals wholly to the character of Christ's teaching for the truth of his mission,—which declares miracles to be valueless as instruments of conversion, and holds the writings of Moses and the prophets to be more adapted to persuade than the visible return of a departed spirit.

Such intimations leave the usefulness of miracles (apart from their credibility), to say the least, an open question; and if such external testimony be not imperatively required, then, inasmuch as there can be none other, we are thrown back on the internal character of every religious system as the criterion of its truth. If, then, the absence of miracle can no more detract from the authority of Mahomet than from that of John the Baptist, every other question respecting the founder of Islam, his reforms, his errors, his inspiration and apostleship, must be answered strictly on its own merits; and probably few could be found better qualified to apply such a test than Mr. Muir. Dean Milman, in his chapter on Mahometanism, dwells rather on the philosophical aspect of his creed than on his life and conduct; while in his valuable lectures Mr. Freeman's general admiration is conveyed in language too vague, perhaps, and inconclusive for a subject so momentous. But Mr. Muir has examined every step in the mental and moral career of Mahomet, up to the time of the Hejira, with a full appreciation of the extent and value of his reforms and the depth of his sincerity; while at the same time he is not blind to the amount of self-deception or imposture which gradually deteriorated both his character and teaching from the very commencement of his apostleship.

If, however, the Koran furnishes full and conclusive evidence

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of the belief and teaching of the prophet of Islam, we have not the same assurance as to the extent and power of the several influences which moulded it. His own assertion that the whole revelation was imparted to him from God through the medium of the "holy Spirit" Gabriel, will convince none but his followers of its originality. The most cursory perusal of the Koran will discover the strangely heterogeneous nature of its contents; but it is not so easy to decide from what sources they were borrowed. Mahomet always professed himself unable to write, and urged his general want of learning as a proof of the miraculous descent of the Koran. The former statement may or may not be true: the latter is at once as completely refuted by the whole character of the Suras, as is his pretended deficiency in the poetic faculty. Of the three foreign elements, Jewish, Christian, and Pagan, which are found in them, the last-named is obviously derived from the Arab traditions which grew up round the Kaaba; but whether he had more than mere tradition as a guide to his acquaintance with Judaism and Christianity, and of the narratives taken from the Old and New Testament, still remains a perplexing question. Arabian tradition, on these points scarcely conclusive, affirms that Khadijah was well acquainted with the Jewish Scriptures before he entered on his office;* and it would seem that Wâraca, who was consulted by Mahomet as well as by his wife, professed Christianity. That he must have received directly from Jewish informants a vast number not only of Biblical but also Talmudist traditions, the pages of the Koran leave us in no doubt whatever; but his opportunities of conversing with or hearing Christian teachers would seem to have been very rare. On this point, however, Mr. Muir's statements are not so consistent as from the general closeness of his reasoning we might have expected. In his review of the Preislamite History, he says that "Christianity was well known; living examples of it there were among the native tribes: the New Testament was respected, if not reverenced, as a book that claimed to be divine: in most quarters it was easily accessible, and some of its facts and doctrines were admitted without dispute."† Again, in the annual fair at Ocatz, which Mahomet attended in his childhood and youth, we are told that "the Christianity as well as the chivalry of Arabia had her representatives; and, if we may believe tradition, Mahomet while a boy heard Cos, the bishop of Najran, preach a purer creed than that of Mecca in accents pregnant with deep reason and fervid faith, which agitated and aroused his soul."‡ Elsewhere, however, he affirms "that his sources of Christian

* Vol. ii. p. 66 note. † Vol. i. p. cxxxix. ‡ Vol. ii. p. 7.

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information were singularly barren and defective;" and that "we do not find a single ceremony or doctrine of Islam in the slightest degree moulded or even tinged by the peculiar tenets of Christianity; while Judaism, on the contrary, has given its colour to the whole system, and lent to it the shape and type, if not the actual substance, of many ordinances."*

For this last fact there may have been a more constraining reason than mere deficiency or imperfection of knowledge. The slender influence of Christianity may be accounted for as readily by the consciousness (which he must have possessed) of the complete antagonism of his whole system, as by a reference to the perpetual wranglings of Monophysite and Monothelite controversies. But that the Jewish and Christian legends found throughout the Koran were obtained altogether from oral information, and in no part from written documents, a close examination renders it hard to believe. The legends are far too lengthy and too complicated; the verbal resemblances to passages in the Old and New Testament far too close, to admit of such a supposition. That Mahomet had access to some common written sources of the spurious gospels, if not to that of St. Luke, seems as clear as that he was acquainted with the books of the Pentateuch. That his mistakes and misconceptions are frequent, and sometimes absurd, scarcely affects this position. The Koran is supposed not merely to speak of Gabriel as the Holy Spirit, but to represent the Trinity of the Christians as consisting of the Father, Jesus, and Mary. But although in one of the Medina Suras he expressly reprobates the doctrine of the Trinity, Mr. Muir thinks that from the extent to which Mariolatry was already carried, "Mahomet might possibly censure the Christians for this, as taking Jesus and his mother for two Gods, without adverting to the Trinity."†

With this conscious antagonism to Christianity in general, it is in no way surprising that the reference to its doctrines should occur so rarely, or that he should so misapprehend or misrepresent them; and the casual agreement of the Koran with some expressions of Christ himself seems to us to prove his acquaintance with written gospels more forcibly than most considerations avail on the other side. Two or three instances may be all that can be adduced, but their scantiness does not militate against this conclusion,—since, but for inadvertence, they would probably never have been admitted. We cannot readily believe that mere hearsay could have led him to declare‡ that "verily the nearest of kin unto Abraham are they who follow him;"§ and that "though we had sent down angels

* Vol. ii. p. 289. † Ib. p. 311. ‡ Sura 3. § Ib. 6.

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unto them, and the dead had spoken unto them, and we had gathered before them all things in one view, they would not have believed." His misapprehension as to the Incarnation would seem to be wilful, as to the Eucharist involuntary; but his assertion that the name of John was specially invented for the Baptist seems a strong proof that he had before him a copy of the first chapter of St. Luke. An oral informant (probably, if a Christian,—certainly, if a Jew) would at once have told him that Johanan was a name by no means unknown to the pages of the Old Testament.

In much of what has been already said, we have partly dealt with Mahomet's claim to inspiration and apostleship. Undoubtedly the great body of the Koran displays little originality. If judged by any standard of European ideas, it would, not improbably, be put aside as a cumbersome mass of legend, with a monotonous recurrence of commonplace thoughts and precepts; and an examination of its moral aspect might be followed by a condemnation still more severe. Such a method may, however, prove fallacious. A revelation, to be genuine, need not be entirely dissimilar to those which have preceded it; and Arabian ideas and civilisation may call for a different code from such as suit the nations of the West. Yet more, it is hard to judge of such a work as the Koran through the medium of a translation. Its rhythm, if not its poetry, is completely destroyed by such a version as that of Sale; and the earlier Suras in particular are remarkable for an exuberance of wild and vivid imagery, in which we cannot fail to discern something of sublimity, if not of beauty. It is, indeed, full of contradictions and absurdities. It condescends to the most ridiculous mythology, and some of its morality is doubtful on any standard. Still the question is not so much whether there was in Mahomet an element of imposture in the later portions of his career, as whether at the first he was not actuated by a desire to advance the cause of truth and righteousness amongst his grievously benighted countrymen. It is disingenuous to meet this question by an unqualified negative. It is hard to think that his truthfulness and sincerity of character did not survive for many a year after the first burst of inspiration in the cave at Hira. But here, again, in this most intricate and complicated subject, we are met by the old difficulties of undefined and ambiguous phrases. The terms, Revelation, Inspiration, Divine Commission, do indeed set forth corresponding realities; but they call up commonly very different, if not conflicting ideas. Still, the historian, who takes upon himself to analyse such a character as that of Mahomet, is bound to avoid to the utmost all equivocations of language. If, by revelation, we imply a foregone

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conclusion, that many centuries ago a small number of men, belonging to a particular country and people, received communications from heaven after a method, not simply higher, but altogether different in kind from that which obtains with mankind generally,—if by inspiration we mean that these men became vehicles for divine utterances in a way vouchsafed to none at the present day,—if by divine commission we signify a call accompanied by some outward or sensible assurance of its reality, altogether beyond what can be received by any now;—then it will be utterly idle to suppose that an historical comparison can be instituted between them and any others, vain to expect from such a course the smallest profitable result. We may not be bound to compare Mahomet with Isaiah or Ezekiel; but if we do compare them, then Isaiah and Ezekiel must be considered as men over whom the same mental and spiritual laws hold good as over Mahomet; and that (given a similar spirit) it was quite possible for Mahomet to have been such as they were. If, then, we will allow that every speaker of truth utters, whensoever he speaks the truth, the words of God,—if we will affirm that every man who labours for the good of others, acts upon a divine commission,—that the earnest desire to be the instrument in doing such good is itself a call to undertake the task,—if we will believe that all writings, prompted by the desire to attain the truth and to do it, are the results of inspiration, at once such comparisons become not merely legitimate, but profitable, and even necessary.

Mr. Muir's judgment appears to us almost too severe. A latent, perhaps an unconscious, notion that a divine commission and inspiration required some sensible assurance, such as was not granted to Mahomet, has made him attribute to the founder of Islam something of imposture and hypocrisy in all stages of his career, except the first; and to assert that, being conscious of a sincere desire, he "*fancied* that he perceived a divine commission to call forth his people from darkness into light."* We believe that his call was not fancied, but genuine; his commission not fictitious, but real; and that it was no mere imaginary inspiration which made him long to destroy the vast system of idolatry which had enthralled and degraded his countrymen. That he made his call subservient to secondary ends, and abused his commission for secular purposes, in no way affects their reality; and conscious imposture with regard to these secondary objects may certainly be conceived of as co-existing with a real mission for the conversion of a people and a regeneration of society. The objection which Mahomet him-

* Vol. ii. p. 73.

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self sought most to obviate was the absence of miraculous testimony to his preaching. The anxiety was causeless which prompted him to seek for signs which are rather a stumbling-block than a ground of assurance; and not many portions of the Koran so commend themselves for sound sense as those in which he deprecates the holding such signs to furnish a ground for spiritual conviction. Such passages are frequently an approach to the declaration, "He that loveth God, heareth my words." A more plausible argument against the reality of his mission might be urged from his manifest anxiety to prove his inspiration, his repeated efforts to convince his hearers of his supernatural communications with heaven, to assure them that, like the soothsayer of Moab, he saw visibly the things of God. Such objections, however, will not stand against the reality of the reformation which he wrought. The failings and crimes which tarnished it prove, not that he had not received a commission, but that he had not acted up to it.

The downward course may, indeed, have commenced very early,—probably, as Mr. Muir inclines to think, after the composition of the very earliest Suras, when the conviction that he had received the call led him, by a "deceptive process, to the high blasphemy of forging the name of God; thenceforward he spoke literally in the name of the Lord."* At the same time was growing up a consciousness that his religion must, if need were, be furthered by the sword;† and visions of temporal supremacy, perhaps even of earthly luxury, mingled with his loftier and purer motives. These could not have come from the Divine Being, whose prophet he claimed to be. But Mr. Muir feels that the agency of the prince of darkness and his followers may be "*one at least of the possible causes* of the fall of Mahomet, the once sincere inquirer, into the meshes of deception."‡ This is followed by a comparison of the situation and acts of Mahomet to the temptation of Christ, which is scarcely in accordance with Mr. Muir's own canons of historical criticism. If he is prepared to regard even the greatest of the Hebrew prophets apart from the colouring thrown over them by popular theories of inspiration, the analogy will be legitimate; but the historical judge can draw none between Mahomet and One in whom human nature is asserted to be inseparably joined with the divine. With the view of Satanic agency which Mr. Muir advances, half apologetically, we presume not to interfere; we suggest the possibility that ethical causes may be amply sufficient to account for these and all other failings and iniquities of mankind; nor can we hold that the putting forth of certain declarations in the

* Vol. ii. p. 75. † Ib. p. 71. ‡ Ib. p. 91.

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Divine name is a blasphemous forgery, except on an examination of the matter so put forth. Were any one in our own English society, roused by the sight of gross and fearful enormities, to come forth to the battle against moral and social evils with the old formula, "Thus saith the Lord," we might perhaps speak of him as employing an unusual method; we could not, except at the cost of the same sin in ourselves, retort on him an accusation of falsehood. The crime of Mahomet consists, not in putting forth his commands to do justice and love mercy as the word of the Lord, but in asserting that he could never speak any thing except that word. His theory of inspiration made the man a mere vehicle or machine, and thus harmonised with that upheld by almost all schools of Christian theology. We can but say of him, that he was perhaps the only man who has ever carried out the theory to its strict logical conclusions.

Our sketch has proved less a biography of Mahomet than we had intended it to be; and some subjects of the deepest interest we have been compelled to leave altogether unnoticed. The double emigration to Abyssinia, the lapse of Mahomet and its results, the progress of his creed, the character of his earlier Suras, his own conduct in the commencement of his career, are all matters requiring more than merely incidental mention. But the omission is perhaps of the less moment, as Mr. Muir's present volumes extend only to the flight from Mecca. We look forward hopefully to the promised continuation of his work, which will embrace the whole career and teaching of Mahomet subsequent to the Hejira. Some of those points which we have been obliged to pass by now, may hereafter be discussed more fully in a notice of his promised volumes; when we hope also to examine more minutely his masterly and admirable chapters on the value and credibility of early Mahometan tradition.

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## Art. VII.—CHARLATAN POETRY: MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

*Proverbial Philosophy: a Book of Thoughts and Arguments originally treated.* By Martin Farquhar Tupper, Esq., M.A., of Christchurch, Oxford. Second Series. Thirty-third Edition. Hatchard, 1857.

*Probabilities an Aid to Faith.* Third Edition. Hatchard.

*Lyrics of the Heart and Mind.* By M. F. Tupper. Hall, Virtue, and Co., 1855.

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*Ballads for the Times.* By M. F. Tupper. A new Edition. Hall, Virtue, and Co.

*Memorials of W. G. Tupper.* Edited by M. F. Tupper. Bosworth.

*Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith.* By M. F. Tupper. Hurst and Blackett. 1857.

MR. MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER'S *Proverbial Philosophy* is the most popular book of verses of its day. It began its career not long after the issue of Tennyson's earliest poems, and has reached its thirty-third edition, exclusive of library and illustrated editions, while the poet-laureate's principal volume is still in its eleventh. Nay, Mr. Tupper's work has even overtaken and passed in the race of popularity that wonderful production which we may consider as belonging to the previous generation,—Mr. Robert Montgomery's *Omnipresence of the Deity;* a work which had already reached its eleventh edition in 1830, when Lord Macaulay endeavoured to open the eyes of the public to its true value,—endeavoured, indeed, and with good-will, but small effect, —for, in spite of the great Edinburgh reviewer, it has since passed from its eleventh to its twenty-fifth edition. In the present paper, therefore, taking warning by the failure of a greater critic, we shall not attempt to stem the tremendous current of Mr. Tupper's popularity. Indeed, Lord Macaulay was mistaken, we think, in attributing to mere puffing Mr. Robert Montgomery's vast reputation, and therefore also in imagining that the great weight of his critical authority could be sufficient to destroy the marvellous momentum of his career. There is this great distinction between literary quackery and quackery of any other kind, that its success clearly involves much more free and spontaneous liking on the part of the public imposed on, and probably implies a less conscious *charlatanerie* on the part of the successful empiric. We feel little doubt that Mr. Tupper is a profound believer in the sterling character of his own fame, which in one of his minor productions he solemnly bequeathes to his son; we feel sure that the readers who trust in him have a genuine sense that to peruse him is comfortable to their interior mind,—that they have thrown something grateful "into the system" when they have followed him through one of his feebly fluent meditations. Whatever puffing may do for other departments of life, it is tolerably powerless to make men read what is not suited to their taste and character; and on that very account the phenomena of literary quackery are of much greater interest than those of trade quackery. Verse-reading is, after all, a work of supererogation. There is no article of luxury with regard to which the "consumer's" judgment is so likely to be really unprejudiced as books. The average man knows that he *must* buy clothing and



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furniture, if not cheap and of good quality, then dear and of bad quality; and his uneducated mind naturally inclines to credulity when he sees it written in large characters wherever he goes that the best quality can be secured at the lowest prices. Again, he must, if possible, be cured of his ailments; and the deceitfulness of hope will incline him to believe in these large promises of perfect and speedy cure. But books he need not buy at all; in spite of the reviewer's raptures, he probably will have strength of mind to neglect them, unless by their intrinsic qualities—whether wholesome or the reverse, he perhaps is not the best judge—they contrive to impress the minds of the class in which he moves. If Mr. Tupper did not contrive to impress his public, then, in spite of puffing, we do not think Mr. Tupper would have any public to impress; and if his reputation has been gained by an empirical dexterity instead of by true art, it makes it only the more interesting to discuss the qualities by the aid of which he has contrived to fascinate his public. Instead, therefore, of storming at his reputation, or attributing it to the energies of the publishing department, we shall simply strive to understand it. His popularity is one of the most unquestionable facts of the day. As he himself remarks, with his usual depth of thought and strength of conception,

"That which is can never not have been: facts are solid as the pyramids;"

—a truth which Mrs. Gamp illustrates with less dignity but greater vivacity, where she parenthetically observes on facts "being stubborn and not easy drove." Mr. Tupper will perhaps think that in saying thus much we have already done more for his fame than any criticisms we can offer will be able to undo. As he observes of great authors—

"The honest giant careth not to be patted on the back by pigmies:
Flatter greatness, he brooketh it good-humouredly; blame him, thou tiltest at a pyramid."

But we have no more intention of tilting at our pyramidal giant than we have of "patting him on the back." We are quite aware that it would be utterly beyond our strength to displace him from his stronghold in public favour. Still, being unfortunate enough to belong to that small but respectable minority who regard Mr. Tupper's versicular philosophy as superficial and conceited twaddle,—as a new manifestation to these latter days of weakness and sentimentalism under the solemn form of the Oracular,—we feel only the more called upon to explain, as far as we are able, the apparent anomaly of our position. If we seem less reserved in the expression of our honest judgment on Mr. Tupper—whom we need scarcely say we know solely through his works—than is in accordance either with our custom or our

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taste, it must be remembered that we are not called upon to be tender in the case of one who has already received, and is still receiving no doubt, a temporary but exceedingly substantial reward. Mr. Tupper is himself always great on the subject of "compensations." He has more than his fair share of good things,—both emolument and fame. A man may easily have too much praise; or, as he justly remarks in his own figurative phrase,

"The cordial quaffed with thirst may generate the fumes of presumption;"

and, whatever the very curious physiologico-chemical process here supposed to take place in Mr. Tupper's brain may be,—which reminds us, by the way, of an elaborate process carefully described in the work of an eminent chemist for the generation of sulphuric-acid fumes in leaden chambers,—we fear we can trace the finished product, the "presumption," in the latest of Mr. Tupper's works. The moral twaddle of the *Proverbial Philosophy* has certainly so fermented as to give off unmistakable "fumes of presumption" in the amazing trash called *Rides and Reveries of Æsop Smith*. There is enough of empirical dexterity in the *Proverbial Philosophy* to give us some conception of the origin of its popularity; but no public could ever have been taken in for the first time by such insufferable rubbish as has attained type under the title of the latter work. We feel no scruple or hesitation, therefore, in administering our minute dose of "compensation" for his great success, and only wish we could make it even more drastic. To assume for a moment his own pure style—we cannot be sure that we hit the farmer's trot of the metre—

> Dost thou feel oppressed by the *Embonpoint* of constant popular favour?
> Then go drink the Epsom salts from the cup of ungenial Criticism:
> It shall make thee comparatively whole, if it be not too late for that treatment.

We have said that when we call Mr. Tupper's poems a result of literary *charlatanerie*, we do not at all mean to charge upon him any conscious intention of abusing the confidence of the public. But we mean by *quackery* any substitute for true art which, either from ignorance or any other cause, wins favour and attention by addressing itself to the superficial notions and feelings of those who are not good judges in their own case. Whenever any one appeals, consciously or unconsciously, to a class of notions and feelings that are not at the root of the matter, and thus gains popularity by falsifying the true proportions of things in the haste to be effective, we truly call him a quack. If a physician treats *symptoms* only, when he ought to know the deeper causes of symptoms, we call him a quack. When an artist studies the picturesque at the expense of true drawing,

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faithful colouring, and reality of thought, we call him a quack. When a manufacturer studies to attract by show and price, rather than by the real worth of his goods, we call him a quack. And so also when a *littérateur* ministers principally to superficial or vulgar propensities, instead of attempting to rectify them by exhibiting their true relation to human nature,—be it from blindness, or from haste, or from the desire to please,—we call such a *littérateur* a quack. And in the characteristic features of the method by which such an empiric wins his fame, we may see reflected as in a mirror the leading deficiencies and weaknesses, or, in some cases, the vices even, of the public mind he addresses. We do not accuse Mr. Tupper, however, of making capital out of any thing worse than the defective education and consequent appetite for decidedly bad literature observable in a certain class of the English public.

It is necessary to remember, in attempting to account for the marvellous success of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, that the vastly larger part of the English reading world now consists of a class which, a few generations ago, contained no consumers of literature—scarcely even of newspaper literature—at all. It has often been hastily, but we believe erroneously, assumed, that writers so foolish as Mr. Martin Tupper and Mr. Robert Montgomery circulate entirely within the circle of imbecile "fashionable" religion. We do not believe that that world is large enough to create even a small fraction of the gigantic demand which has arisen for these gentlemen's writings. Probably the largest audience yet commanded by any English writer has been commanded of late years by Mr. Dickens. And we think it beyond question that his audience—we mean his audience of recent years, since the establishment of *Household Words*—evinces many of the same class of deficiencies in literary taste and sentiment to which Mr. Tupper appeals. Mr. Dickens has himself told us, that his two latest and worst works—works of which few cultivated men have been able to read more than a very brief specimen—have secured a far wider popularity than any of the really great productions of his early genius; and we shall presently find in the weakly moralities, the sentimentalism, and the extravagant colouring of the *Proverbial Philosophy*, very much to remind us of *Bleak House* and *Little Dorrit*.

The same inference may be drawn from the popularity of Mr. Gilfillan as a critic; a writer whose capacity cannot be more adequately shadowed forth than by using his own words in explaining what the faculty of a certain great poet—Pope—did *not*, but what every one who knows him will admit that the faculty of Mr. Gilfillan *does* resemble, namely, "the feather of the wing of a great eagle dipping into the night-tempest which raves around

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the inaccessible rock of his birthplace." How imposing would be an edition of Martin Tupper from the pen of the Rev. George Gilfillan!

Now these defects of taste and temperament are neither inexplicable, nor even lamentable, but simply natural, in a class that has not yet had time or opportunity to learn literary discrimination—to know the difference between half truths and whole truths, or the tests which distinguish the semblance of good feelings from the reality; whereas, did they prevail in classes that have long had the advantage of real culture, they would compel us to attribute to the readers the full fatuity of the writers they admire. We think, then, that we may fairly assume, as our own experience would certainly assure us, that Mr. Robert Montgomery and Mr. Tupper find the majority of their audience in a class, not of *depraved* literary taste, but whose literary tastes of any sort are of quite recent origin. And this conviction it is which gives us some real interest in analysing the causes of their unmerited success. To investigate the secret of that morbid stimulus which is administered to degenerated and worn-out minds, would indeed be a heartless task; but to study the weak side of the half-educated classes just emerging into the world of literary interests, is far otherwise.

We have some light on the subject from the analogous case of the first literary interests of the young, whatever be their class and education. For, the first stirrings of literary appetite, whether in individuals or classes, are never marked by strength or purity of taste. Indeed, it is not usually in any way the merit of the author which first fascinates the attention in such cases, but the degree in which he happens to rouse and draw out into the light, as it were, those opening faculties and sentiments which have no sufficient expression in the real world. Hence this craving is at first most easily satisfied by exaggerated and false pictures of life, stimulating most strongly those awakening feelings which, real as they are, are yet but dimly understood. When, either in an individual or a class, a whole world of hitherto latent life is beginning to unfold, the first delight is in any thing, however false, exciting, or showy, that distinctly stimulates that life. In such a phase of our education, we do not care to see the true proportion, extent, and limitations of human character clearly indicated and recognised, but rather to have the new world we are beginning to see presented *strongly* to us. This is the secret of the love of *romance*, quite apart from its merit, that always shows itself as the first phase of literary taste, either in the young or the half-educated. The world of romance is a world of new experience, which the novice is eager to comprehend—of strange tendencies within him, the issues of which he

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endeavours to anticipate by entering into the fictitious experience of others. Directly we clearly *know* that the romantic delineations of life caricature and falsify the deepest life within us, they become stale, flat, and unprofitable; but in the mean time that author will get most hold of us who fosters those elements of our nature which are as yet only in the germ. Any one who professes to unwind for us our newly-discovered clues of instinct or hope, will fascinate our attention at once; and fascinate it the more readily, perhaps, if he do not make too much appeal to the real experience of those who have already unwound them for themselves.

And hence we cannot wonder that when a large and uncultivated class begins to care about religious poetry at all, it should at first be enraptured by the glaring magniloquence of such men as Mr. Robert Montgomery. It is in the very stage most adapted for the influence of an empiric, with religious sentiment just romantic enough to desire excitement, and yet inexperienced enough, both in taste and maturity of feeling, to prefer dazzling colours to clearer vision. His readers evidently cared more for new excitement of certain vague feelings than for new guidance; a sure sign of immaturity, nay, of that stage of immaturity in which we rather need reassurance that we have a certain class of sentiments at all than any clearer insight into them; just as the infant loves bright dancing colours which excite the eye long before it takes any interest in discriminating forms. And thus we account for the popularity of Mr. Tupper's great predecessor. The passionate, abysmal, and picturesque aspects of poetry were then in the ascendant, even in the cultivated classes, owing to the influence of Byron. Mr. Robert Montgomery introduced the same aspects of life into his so-called religious poem for the uncultivated classes; and he obtained his marvellous success merely because the people he addressed were just beginning to feel that religion had an exciting and picturesque, as well as a didactic side,—that Nature ought to be grander, and human passion more terrible, if they were seen to exist, as they do exist, in the constant presence of God. They devoured Mr. Robert Montgomery's jargon about the "Omnipresence of the Deity," because it stimulated the growing feeling that the shadow of religious mysteries ought to give new magnificence to the external universe and to the inward passions of man. Gaudy metaphor, vulgar allegory, profuse personification, were the natural baits to stimulate those first floundering attempts of literary inexperience to peep into the relation of God with outward Nature and inward experience. Giddy and swimming eyes were not likely to find fault with glaring and muddy colours.

Mr. Martin Farquhar Tupper, M.A. of Christchurch, Oxford,

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has caught the prophetic mantle dropped by Mr. Robert Montgomery; and though the *charlatanerie* of his *Proverbial Philosophy* seems to us as conspicuous as that of *The Omnipresence of the Deity*, its general characteristics are different, and no doubt evince a certain sort of advance in the class with whom it is popular. The *Omnipresence of the Deity* was a vulgar daub, with nothing tolerable about its execution; and was acceptable only as empty political eloquence is acceptable in a time of political wrong and coming revolution,—that is, as the *sign* of feelings stirring in the breasts of the multitude, not as an augury of any thing better. The style of the *Proverbial Philosophy* bears the same relation to Keble and Tennyson that the style of the *Omnipresence of the Deity* bore to that of Byron. As the latter production gives us the quack-poet's conception of "the tremendous," so the former gives us the empiric's notion of "the inward." The one makes a wretched attempt at religious sublimities, the other at religious tenderness and profundities. Both alike are empirics; but Mr. Tupper is the empiric of a more reflective age. Again, where Mr. Robert Montgomery was overwhelming and gigantic, Mr. Tupper is minute and microscopic, only in one or two instances accidentally soaring into immensity. He professes to verify religious and moral truth by detailed personal experience; and his observations may often tend to excite observation and reflection in those who have never thought before, and who are not too much irritated with the pompous truisms and strained imagery of the man. That the book should have been written by a Master of Arts of Oxford is simply a new testimony how very little power education has to eradicate obstinate conceit, to prune empty metaphor, and to shame windy rhetoric, in a mind constitutionally prolific of these tendencies. But, nevertheless, we do not doubt that the book may have a useful function to those who have reached only a certain very early stage of self-conscious life. Indeed, we are convinced that for one short transition period, when either individuals or classes are passing from an unreflective to a reflective view of the world around them, what would otherwise be very unhealthy, and what is very superficial, trash, may discharge for a short time a very healthy and natural function. It requires a work of real genius to be *permanently* popular with any class of society whatever. But a mind of no genius at all, a mere charlatan writer, may often hit the humour of the moment, and assist a moral transition which the greatest genius, from the very thoroughness of its intellectual work, may be unable to help.

This is the case with Mr. Tupper. He fills his writings with what, to his own class, are the baldest truisms; and spoils even these by adding a pompous and vulgar fringe of artificial

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simile. But his truisms are not always truisms to his readers; and his atrocious taste in ornament is not perceived. As we said, he is a quack of the "inward" school. He is the victim of his own thronging fancies. He is a kind of poetical Pecksniff; and takes for his motto, "my friends, let us be moral." But a simple man is easily taken in; and Mr. Tupper's readers, finding now and then themes for their own thought, are blind to the ostentatious tediousness with which he dilutes them. He is a sort of homœopathic metaphysician, and only makes his little modicum of truism visible at all by the immense proportion of sugary simile in which he wraps it up. He has the art of "pondering" *in vacuo*, without giving you any idea what he is pondering about. Mr. Robert Montgomery rejoiced in strong assertion; he delighted, for example, to inform Death, in his mighty trumpet-tones, what was the effect on the world at large of his (Death's) birth:

> "O Death, thou dreadless vanquisher of Earth!
> The elements shrank blasted at thy birth," &c.

But Mr. Tupper's line is very different. He is feebly interrogative, and almost always suggests a plurality of equally indefinite answers, contriving to prove nothing except that he is not thinking about his question at all further than as an excuse for literary dawdling:

> "O Death, what art thou? Antitype of Nature's marvels;
> The seed and dormant chrysalis bursting into energy and glory;
> The calm safe anchorage for the shattered hulls of men;
> The spot of gelid shade after the hot-breathed dust," &c.

Mr. Tupper is a sort of stage-anchorite. He is always hushing us, and whispering how good it is to live in a spiritual hermitage, and be visited by blessed gleams of tranquil wisdom. His hospitality, however, is oppressive:

> "Come into my cool dim grotto, that is watered by the rivulet of truth,
> And over whose time-stained walls climb the fairy flowers of content:
> Here, upon this mossy bank of leisure, fling thy load of cares;
> Taste my simple store, and rest one soothing hour."

The invitation itself, and the "simple store" of Truism, remind us irresistibly of Mr. Pecksniff's similar invitation: "Let us make merry, my friends," said Mr. Pecksniff; "and he took a captain's biscuit."

But it is time to sketch generally the characteristics of the *Proverbial Philosophy* in their relation to the wants of the class with which it has found favour. We believe that if we are to mean by a charlatan one who gives a spurious and surface answer to a real want,—without reference, of course, to the motive or sincerity of the giver,—we could not find a much purer specimen of charlatan religious poetry than the work we are reviewing. It may benefit, perhaps has benefited, the class by whom it is devoured,

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as it benefits a lad to pass through the belief in Rhetoric and find it empty, or to plunge into the Lalla-Rookh stage of sentiment and find it unwholesome; but it will certainly have benefited its readers most when they have outgrown it. Let us consider, then, the various aspects of Mr. Tupper's poetic wisdom. Moral and religious poetry of the meditative sort is clearly his aim; so that we may assume that it should reflect, after some meditative fashion, the moral and religious life of the day. And this is what he proposed to himself:

"Thoughts that have tarried in my mind, and peopled its inner chambers,
The sober children of reason, or desultory train of fancy;
Clear running wine of conviction, with the scum and the lees of speculation;
Corn from the sheaves of science, with stubble from mine own garner;
Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret lodes,
And come up again to the surface-world with a knowledge grounded deeper;
Arguments of high scope, that have soared to the keystone of Heaven,
And thence have swooped to their certain mark as the falcon to its quarry;
The fruits I have gathered of prudence, the ripened harvest of my musings,—
These commend I unto thee, O docile scholar of Wisdom,
These give I to thy gentle hand, thou lover of the right."

Mr. Tupper, then, will be a poetic philosopher; thoughts and fancies, and convictions and speculations, and high arguments and the results of experience, are to be poured out by him, and welcomed by the "scholar of wisdom" and by the "lover of the right." We find him, however, a living impersonation of the "oracular." His thought, while it follows the fashion of the day by directing the mind inwards, and dives with remarkable pertinacity for what he calls

"The chance pearls flung among the rocks by the sullen waters of Oblivion,"

seems to us to succeed only in bringing up the empty-shell truisms instead; with which, however, he fearlessly proceeds to build the "cool dim grotto" that has extracted so successful a tribute from an enthusiastic public. His philosophy consists in personifying states of mind by abstract names; writing them with capital letters, and parading the shroud of mystery in which he finds them. His poetry is only a beading-over of all he has to say with artificial similitudes or metaphors; his sentiment is a trickling stream of sentimentality; and finally, the self-respect of true genius is parodied by a pervading air of puffy self-sufficiency, which grates on the religious themes, and gives to the work what we have termed its silly oracular tone.

First, as to Mr. Tupper's "words of wisdom," as he himself describes them. They gain their popularity by directing the reader with much solemnity to look inwards, as the temper of the age requires; then giving all the splash and excitement of a very deep spiritual dive, while really you only go under enough to con-

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fuse the eyesight; and finally coming up triumphant with a very big and empty truism, which every body recognises as true, and which those who are taken in by Mr. Tupper give themselves a good deal of credit for recognising to be true, and verifying from their own experience, after all the "laborious musing" by which it has been ushered in. "Here is a man," the reader thinks, "who clearly goes down into the depths of self-knowledge; and I find it quite easy to go with him, and recognise my own former thoughts again in his rich language; so that he must be teaching me to know myself." For example, we open our library copy of Mr. Tupper, and find many passages marked by an enthusiastic disciple. Amongst them is this:

"Content is the true riches, for without it there is no satisfying;
But a ravenous all-devouring hunger gnaweth the vitals of the soul."

Had this stood alone, we doubt if it would have excited much enthusiasm. We have, we believe, met with the sentiment occasionally in copybooks. But let us consider the setting. It comes in the middle of certain musings "Of Wealth," which begin with the following fragmentary allegory:

"Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, his fixed antagonist heart-fellow,
Who often outliveth the short career of the brother she despiseth:
She hath lean lips and a sharp look, and her eyes are red and hungry;
But he sloucheth in his gait, and his mouth speaketh loosely and maudlin:
'Let a spendthrift grow to be old, he will set his heart on saving,'" &c.

Further, the essay goes on to inform us that Wisdom says "give me enough," and that "stout-hearted Independence" adds, "and that by the sweat of my brow." After this brief interchange of ideas between two of the Virtues on the subject of a livelihood, Mr. Tupper, in his own person apparently, puts in for "enough and not less, for want is leagued with the tempter;" and also for "enough and not more, saving for the children of distress." This explicit request for neither more nor less than enough is then followed by a frank avowal of a leaning to the side of want, if the exact mean cannot be attained; and after some illustration of this position by reference to the advantage of the Polar summer over the "burnt breasts of the torrid zone," which "yield never kindly nourishment," a very tremendous passage comes. It consists of a description of the great banian-tree near Benares, in itself a forest, with fresh sprouts straining to the earth; we are introduced to a dancing dervish, a self-torturing faquir, a "calm" Brahmin worshiping a bull, some jackals, and a boa watching them as it hangs from a bough,—all in this banian forest:

"In the plains of Benares is there found a root that fathereth a forest,
Where round the parent banian-tree drop its living scions;

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Thirstily they strain to the earth like stalactites in a grotto,
And strike broad roots and branch again, lengthening their cool arcades:
And the dervish madly danceth there, and the faquir is torturing his flesh,
And the calm Brahmin worshipeth the sleek and pampered bull;
At the base, lean jackals coil, while from above depending,
With dull malignant stare, watcheth the branch-like boa."

We are beginning to get quite interested in Oriental life, though at the same time rather bewildered how we are to get out of the wood, when suddenly we arrive at the moral interpretation:

"Even so, in man's heart is a sin that is the root of all evil,*
Whose fibres strangle the affections, whose branches overgrow the mind;
And oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety,—†
The clenched and rigid fist, with eyes upturned to heaven,
Fanatic zeal with miserly severity, a mixture of gain with godliness,‡
And him against whom passion hath no power, worshiping a golden calf:§
The hungry hounds of extortion‖ are there, the bond, the mortgage, and the writ.¶
While the appetite for gold, unslumbering,** watcheth to glut its maw;
And the heart so tenanted and shaded is cold to all things else,—
It seeth not the sunshine of heaven, nor is warmed by the light of charity."

Now, we cannot wonder that, after all this excitement under the banian-tree, any simple-hearted reader was glad to get back to the tranquillising assertion that "content is the true riches." To emerge from that cold shade and meet a familiar old face like that, was certainly an occasion for thankfulness. Is this what Mr. Tupper meant when he promised us

"Searchings after Truth, that have tracked her secret lodes,
*And come up again to the surface-world with a knowledge grounded deeper?*"

That he has come up again to the surface-world, we saw with pleasure by that useful copybook-truth; but were there any "secret lodes of truth" among that "happy family" under the banian-tree? We don't seem to ourselves to grasp the meaning of "content is the true riches" any better after thinking of the dancing dervish, and the fanatic faquir, and the calm Brahmin, and the bull, and the lean jackals, and the pendent boa. Rather does it suggest to us how many situations there are in life where the "true riches" of content are absolutely unattainable. Had any

* Another allusion to the copybook.
† The dancing dervish, of course.
‡ The faquir?—without the torture, however, and with "gain."
§ The calm Brahmin, clearly; but we thought it was a real bull he worshiped, not a golden calf.
‖ Legal jackals, no doubt.
¶ These do not appear in the fable at all, unless they too are the jackals, and are meant to explain and stand in apposition to "the hungry hounds of extortion," on the principle of "the sword" standing for the soldier.
** The boa, apparently; but we thought its appetite was for jackals, *i.e.* hounds of extortion, not for gold.

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one of the pleasing individuals described any reason at all for content except the boa, which held the whole game in its hands? Seriously, the whole passage is a very good illustration of Mr. Tupper's mode of enunciating "words of wisdom." The words of wisdom themselves are trite truisms. For instance, here he has a vision that "avarice is the root of all evil." The word root suggests roots, and roots the banian-tree, which runs to root. Mr. Tupper, then, considers that the tangle in the heart caused by this root may be effectively illustrated. He reads up his Oriental life, and thrusts it under the banian-tree; but needing a reference to Avarice every where, he presses the poor dervish into the service, and assures us that "oftenest beneath its shadow thou shalt meet distorted piety:" surely a questionable psychological fact. Are mad dervishes and faquirs usually avaricious? As far as we remember, most of the old eremites gave away such property as they had before they took to their cave, or their pillar, or their desert. The truth is, that the whole scene was dragged in by the roots of the banian-tree, and cannot fairly be said to have familiarised us with our truism, though it may render us very thankful to get safe back to it. Yet such is the origin of Mr. Tupper's reputation for wisdom. His readers lose their way utterly while he is tracking "Truth's secret lodes," but become subdued by the pageantry; and when they get cheerfully back to the aphorisms of their infant days, they are quite willing to take it for granted that they have come up "to the surface-world with a knowledge grounded deeper."

But Mr. Tupper does not always return again out of his devious similitudes bringing his text with him. Where his text is a good strong serviceable truism, like that we have quoted, it defies even the metaphorical shade of a banian forest, and reappears triumphant. But where, as is only occasionally the case, it is less a truism than a truth, nothing can save it; it perishes miserably under the process of illustration. In fact, Mr. Tupper ought to stick to truisms far too plain to need illustration,—truisms with a homely vigorous personality, that can't be disguised, do what you will; and then he can lay on the pomp as thickly as he likes, without fear of losing his hold of it. But go through the same arduous process with a truth, and it can't easily survive. If it be a *sine quâ non* that it shall be liable to frequent metempsychosis, and be put through from ten to twenty different forms of metaphorical life in almost as many lines, nothing can save its identity from eventual destruction. A truism stares vacantly and good-humouredly through every disguise; and when a little confused, you are reminded of it by the mere title at the top of the page. But a truth, an idea, has an individual shape and aspect of its own, which no one phrase suggests; and this sort of

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thing is quite unfitted for Mr. Tupper's purpose. Sometimes he starts with one; but it never survives the sixth metaphor, and becomes a shapeless thing, neither truth nor truism, before the end. For example, in an Oracle that promised fair to be true and even significant in the outset, "Of Searching for Pride,"* Mr. Tupper clearly wished to say, and does manage to say, that it is hopeless to eradicate pride by subtle self-examination; that it only melts away before a vision of higher perfection; that you should look above yourself, not into yourself, to get rid of it:

"Pride is a double traitor, and betrayeth itself to entrap thee,
Making thee vain of thy self-knowledge, proud of thy discoveries of pride."

This is true and wise; but not only does he say this in very lengthy and grandiloquent metaphor, requesting the emmet to look up at the eagle in order to become aware of its own insignificance, begging his reader to beware "that thine aim reacheth to higher than thyself," and that the "standard of thy soul wave from the loftiest battlement,"—whatever that may mean; but having completely exhausted the thought, he launches out into general nonsense, stating that pride is a "pestilent meteor flitting over marshes of corruption," a "gloomy bow arching the infernal firmament and leading to the dwelling of despair." Soon after it is a "lion-ant, watching in the bottom of its toils." You are then told to fight against it in the "panoply of prayer." The lesson originally intended is then reversed. It having struck Mr. Tupper that pride might be likened to Proteus, and to a mandrake, you are accordingly told to pray for the means of directly detecting and binding pride in his many Proteus-shapes, instead of for a vision of good which will make you humble; and the final exhortation utterly inverts the idea with which the piece began, telling you to do what you were told before it was useless to attempt:

"Root up the mandrake from thy heart though it cost thee blood and groans,
Or the cherished garden of thy graces will fade and perish utterly."

Again, there is no one so flatulently "many-sided" in his way as the lover of truisms, as every one may know by consulting the sage before us. It is only the man who grasps a single aspect of truth with intense vividness and tenacity who cannot always walk round it. The genuine proser grasps no aspect of truth with vividness at all. He has an aphorism for every side of practical wisdom, but no sort of principle by which to harmonise the opposite maxims. The vast importance of trifles, and the great folly of sacrificing great to petty interests,—the danger of haste, and the danger of procrastination,—has each its proverb; and, for the same reason, no creature is more many-sided, in a shapeless way,

* In the new edition headed merely "Of Pride."

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than the didactic school-girl with her newly gathered store of hollow universal wisdom. In this sense Mr. Tupper is many-sided; every side of the "received text" that concerns the moralities with which he deals has a word or two of flat appreciation; and he satisfies, therefore, after his empiric fashion, the craving of the age for a "round" man. He regards it as his mission, as most such Dodona-oracles do, to have a great deal of irrelevant wisdom for the least important side of a matter. This is the constitutional weakness of oracles; they like to take credit for bringing forward the unnoticed aspect of a question,—that there is a dark side to the moon, or a dull back to a mirror,—no matter whether that aspect be unnoticed because it is quite unnoticeable, or because it has escaped notice. Mr. Tupper, being a "round" man, illustrates this tendency. He is great on "truth in things false," "hidden uses," "compensations," "indirect influences," deceptive forms of various virtues, such as humility, honesty, zeal; on delusive estimates of character; on "good in things evil;" on the hidden influence of names; and so forth. Mr. Tupper, indeed, sometimes forgets the soundness of a proverbial philosopher in his anxiety to make the most of the *deep* or hidden side of a thing; for example, when he tells us the following curious psychological fact:

> "A mean spirit boweth down the back, and the bowing fostereth meanness;
> A resolute purpose knitteth the knees, and the firm tread nourisheth decision;
> Love looketh softly from the eye, and kindleth love by looking;
> Hate furroweth the brow, and a man may frown till he hateth:
> For mind and body, spirit and matter, have reciprocities of power,
> And each keepeth up the strife; a man's works make or mar him."

But in general we don't at all accuse Mr. Tupper of committing himself to decidedly eccentric views for the sake of originality. He wisely considers that much more interest is felt in contemplating an old friend in new costumes than in seeing new dresses on new wearers, since the pleasure of a metamorphose is added to the pleasure of a novelty. For example, we will give a brief summary of the dissertation headed "Of estimating Character." Mr. Tupper begins by asserting that man very often judges rashly because he can't see motives, and that we are not much wiser than in the old days when guilt was tried by ordeal. We are not to judge by the result, as we generally do. Here a picture is drawn of a guilty lady of rank, whom the world esteems excellent, and an unfortunate but scarcely sinful penitent, whom it casts out as infamous. Again, the person who succeeds in money-speculations is flattered by the world, and he who loses by them is censured. Here another contrast is drawn between

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a second nearly innocent person, who steals bread for a starving family, and the hardened rich men who refuse their help; and between a third nearly innocent person, who kills an enemy under great provocation, and the "spiteful life-long" enemy whom he kills. The objection is then stated that the good are absolutely divided,—divided by an eternal gulf,—from the bad. Mr. Tupper admits it, but denies our power of seeing, much less of foreseeing, where the line is to be drawn in the present world. You may distinguish ships with the "great king's pennant" from those with the "pirate's black flag;" but a good many don't hang out flags at all, for example yachts, fishing-boats, canoes, and gondolas. The church is to take tithe of every kind of man, —the "turbaned Damascene" and his "tattooed New Zealand brother," "the slim bather in the Ganges," "the sturdy Russian boor," the "sluggish inmate of a Polar cave," "the fire-souled daughter of Brazil," "the embruted slave from Cuba," and "the Briton of gentle birth." Mr. Tupper then gives instances of gross miscalculations as to the moral future of a man, in the case of a "nobly-erring spirit" and a "hard-visaged man unlovely in thy strictness." He remarks how difficult it is to judge. Sometimes you judge rightly at a glance; sometimes you judge wrongly at first sight, because you catch a good man at his worst, or a bad man at his best. He then notices the difficulty of judging by mere face and mien, culture having often done so much to enrich the minds of men of dull appearance, and so little in other cases to develop natural genius; yet, on the whole, he says, you may venture to judge from the general physique,—indeed, the physique reacts upon the mien; and here, in the enthusiasm of reporting a neglected truth, occurs the eccentric little theory we have quoted, that a habit of stooping will make a man mean, and a habit of frowning will make him a hater. He then states, in conclusion, that there be "deeper things than these lying in the twilight of truth;" and expresses his conviction, that if we could see into all the antecedents of all men, "the myriad little matters that none but Omniscience could know, and accidents that steer the thoughts where none but ubiquity can trace them," we should then

> "See as He seeth who judgeth all men equal,—
> Equal touching innocence and guilt; and different alone in this,
> That one acknowledgeth the guilt, and looketh to his God for mercy;
> Another boasteth of his good, and calleth on his God for justice:
> So He that sendeth none away is largely munificent to prayer,
> But in the heart of presumption sheatheth the sword of vengeance."

Now we have literally given every vestige of a thought we could find in this dissertation; and it is about the best, or least absurd, we could find. Many-sidedness of this sort is certainly not instructive. In a sense, no doubt, you go all round the question;

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but you see nothing on any side. You look at character from the present; you look at many fallacious views of it; then you look at the same fallacious views of it taken from the past; you judge it by first impressions; you judge it by second impressions; you judge of it by mental indications; you judge of it by physical indications; you judge of it from an equality; and, finally, you judge of it from above: and from all views you gather nothing, except that it's very hard for man to judge of it at all, and that if you be skilful and fortunate you may make out something. It's like Mr. Pecksniff's architectural views of Salisbury Cathedral. Indeed, Mr. Tupper does remind us constantly of Mr. Pecksniff's oracular forms of thought;—"Salisbury Cathedral from the north, from the south, from the east, from the west, from the south-east, from the north-west." If any one thinks that we do Mr. Tupper injustice by separating his thoughts from their framework, we can only say that we are unconscious of the injustice. Bald truisms are bad enough, but they are much worse when their baldness is profusely garlanded with staring artificial flowers.

Looked at as embodying a philosophy, the charm of Mr. Tupper's work for raw thinkers probably lies in two peculiarities: it indulges profusely in abstractions; but almost always tacks on to the abstraction some definite physical image, so that the vague idea has a bright distinguishing pennant attached to it. Both these practices of Mr. Tupper are really effective fascinations in their way. Immature thinkers like to have abstract ideas introduced to them, provided there is a sufficiently lively illustration attached. Whether the illustration is apposite or not, they regard less. To encounter a new abstraction is to a beginner like making a new conquest; and, provided his imagination be called to the help of his understanding, it is a pleasant conquest. A great many people, we take it, would think they had mastered a grand notion when they read in Mr. Tupper that they are daily in danger of sinking

> "Beneath the waters of the Actual;"

that it ought to be their abhorrence

> "To strip from Life its charitable garment of Idea;"

or that

> "The delicate tissues of Event are woven by the fingers of Ubiquity."

In the first place, this confronting "the Actual," "Idea," "Event," and "Ubiquity," as real things capable of exercising a characteristic influence of their own, startles them. It has probably not occurred to them before to consider that every thing which happens constitutes a distinct class by reason of the common attribute of happening; and to consider this large class, not

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only as existing, but as putting forth a sort of individual influence, under the name of "the Actual," or "Event," is an intellectual surprise. But that surprise would not long be agreeable if the distinguishing pennant of a metaphor were not attached to vivify these vague notions. Readers who would certainly confront the mere idea of an oppressive Actuality without any emotion, attach a very lively interest to the suggestion that they are to "sink beneath the waters of the Actual;" and thus they connect the passage with the sense not only of a new though vague impression on their understanding, but of a distinct and graphic picture on their imagination. Whether the picture and the intellectual impression are in harmony or otherwise, matters comparatively little. Few readers of this class will pause to ask themselves, for instance, "If 'Idea' be the charitable garment of Life, what ought naked Life without that eleemosynary clothing to mean? Could there be such a thing as Life divested of Idea? Or does Mr. Tupper perhaps mean that we ought not to strip the better sort of Ideal clothing away from Life, and leave it only with the worse?" Such questions as these, we say, few who take the trouble to read Mr. Tupper at all would take the trouble to ask. They would simply feel in a confused way that new abstract notions had been presented to their minds; and that, as in the case of a picture-alphabet, they had found the tedium of the process removed by the pictorial interest of irrelevant illustrations.

We scarcely know whether to give the preference to the *charlatanerie* manifest in the abstract or concrete side of Mr. Tupper's philosophy. His love of abstract terms is puerile in the extreme; his metaphysics, where he is so unwise as to introduce any, are silly; but his choice of concrete imagery is on the whole the silliest element in a very silly work. Why Mr. Tupper has indulged himself in so lavish a use of abstract terms and personifications, we do not know, unless it be to give a semi-philosophical air to his proverbial lore. Wisdom is personified in the book of Proverbs; but every faculty of mind, and every mental quality, and most general notions, are either personified and turned into agencies, or symbolically transformed into things, in this book. Diligence, for example (who one would think had no special bias of his own, and might be an instrument as easily of any passion or tendency as of Wisdom), is stated at the opening of the first dissertation to be passionately devoted to diving for the pearls of Wisdom in the sullen waters of Oblivion; but instead of forgetting himself, as one would expect, after this Lethean bathing, he dutifully proceeds to string them around the "neck of Memory." This is a mere specimen of the foolish sort of abstractions made in almost every page. A person with the silken clue of wisdom



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is stated in the next page to be equal to threading every labyrinth of life: moreover,

> "The rampant Minotaur of ignorance shall perish at thy coming,
> And thine enfranchised fellows hail thy white victorious sails."

We will not say that ignorance is too negative a condition of mind for any personification. Ignorance was personified by Bunyan as "a brisk lad that came out of the Country of Conceit;" to turn him into a devouring Minotaur was reserved for the genius of Mr. Tupper. Elsewhere we are told that "Power hath ordained nothing which Economy saw not needful." Mr. Tupper might as well personify Management as Economy; but it would not have sounded grand enough to say that God made nothing for which He had not found a use. It would be an endless task to illustrate this monomania for abstraction. Prudence keeps Honesty in a leash. Taste has "airy speed and wily doublings." "Freedom is father of the honest, and sturdy Independence is his brother;" and "these three" (the Honest, his Father Freedom, and his Uncle Independence, we suppose) "with heart and hand dwell together in unity." Elsewhere we are told, in the course of the same dissertation, of the honest man, that "Freedom gloweth in his eyes, and Nobleness of Nature at his heart, and Independence took a crown and fixed it on his head." So strange is Mr. Tupper's mixture of abstract metaphors, that Freedom and Nobleness have here melted into mere qualities of mind, while Uncle Independence takes an active part in the coronation. It may seem unjust to take these foolish abstractions out of their context; but our readers may easily satisfy themselves that in their context they are quite as meaningless and abrupt as they are here. Nothing leads up to them. Nothing follows them. We are expected to be interested in the mere statement, for instance, that Prodigality hath a sister Meanness, who "*often*" outliveth him;—that she has lean lips and red eyes, and he a slouching gait and maudlin speech;—there they are left, and we hear no more of them.

If there be any thing more curious than Mr. Tupper's love of abstractions, it is perhaps his occasional metaphysics. For instance, he is great on the universal triunity, not only in every individual thing, but in "things" as such. The "idea" of a "thing," he says, is its soul; the "name" of the thing is its "mind;" and the "matter" of a thing is its "body:"

> "Compacted three in one, as all things else within the universe,
> Nothing canst thou add to them, and nothing take away; for all have these proportions—
> The thought, the word, the form combining in the thing,
> All separate, yet harmonising well, and mingled each with other;
> One whole in several parts, yet each part spreading to a whole."

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That Names combine with Thoughts in Things, is an assertion novel, we take it, to Nominalists and Realists alike. How do they accomplish that very difficult feat? We can conceive that Mr. Tupper's name may in some sense have influenced his mind, and been thus absorbed into his constitution; but admitting that the name is essential to the continuity of his personal essence, we are puzzled to know how the same process takes place for inanimate objects; and also, if it be so, from which of the many languages of earth the name that is to be part of the inseparable trinity of their being is to be selected.

We are weary of Mr. Tupper; and may pass very briefly over those aspects of his *Proverbial Philosophy* which gain for it the name of poetry,—the spurious imagination, and the spurious sentiment; as both of these, especially the former, have been incidentally illustrated in the course of what we have already said. Mr. Tupper's imagination is, we need not say, at once false and tumid. It is false; for in straining after an illustration for single aspects of things, he keeps the essence of his subject so little in his mind, that the only use of such fancy as he has appears to be to prevent the reader from thinking of his theme by the constant grating of false imagery. He wishes to say that ordinary men are limited to the life of sense; and he states that "the palings of the park of sense enthral the captured roebuck." In another passage, "universal man" is rescued by "love" from the "hell-hounds of his doings." In a third place, the soul is

> "A bison in the prairie,
> Hunted by those trooping wolves the many sinful yesterdays."

In all these, as in hundreds of other similar and quite equally absurd passages, an impressive moral lesson is, we presume, intended; while the obvious ideas suggested are—whether or not a roebuck can take a paling,—whether "universal man" can run at all; and if so, whether as fast or faster than his own "doings,"—and whether a soul could ever be overtaken by a number of yesterdays; if so, which of them would arrive first. If this be Mr. Tupper's fancy, what he means for imagination is more absurd still. We conclude the following is intended to be overwhelming:

"THE DREAM OF AMBITION.

I left the happy fields that smile around the village of Content,
And sought with wayward feet the torrid desert of Ambition.
Long time, parched and weary, I travelled that burning sand,
And the hooded basilisk and adder were strewed in my way for palms;
Black scorpions thronged me round, with sharp uplifted stings,
Seeming to mock me as I ran; (then I guessed it was a dream,—
But life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
So I toiled on, doubting in myself, up a steep gravel cliff,
Whose yellow summit shot up far into the brazen sky;

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And quickly I was wafted to the top, as upon unseen wings
Carrying me upward like a leaf: (then I thought it was a dream,—
Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
So I stood on the mountain, and behold! before me a giant pyramid,
And I clomb with eager haste its high and difficult steps;
For I longed, like another Belus, to mount up, yea to heaven,
Nor sought I rest until my feet had spurned the crest of earth.

Then I sat on my granite throne under the burning sun,
And the world lay smiling beneath me, but I was wrapt in flames;
(And I hoped, in glimmering consciousness, that all this torture was a dream,—
Yet life is oft so like a dream, we know not where we are.)
And anon, as I sat scorching, the pyramid shuddered to its root,
And I felt the quarried mass leap from its sand foundations:
Awhile it tottered and tilted, as raised by invisible levers,—
(And now my reason spake with me; I knew it was a dream:
Yet I hushed that whisper into silence, for I hoped to learn of wisdom,
By tracking up my truant thoughts, whereunto they might lead.)
And suddenly, as rolling upon wheels, adown the cliff it rushed,
And I thought, in my hot brain, of the Muscovites' icy slope;
A thousand yards in a moment we ploughed the sandy seas,
And crushed those happy fields, and that smiling village,
And onward, as a living thing, still rushed my mighty throne,
Thundering along, and pounding, as it went, the millions in my way:
Before me all was life, and joy, and full-blown summer,
Behind me death and woe, the desert and simoom.
Then I wept and shrieked aloud, for pity and for fear;
But might not stop, for, comet-like, flew on the maddened mass
Over the crashing cities, and falling obelisks and towers,
And columns, razed as by a scythe, and high domes, shivered as an egg-shell,
And deep embattled ranks, and women, crowded in the streets,
And children, kneeling as for mercy, and all I had ever loved,
Yea, over all, mine awful throne rushed on with seeming instinct,—
And over the crackling forests, and over the rugged beach,
And on with a terrible hiss through the foaming wild Atlantic
That roared around me as I sat, but could not quench my spirit,—
Still on, through startled solitudes we shattered the pavement of the sea,
Down, down, to that central vault, the bolted doors of hell;
And these, with horrid shock, my huge throne battered in,
And on to the deepest deep, where the fierce flames were hottest,
Blazing tenfold as conquering furiously the seas that rushed in with me,—
And there I stopped: and a fearful voice shouted in mine ear,
'Behold the home of Discontent; behold the rest of Ambition!'"

It was certainly an unpleasant dream, but scarcely worth the telling. We don't at all know what the mountain symbolises, or what the pyramid at the top symbolises; but the Excelsior feeling which urged Mr. Tupper to ascend was creditable to him, especially amidst so many difficulties; and it was his misfortune, not his fault, that the pyramid subsequently took so unusual and unpleasant a course. That must be a very bad parable of the evil of ambition which represents a man as sitting quiet and terrified while a hot pyramid runs away with him to hell, destroying

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the "Village of Content" in its way. Mr. Tupper's fancy is not a little deranged, but his imagination foams at the mouth.

We can only add a word or two as to the spurious sentiment which probably imposes on many of Mr. Tupper's audience. We have said that it not unfrequently reminds us of the worst tone of Mr. Dickens's worst works. What we mean is, a tendency to draw pictures of sweet and lovely or blighted beings, on purpose to love and weep over; to draw a picture, not because it is real, or engraved on the imagination, but because the emotions want an occasion for becoming sickly and relaxed. Mr. Dickens has got into the bad habit, in his later works, of creating a special lay-figure for this sort of unpleasant and unmanly sentiment. The same element runs through Mr. Tupper. He is fond of his own emotions. Take, for instance, the following passage, which begins a dissertation on "Life," which will illustrate what we mean:

"OF LIFE.

A child was playing in a garden, a merry little child,
Bounding with triumphant health, and full of happy fancies;
His kite was floating in the sunshine,—but he tied the string to a twig,
And ran among the roses to catch a new-born butterfly;
His horn-book lay upon a bank, but the pretty truant hid it,
Buried up in gathered grass, and moss, and sweet wild-thyme;
He launched a paper boat upon the fountain, then wayward turned aside,
To twine some fragrant jessamines about the dripping marble:
So, in various pastime shadowing the schemes of manhood,
That curly-headed boy consumed the golden hours:
And I blessed his glowing face, envying the merry little child,
As he shouted with the ecstasy of being, clapping his hands for joyfulness:
For I said, Surely, O Life, thy name is happiness and hope,
Thy days are bright, thy flowers are sweet, and pleasure the condition of thy gift.

A youth was walking in the moonlight, walking not alone,
For a fair and gentle maid leant on his trembling arm:
Their whispering was still of beauty, and the light of love was in their eyes,
Their twin young hearts had not a thought unvowed to love and beauty," &c.

This sort of stuff is for ever recurring in Mr. Tupper. Not merely emotional weakness, but a pride in it, is too common. Literary men are obliged, we suppose, to think nowadays for the express purpose of writing; but to manufacture maudlin states of the affections, in order that you may be able to turn them afterwards into type, is to carry the slavery too far. That a half-educated class should devour this sort of sentiment with something like eagerness, we do not wonder. Nothing is less easy than for an unpractised reader and thinker to distinguish false from true sentiment, especially in writers of a somewhat different grade.

We may state, before we take leave of Mr. Tupper, that he

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evidently believes himself to be in a manner helpless in the hands of his Muse. In one place he tells us—

"Many thoughts, many thoughts; who can catch them all?
The best are ever swiftest winged, the duller lag behind:
For behold, in these vast themes my mind is as a forest in the West,
And flocking pigeons come in clouds and bend the groaning branches."

And elsewhere:

"Enough! the theme is vast; sere me these necks of hydra.
Who shall drive away the thoughts flocking to this carcass?"

And in his introduction to the second series:

"Still there is an insect swarm, the buzzing cloud of imagery
Motelike steaming on my sight, and thronging my reluctant mind."

And the same tone not only pervades all his writings, but he arrogates to himself even the elevated aims of a prophet in his last appeal to his critics:

"Friend and scholar, lover of the right, mine equal kind companion,—
I prize indeed thy favour, and these sympathies are dear:
Still, if thy heart be little with me, wot thou well, my brother,
I canvass not the smiles of praise, nor dread the frowns of censure.
Through many themes in many thoughts, have we held sweet converse;
But God alone be praised for mind! He only is sufficient.
And every thought in every theme by prayer had been established:
Who then should fear the face of man, when God hath answered prayer?—
I speak it not in arrogance of heart, but humbly as of justice,
I think it not in vanity of soul, but tenderly, for gratitude,—
God hath blest my mind, and taught it many truths:
And I have echoed some to thee, in weakness, yet sincerely:
Yea, though ignorance and error shall have marred those lessons of His teaching,
I stand in mine own Master's praise, or fall to His reproof.
If thou lovest, help me with thy blessing; if otherwise, mine shall be for thee;
If thou approvest, heed my words; if otherwise, in kindness be my teacher.
Many mingled thoughts for self have warped my better aim;
Many motives tempted still, to toil for pride or praise:
Alas, I have loved pride and praise, like others worse or worthier;
But hate and fear them now, as snakes that fastened on my hand:
Scævola burnt both hand and crime; but Paul flung the viper on the fire:
He shook it off, and felt no harm: so be it! I renounce them.
Rebuke then, if thou wilt rebuke,—but neither hastily nor harshly;
Or, if thou wilt commend, be it honestly, of right: I work for God and good."

This is strong and even solemn language; and there are few, we trust, who would not shrink from the assertion that it is the language of conscious cant. But however high the aims of a writer may be in the moments of his sincerest purpose, we cannot con-

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sent to abdicate, in deference to any self-assertion of this sort, our right to try, not only the literary capacity, but, so far as may be, the spirit and the moral calibre of the finished result, by the best criterion we have. However eagerly, then, Mr. Tupper may at times desire "to work for God and good;" however sanguine he may at times feel that he *has* worked for ends so sublime; however clearly we may recognise the fact, that the mere feebleness of a man's intellectual nature will often give to his work a character and tone that in a *clearer-headed* writer would be truly construed as cant,—we still do not hesitate to say that we have not recognised in any work of the present day more abundant indications of human vanity than in Mr. Tupper's *Proverbial Philosophy*. A man even of feeble intellect, who works constantly "for God and good," will not waste nine-tenths of his space on the most flaring and frivolous ornamentation, or, indeed, on any mere ornamentation. He will not devote pages to the enumeration of the various metaphors by which the "Words of Wisdom" may be typified. He will not treat universal human passions, the force of which he personally knows, in language as stilted and unreal as that in which he writes of heavenly joys. He would at least be simple and vehement where he finds himself within the limits of his own experience, however grand the dimensions to which his words may swell in the rarefied atmosphere of imaginary worlds. Mr. Tupper is never simple, and never eager. With pompous and patronising airs that never leave him, he defends the virtues and attacks the sins; he panegyrises prayer in conceited raptures, and seems to pique himself on being uniformly complimentary to his God. We will not deny that he generally believes himself to "work for God and good;" but we are quite sure he generally does so in just the same tone of mind in which he writes "staves" on behalf of the Manchester Athenæum. There is no indication in his books that he has ever in writing them torn away from his heart the veil of sickly literary trifling, to gaze directly on the realities of human life. A writer who dedicates his energies to festooning the virtues with vulgar artificial flowers, and making religion look ridiculous by the tawdry "fillagree of fancy," as he terms it, in which he smothers faith, may make a temporary sensation under special conditions of the public mind, but, in spite of good intentions, must soon be not only laid aside, but despised by the class which his gaudy taste and false sentiment has temporarily captivated. May it soon be so!

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## Art. VIII.—COMTE'S LIFE AND PHILOSOPHY.

*The Catechism of Positive Religion.* Translated from the French of Auguste Comte, by Richard Congreve. London: Chapman, 1858.

From the day of a man's death seven years must elapse, so this Catechism informs us, before he can be "*incorporated in the Supreme Being;*" *i. e.* registered among the worthies of humanity, and honoured with a commemorative bust. We neither belong to the priesthood, nor are within six years of the date that must decide the question of Comte's apotheosis. Leaving so great a verdict to the council of the future, we avail ourselves of the labours of his translator and the recent close of his career to notice a few characteristics of his genius and system. Neither the puerilities of his later writings, nor the self-exaggeration pervading them all, cancel his claim to recognition as the most powerful and constructive thinker of the modern scientific school, and as a half-pious believer in the dreary visions of a philosophy held by many, though avowed by few. The difficulties over which his influence has triumphed attest his intellectual force. In his survey of particular sciences, not excepting his own (the mathematics), he has incurred the reproach of serious errors and misconceptions. Even among *savants*, his temper and personal pretensions are as unique as are Ewald's among critics and theologians. His style is an oppressive miracle of tediousness, benumbing the vivacity of the cleverest translator, and taxing the patience of the most practised student. His chief reputed merit—the creation of Sociology—he proclaims with the airs of a μάγος, instead of committing it to the test of time and thought; and men like Mr. Mill, who had accepted his baptism, and been initiated into his gospel, excuse themselves from his apocalypse. And no sooner do "Secularists" indulge their gratitude for his abolition of theologies and hierarchies, than he publishes himself Supreme Pontiff of humanity, and sets up a theocracy without a God. Yet, in spite of every weakness and offence, he has found his way to the thought of the present age. A few vigorous minds he has moulded to an extent unknown, perhaps, even to themselves; and many more owe no slight obligation to the pregnant hints every where scattered through his first great work. His main attempt—viz. to destroy the antithesis between the physical and the moral sciences, and draw them out in one continuous series, by ranging man and his life among natural objects—has established itself as a characteristic of our time, and exhibits more signs of vigour than the older

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forms of anthropological and social doctrine. If the most marked intellectual tendency of the age be to advance the lines of every science into a domain hitherto distinct—to press physical conceptions into chemistry, chemical into physiology, physiological into morals and politics, and by the energy of inductive law to shoulder metaphysics and theology over the brink of the world altogether—it is largely due to the action, direct and indirect, of the *Philosophie Positive*.

The doctrines of Comte can scarcely be appreciated without some reference to his personal career. On this point, indeed, he himself lays no little stress; and he has accordingly supplied, in a series of prefaces, an autobiographical sketch of his mental history. It appears that during his earliest years he was exposed to two singularly inharmonious influences, whose struggle must have affected his whole development. His family belonged to the Catholic and monarchical party in the South of France; to conciliate which the first Napoleon had surrendered to ecclesiastical *régime* the young revolutionary schools, in which, at the same time, the exact sciences constituted the preponderant discipline, and the political sentiments of the crisis still remained. No amalgamation could well take place between elements so discordant. From the first, the theological influence seems to have found no entry into our author's nature; and his whole problem was to bring his political and social ideas into some systematic relation to his mathematical and physical knowledge. In this respect his genius and character bear the true Napoleonic type; and as the exiled Emperor at St. Helena shows himself still the officer of artillery, and regards the world from the engineering point of view, so Comte betrays the same tendency to push dynamics into the conquest of history and mankind, and coerce the universe of life and persons into the formulas applicable to *things*. The French tendency to large and neat generalisation, so tempting to the love of order, so dangerous to the paramount feeling of truth, does not appear to have been checked in him by any considerable devotion to the *literæ humaniores*. No trace appears of the *scholarly* habits of mind, and that peculiar balance of faculty, to which philological and moral studies seem to be indispensable. Though his view over history is wide, and supplies him with many original reflections, yet the tact of sympathetic criticism is nowhere found, and the dominance of the natural philosopher's rules of thought is always conspicuous. His mathematical training was completed in the Polytechnic School; and during its progress he seems to have fallen under the influence of St. Simon, and caught the inspiration of his socialistic dreams. This influence he himself professes to have been "disastrous;" inasmuch as it suspended his purely philo-

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sophical activity in favour of schemes of direct political experiment. But the disciples of this singular enthusiast have always reproached Comte with intellectual plagiarism from their master; and certainly the historical generalisations of Comte continually remind us of the principles and methods of the earlier school. After long dissatisfaction with the disorderly condition of all political and social speculation, and an eager desire to carry the exactitude of physical science up into the phenomena of life and humanity, he at last realised his hope in 1822, at the age of twenty-four, by the discovery of his great law as to the three successive phases of human evolution. This law is as follows: that, both in the individual and in the history of mankind, thought, in dealing with its problems, passes of necessity through (1) a theological stage; (2) a metaphysical; before reaching (thirdly, and finally) the positive: resorting, in the earliest instance, to the idea of living and personal agents as the motive-power of nature; then proceeding to substitute abstract entities, such as force, substance, &c.; and only at last content to relinquish every thing except the study and classification of phenomena in their relations of time and place. In 1825-6, he sketched in some minor essays the mode of applying this law to the reorganisation of the body politic; and in the latter year commenced an oral exposition of his discovery in its entire range of application. His course was unhappily interrupted by a *profond orage cérébral*, in other words, a temporary attack of mental disorder; for their mismanagement of which he fiercely attacks his physicians and the usages of their profession. His recovery enabled him to complete his lectures in 1829. This *vivâ-voce* exposition forms the basis of his great work, *Cours de Philosophie Positive*, the publication of which extended over twelve years, from 1830-1842. It consists of six very thick volumes, divided into sixty *leçons*; during the course of which he reviews, by the light of his law, the *ensemble* of human knowledge, beginning with the purely quantitative sciences, as the most simple; and having taken the inorganic studies in the order of retreat from this primitive base, advancing to the province of physiology. The laws won in that field he carries up into anthropology; and by adding on the effects of combining men in associated numbers, he seeks to establish a special and crowning science of *Sociology*. It is on his ability to accomplish this final object that he stakes the whole credit of his method; and whatever is prior to this he regards as the mere vestibule to his great structure. The better to secure a trial of his claims upon this issue, he has made his sociological system the subject of a separate work, *Système de Politique Positive*; in which the natural sciences are entirely left behind, and his law is applied exclusively to the relations of hu-

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man nature and history. The second title of this work, *Traité de Sociologie*, being borrowed from his essay of 1824, resumes, in 1851, the thread of his early career.

In the mean while a complete revolution had taken place both in his inner character and in his external relations; cutting his life into two dissimilar periods, the identity of which in the same person his original disciples must find it difficult to realise. The severe mathematician, the rigorous philosophic censor, the scornful materialist, is now converted into the "High-Priest of the Religion of Humanity," the chief of the "Occidental Republic," the type of the "Regeneration of the Affections," sending missionary despatches to Russian emperors and Turkish viziers, and surrendered apparently to the visionary enthusiasms of a St. Simon or a Robert Owen. He speaks of himself as the founder of a new, final, and universal worship. He claims an annual subsidy from his disciples, in support of his sacerdotal character, and addresses the yearly circular which demands the tax to all the Western lands. He repudiates our chronological era and the Roman calendar; makes 1788 his zero of human history, which begins for him with the French Revolution; gives us thirteen months in the year, and a day over for commemorating all the dead; and dates his productions in a way horrifying to Quakers, and questionable even to Hero-worshipers; finishing one preface on the 23d Aristotle, year 63, another on 12th Dante, a third on the 25th Charlemagne; writing to the Emperor Nicholas on 19th Bichat, and to Reschid Pacha on the 7th Homer, &c. Whence this extraordinary change in a man trained under the austere discipline of the exact sciences? Skilful observers of human character might perhaps notice in his first great work symptoms of great personal peculiarity, but certainly nothing which could prepare them for his later exhibitions. An overbearing dogmatism and astounding self-appreciation appear in all his expositions; and the personal preface in which he takes leave of the last volume of his *Philosophie*, besides betraying frequent soreness and bickerings towards the Académie and the *savants* of the day, querulously turns upon the authorities of the Polytechnic School for not appointing him to one of the higher professorships, and almost dares them to dismiss him from the subordinate post he held there. His contemptuous estimate of the reputations of the hour and the intellectual spirit of his time would have more effect but for the manifest admixture of disappointed feeling; for threnodies on the "decline of science" are heard with impatience when deriving their inspiration from personal grievances. There may have been grounds for the complaints of persecution so frequently insinuated against Arago; but there is enough in Comte's teaching and influence, notwith-

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standing his incontestable genius, to explain some indisposition on the part of the directors of public education to trust him with distinguished functions, without supposing malignant cabals against him, prompted by jealousy, and working by mean intrigue. Having publicly proclaimed his real or supposed injuries, and challenged dismissal, he was almost unavoidably taken at his word; and in 1843-4 underwent what he terms his "polytechnic spoliation," followed by seven years of persecution from the "pedantocracy" of Paris. It was during this interval that the agency presented itself which created his "second career." He had been thrown back entirely on private life; he had just completed his "immense elaboration," and his six volumes were before the world; and he had attained, in some involuntary way, another kind of freedom, not specifically defined, but termed an "irreproachable moral freedom,"—a phrase which, interpreted by its connections, evidently means a dissolution of the marriage-tie. Disengaged in so many senses, he is no way claimed by the past, but open to new impulses; and just at this opportune crisis, by a destiny which might be called providential, were it not that "theological ideas are cerebral infirmities," he fell in with "an incomparable angel," similarly separated from matrimonial obligations, Mme. Clotilde de Vaux. Drawn to sympathy at first by "the sad conformity of their domestic destinies," they soon find that each nature is constituted to give what the other wants; she knowing nothing of Positivism, and he nothing of love, and neither unwilling to learn the lesson of the other. Comte attributes the previous sleep of his gentler feelings, first to his early withdrawal from the domestic circle into a scholastic seclusion; and next, to a marriage which he had contracted on purpose to repair his deficient affections, and which, thus taken as a prescription, very naturally failed to produce any new symptoms. It was not too late, however, at the age of forty-five, for the "better human sentiments" to be awakened in him; their energy, indeed, was all the greater for their previous exceptional repression; and when appealed to by a type of feminine nature unequalled in the past and present, and unsurpassable in the future, they effected in him a moral resurrection, became the source of new positivist inspirations, and completed the conditions of his great mission—to reorganise entirely the whole of human existence on the principle of giving ascendancy to the heart over the understanding. Of this lady, though he speaks of her in all his prefaces as an object of interest to the whole world, we know nothing, except that she was unhappy, and converted Comte from philosophical vigour to puerile sentimentality. She had begun, it seems, a fiction (*Willelmine*) intended to correct the mischievous influence of the doctrines of

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Mme. Dudevant; and her admirer makes it a topic of special praise, both of her and of himself, that notwithstanding their own unfavourable experience, they always inculcated the sacredness of marriage, and resisted the laxity of domestic morals too prevalent in France. When, however, he tells us that the heroine of the unfinished tale was to "have passed successively through the chief actual aberrations," preserved through all by natural purity and elevation, so as to end at last in domestic felicity, it is difficult to recognise the superiority in moral conception to the novels of George Sand; nor can we wonder that the authoress's family were unwilling, after her death, to give effect to her wish that the Ms. should be left in Comte's hands. A single year was the term of that "incomparable objective union" which was to alter his whole future career; her early death then restored him to his solitude, and left him, as he says, to the fainter though more assiduous exercise of "subjective adoration." Had any remnant of religious belief still clung to him, this event would have swept it away: "Were it possible," he says, "for my reason ever to go back to that theological condition which is adapted only to the infancy of humanity, this catastrophe would suffice to make me reject with indignation the providential optimism which affects to console our miseries by enjoining on us a stupid admiration of the most frightful disorders. Ever-innocent victim as thou art, scarcely knowing life but by its deepest griefs, thou art laid low at the very moment when at length a worthy personal happiness commenced, closely connected with a human social mission! And I too, though less pure—did I deserve, after so many unjust sufferings, to have thus frustrated the long-delayed felicity reserved for a lonely existence constantly devoted, from its opening, to the fundamental service of humanity? Does not, moreover, this twofold private calamity constitute a public loss in a way to exclude all idea of compensation?" With this sentiment he seems to have completely imbued her own mind, little as it seems to breathe the feminine tenderness which he ascribes to her; for she died repeating again and again the strong-minded protest that she did not deserve so to suffer and be cut off.

The philosopher's heart, however, once softened, scarcely knows how to make enough of its newly-discovered susceptibilities. Not only did the image of his mother, whom he acknowledges to have inadequately loved during her lifetime,—terminated fourteen years before,—now appear to him in a more affecting light; but his servant-maid,—"the incomparable Sophie," endowed, as he observes, with the fortunate inability to read, which the more strongly brings out her rectitude and penetration,—becomes a model of womanly perfection, and completes his triad of guardian angels. He celebrates them all as concerned in the tardy

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realisation of his emotional life, and wishes it to be understood that their inspiration is silently present in the whole execution of his great mission. But Madame Clotilde is still the dominant influence; and the terms in which the influence is described are most extraordinary, exhibiting the extravagance of passion without its poetry, and reduced to a mere affair of quantity, and uttering its devotion in tones that seem rather to mock at other religion than to breathe their own. What Dante has done for Beatrice, Comte will more effectually accomplish for his "holy Clotilde;" whose name, associated with his own, is to go down and be preserved in the most distant and imperishable memories of a grateful humanity. And it is highly characteristic, that her title to this eternal distinction is always her influence upon *him*, and therefore her instrumentality in the development of Positivism: *his* system, his discoveries, his genius, constitute the grand permanent essence; as connected with his public life an importance belongs to his private life, and this importance is shared by her who so powerfully moved him. The impression throughout is simply this: "When the Himalayas fall in love and make sonnets of thunder, the most distant hamlets of the plain will ask 'Who is it?'" It was through her angelic agency that he has become a really double organ for human nature, the representative at once of its intellect and of its soul; and without her he would never have been able, in his own person, to append to the career of an Aristotle that of a St. Paul! He certainly awards to the "new Beatrice" titles which have no parallel in the immortal verse that celebrates the elder one; for she is at once his "*subjective mother*," the source of his second and regenerated life, and his "*objective daughter*," the docile pupil of his first and intellectual life. Nor do merely human analogies and relations suffice to express and satisfy his feeling. This lady is to be recognised, not by him alone in his three daily prayers, but by all truly regenerate people, as "the best personification of the Supreme Being." Candour, however, requires us to acknowledge that, in claiming this highest distinction, he is by no means exclusive in his affection; for within a few pages he says, that to the positivists *every* worthy woman habitually furnishes the best representation of the true *Grand-Etre*, and that the affective sex is, in his system, set up as the moral Providence of the human race. In his annual circular of 1853, addressed to the tributaries who furnish his subsidy, he explains how it is that he spends so much more of his moderate income in house-rent than in maintenance; he admits that his lodgings, strictly speaking, exceed his actual material wants, but urges that they were the "scene of his moral regeneration under the angelic impulse which commanded his second life;" and, considering the decisive

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blessings which the West has already received from this source, he would charge with ingratitude all those who, sharing the public and private benefits of the new religion, would let him be torn from the scene of their origin. These holy walls, with the adored image for ever imprinted on them, are a daily help in developing an intimate worship of the best personation of the Supreme Being; and have proved so "during all those years, already not a few, in which her glorious subjective eternity has taken the place (alas, too soon) of her sad objective existence." There, under this resistless patronage, such a harmony establishes itself between his private and his public life, that the advances of each may soon extend to the other; so as to make him feel the true theory of their unity long before putting it into expression. Thus the same environment which witnessed his first regeneration will soon find itself consecrated by many decisive celebrations of the chief social sacraments. "I have just completed," he says, "the principal part of my religious structure, and the decisive little work in which the subjective participation of my holy eternal companion is already unanimously recognised. How else shall I be able to achieve, with equal advantage, the remainder of the principal elaboration, and even the less important works that will follow? I have already reached the age when I must scrupulously administer my time and my means of executing, with full cerebral vigour, all that I promised at the end of my fundamental work. It is for this reason that I shall always repudiate the stupid material economy which would deprive me of a powerful spiritual assistance." The fantastic forms under which, here and elsewhere, the author's egotism and self-exaggeration present themselves; the elaborate minuteness with which for the benefit of the "West" and the "Future" he publishes his sickliest feelings; the pomp with which he claims "eternal veneration" as well as temporal maintenance for his "noble services,"—might induce a suspicion that he is playing a part, and practising on the simplicity of his disciples. Nor is it easy, in estimating minds of this peculiar constitution, to draw the psychological, or even the moral, distinction between self-flattery and artful misuse of the confidence of others. But Comte's dogmatic self-assertion, whether it speaks in maudlin softness or with hieratic grandeur, we believe to be perfectly sincere; the homage which a nature barren of every superhuman reverence, and paying only a provisional respect to the past phases of mankind, necessarily turns in upon itself. Of Divine and permanent in the universe he admits nothing; and of its progressive phenomena he himself is the newest and ripest,—the blossom shaped at length from the rising sap, and tinted by the growing light, of history. There was a grand fate con-

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cerned, he intimates, in his encounter with Madame Clotilde; the rebirth of his heart was indispensable; and "the *ensemble* of human destinies commissioned an incomparable angel to deliver to him the general result of the gradual perfectionating of our moral nature." He evidently looks on the whole past as a mere prelude to his own labours, and having no significance except as ushering them in; all its products, like the nodding sheaves in Joseph's dream, are to stand round upon the field and bow to him. If any thing lingers on the world that is too stiff-necked and refractory for this, it will simply have to disappear; and the only force that remains to older modes of thought is just sufficient for the process of mutual annihilation, that Positivism may enter upon the cleared field without a blow. For example, throughout the area prepared by the Roman empire, two incompatible forms of monotheism, Islam and Catholicism, have for upwards of a millennium aspired to universality; at last they are exhausted; for five centuries the crescent has renounced its pretensions to the West, and the Cross surrenders to its "eternal antagonist" the very locality which it first consecrated. The ancient territory of the civilised world is nearly equally divided between the two; they have no longer any energy that is productive and conquering, but only enough to neutralise and extinguish each other in favour of the Positive Philosophy. For this hour the philosophy, through its antecedents, has been all the while preparing itself. Remounting by the steps of a noble filiation, Comte claims Hume as his chief forerunner in philosophy, with Kant as an accessory, whose fundamental conception waited for true development in Positivism. In relation to political doctrine, he was preceded by Condorcet, in conjunction with De Maistre, whose principles first became fruitful in the positive school, and are no where else appreciated. Add to these Bichat and Gall as his predecessors in scientific physiology, and you have the six recent names that connect him with the three systematic fathers of the true modern philosophy, Bacon, Descartes, and Leibnitz. Higher still, he finds *himself* again in the middle ages, under the cowl of Thomas Aquinas, the cloak of Roger Bacon, and the wreath of Dante; and thus directly reaches his true precursor, the prince of genuine thinkers, the incomparable Aristotle. Though *the world* was not ready till now for the final retreat of monotheism before the positive philosophy, all capable thinkers instinctively felt their relative merits, however imperfectly they expressed their feeling. Tacitus and Trajan, it is now admitted, were right in pronouncing "inimical to the human race" a religion which consigned perfection to a celestial isolation, disowned the dignity of labour by deducing it from a divine curse, and made woman the source of all evil. Those

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eminent men did but anticipate the ultimate judgment of matured humanity. They could not be aware of the provisional benefits of which, during the infancy of a new civilisation, this faith was to be the medium; and they pronounced what the ripened reason of our age at length confirms. And when the Christian priesthood and influence had finally become effete and retrograde, it was reserved for M. Comte, by fully satisfying the intellect and sentiments of these last days, to assume the Pontificate of Humanity, and vindicate the ancient instinctive antipathy of philosophy to Christian or other theology. It is worthy of remark, however, that while, in his survey of old times, his sympathies resort to the judgment of philosophic emperors and historians against a faith of the common and even the servile class, it is his cue, in dealing with the present day, to invert this order of preference, to speak slightingly of the educated and ruling orders of society, and to pay special court to the proletary class, especially the women among them, and above all, if they have the "fortunate inability to read." Among these alone, he says, can be found the openness to real truth, and the reverent docility necessary to true discipleship; the freedom from preoccupation by either retrograde or anarchical ideas; and more particularly, the mind unspoiled by pretended private judgment on political and other matters quite beyond them. Already has the proletary class suffered in this way from the exercise of universal suffrage; and only in women, through their happy exemption from political rights and interests, has the requisite submissiveness of spirit been preserved. To them, therefore, he especially appeals; not without a consciousness that he has some resistance to expect from their feeling in favour of certain doctrines on which he throws contempt, in particular the doctrine of a future life. But this repugnance, he assures them, is quite a mistake; and if they will only reflect that he makes *them* the true personification of the *Grand-Etre*, and through their influence on the affections of men gives them a *subjective* immortality in the minds of others, they will be convinced that his system is far from being dry and cold, and will be ashamed to regret the loss of a mere egoistic futurity. Does not positivism lay down the law of "eternal widowhood" (*i. e.* forbid second marriages)? How, then, can it be said not to provide an honourable homage to feminine affection? In all this bidding for support from particular classes, there is surely something little worthy of either a philosophy or a faith. And when we connect with it the assertion, in the fifth volume of his first great work, that probably up to that time he was himself his only disciple, it can scarcely fail to appear like the expression of morbid disappointment. The more and more eccentric displays of pretension which characterise his later volumes, are



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painful to all who appreciate his earlier genius. But they are too curious as psychological studies, and too vitally connected with the distinctive type of his doctrine, to be left out of sight. Indeed, he so constantly insists on the inseparable connection of his subjective experience with his public action on the world, that it is impossible, by his own rule, to characterise his system without tracing the manifestations of his idiosyncrasy.

The episodical treatise in which are found the most peculiar exhibitions of his later mode, is the *Catéchisme Positiviste*, announced, as translated by Mr. Congreve, at the head of this article. It was published towards the end of 1852, and forms a kind of *excursus* from the second volume of his *Politique*. It is in the form of dialogue, between himself, as sacerdotal instructor, and an "angelic interlocutrix," who is no other than Madame Clotilde. The conversations unfold the mysteries of the positivist "religion;" the attributes of the "incomparable goddess" of humanity; the "institution of guardian angels;" the three daily prayers; the organisation of the priesthood, and the whole ritual and calendar of this new anti-faith. The date of publication was purposely fixed near the commencement of Louis Napoleon's dictatorship. That crisis, the author intimates, had imposed a salutary silence on all babblers (*i. e.* had extinguished journalism, political association, and discussion); and he avails himself of the sudden stillness to obtain a hearing, and to "direct especially the feminine and the proletary thought to his fundamental revolution." His previous scientific expositions address to the popular mind too antipathic a treatment to win the indispensable success; and to meet the conditions of active propagation, he turns outward the moral and affective side of his doctrine, asking leave to use only two pairs of strictly scientific terms, which he cannot do without, viz. "*statical and dynamical*," "*objective and subjective*." Here, then, if any where, we may expect to find the results on which he dwells with greatest pride; and if we must seek in his larger works the logical root and evolution of his system, here is the depository of its choicest fruits. Yet, strange to say, the book is inconceivably absurd; and it is only in the literature of Mormonism that any thing more childish and dismal can be found. Mr. Congreve's affectionate reverence for his master is undoubted; and the aim of this translation is certainly to glorify, not humiliate, the new hierophant. People have always differed about monuments; and Madame Tussaud is known to believe that the saints and heroes look best in waxwork and their own old clothes.

Since the publication of the books of Exodus and Leviticus, no more elaborate system of "religion" has appeared than M. Comte's. It has its *cultus*, private and public; its organisation

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of dogma; its discipline, penetrating to the whole of life; its altars, its temples, its symbolism, its prescribed gestures and times; its ratios of length for the different parts and sorts of prayer; its rules for opening or shutting the eyes; its ecclesiastical courts and rules of canonisation; its orders of priesthood and scale of benefices; its adjustment of the temporal to the spiritual power; its novitiate and consecration; its nine sacraments; its angels, its last judgment, its paradise: in short, all imaginable requisites of a religion,—except a God. Were it not for this omission, we should feel an interest in examining a structure so curious and careful. But in presence of this blank, any serious estimate of the scheme would be as idle as for the geographer to discuss the climate and flora of his dreams, or the architect to measure the spires of the frost-work and criticise the castles in the clouds.

It may well be asked, what possible principle of coherence, what inner meaning at all, there can be in a system professing atheism, yet propagating a "religion." With the answer to this natural inquiry we shall be content, and then proceed to a less repulsive side of our author's doctrine. His originality is sometimes too great for his conservatism; and he wants now and then some equivalent for what he has been ruthlessly cancelling. Having superseded "monotheism," he finds it necessary to invent a "new Supreme Being;" and such Being he has accordingly provided, and ordered to be represented in statuary by "a woman of thirty, with a child in her arms." This *Grand-Etre* is "the aggregate of coöperative beings endowed with nervous systems of three centres;"* the sum-total of the civilised or progressive part of our race, whether past, present, or future; the picked clay of humanity, that falls kindly into an idealising mould. The greater portion of mankind's ἄριστοι having become historical, and each generation adding its quota to the noble dead, "the Supreme Being is not yet fully formed," but receives "new component parts" so long as our planet remains habitable by men. "In the composition of the Great Being the dead occupy the first place, then those who are yet to be born. The two together are far more numerous than the living, most of whom too are only its servants, without the power at present of becoming its organs. There are but few men, and still fewer women, who admit of being satisfactorily judged in this respect before the completion of their objective career" (p. 89). After death, however,—so it is said with shocking burlesque,—there comes to each the judgment, that is, the verdict of his fellow-citizens

* Réflexions synthétiques, au point de vue positiviste, sur la Philosophie, la Morale et la Religion; court Aperçu de la Religion positive, &c. systématisée ou fondée par Auguste Comte, p. 65.

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whether he is worthy to be contributed to the *Grand-Etre*; and should he be voted into so sublime a place, his presence thenceforward in the recognised ideal of humanity constitutes his "future life,"—his "subjective immortality."

We need not proceed further. What the worship of saints would be, if the King of Saints were dead,—nay, what the sceptic Euhemerus actually supposed the Hellenic mythology to be,—such deification of mortals in default of an Immortal is the avowed religion of positivism. The minutest prescriptions are given for conducting the whole process, both mental and ritual. At your altar in the morning, for instance, you are to adore your mother,—probably (if you are adult) "become subjective" to you, and requiring to be brought before your secret vision. To help the effort and express the inwardness of the object, you must shut your eyes. This done, you first set up the *place* on which the figure is to enter; next, fix her intended attitude; thirdly, choose her dress; and then, at length, permit herself to glide into view; taking care to idealise by subtraction only, not by addition. In due order, the prayer to her ensues; consisting for the first half of the hour in "commemoration" of her goodness; then, for the rest, in "effusion" of the feelings thus awakened. The evening prayer is to be said in bed, and to be only half as long; and the midday devotion may limit itself to recitals of a quarter of an hour. The wife and the daughter (or, for a woman, the husband and son) are to be conjoined as guardian angels with the mother, and to have their turn of homage. The public worship only applies the same principle to a wider circle of relations, running through and celebrating all the great social ties, the several stages of human progress, the natural classes of the body-politic; and forming an ecclesiastical calendar, with special services all through the year. The temples are all to face towards the metropolis of humanity,—Paris, of course; but meanwhile the positivists will not object to use the churches and cathedrals as they are, and occupy them as they fall into disuse. Even the Madonnas may pass well enough, with altered name, for the Goddess of Humanity. But instead of the cross (or of the crescent) must be substituted, as sign of the faith, the curve described by the hand in touching the three chief cerebral organs. There are no elements too incongruous to blend in this strange "religion." The dissecting-room, the high altar, the lover's bower, all subscribe their proportion to its ceremonial and sentiment; not without an ever-recurring preponderance of the last, significantly expressed in the saying, that "soon the knee of man will never bend except to woman."*

* Politique positive, vol. i. p. 259.

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It is dreary enough, yet pathetic too, to stand by and see the great materialist elaborately mimic the Catholic Church, which had surrounded his youth with its forms without holding his manhood by its faith. The meaning was gone, but the picture remained, and looked in at every deeper and gentler hour with a lingering charm. The sacrament of early life was disenchanted; yet he could not withdraw his eye. He forgot that the wine of the Real Presence was poured out, and adored the empty cup. His plagiarisms from Catholicism are not confined to the details of external ritual. He owns, and tries to imitate, the vast moral power it exercises through its biographical traditions, its gallery of martyrs and saints; and to embody this education by ideals is one of the chief ambitions of his system. He missed the deeper truth, that these lesser pieties depend upon a greater; that the human reverences constitute a true hierarchy, which falls into confusion when the Supreme term is gone; that though lower men may give veneration to a higher, he is higher no more if in his heart he accepts it; and that only when the whole heart of humanity is habitually drawn upward in trust of a Living Perfection, can we safely apportion homage to one another. Once or twice, indeed, the suspicion seems to cross him that, if indeed we stand at the head of living natures, the conditions of any collective humility must fail, and that it would be better for aspiration could we retain the sense of "our inferiority to angelic beings." But there will ever "appear above us" (so he answers his own misgiving) "a type of Real Perfection, below which we must still remain, though it invites our persevering efforts to continual approximation." May we not ask, *Where*, then, do you find this "type of Real Perfection above us?" Is it indeed "*Real*" to you? Or is it *Ideal*,—and that in the poor sense of being merely *imaginary?* If we stand at the summit of the hierarchy, the space "above us" is a blank, and has neither "type" nor attraction any whither. The angels and God being removed, no concrete personal living "perfection" exists beyond our humanity, and what you substitute is an abstraction feigned by our forecasting fancy—not an *actual Being other than ourselves*, but a *potential state of certain future selves*. Is not this poor ghost, which counterfeits the "Real" object of faith and trust, an involuntary testimony to the indispensable energy of that religious aspiration for which Comte's universe is empty of all provision?

From this desolate side of positivism we gladly turn to estimate some of its distinctive features as a theory of human knowledge and a classification of the sciences. Its leading positions are these:

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Theology and Metaphysics are two successive stages of nescience unavoidable as preludes to all Science.

We can know nothing but phenomena, their co-existences and successions; and the test of our knowledge is prevision.

By "phenomena" must be understood objects of *perception*, to the exclusion of psychological change reputed to be self-known.

The idea of Causality, efficient or final, is an illusion which should be expelled from philosophy.

The sciences logically arrange themselves in a certain series, according to the growing complexity of their phenomena; and their historical agrees with their logical order.

The first and the last of these positions involve *historical* assertions, as to the actual procedure of the human mind, of the most sweeping kind. To test them satisfactorily would require a survey of the whole march of civilisation, and a critique upon its springs of movement possible only to the regular historian of knowledge. It is easy enough, over so wide a field, to gather and group examples in confirmation or in disproof; but the evidence of a general law depends on the balance of the whole, and can only be estimated on the large scale. We shall not attempt, therefore, to explain the grounds of our prevailing dissent from Comte's historical rules, or the connections which might perhaps save whatever truth they have. We address ourselves in preference to the three intermediate positions, which are the real key to the whole system.

A question, however, arises *in limine* as to the *name* of this "philosophy." Why call it "*Positive*"? From what is it discriminated by this epithet? The terms with which it stands in contrast, and which mark what it would exclude and replace, are "*theological*" and "*metaphysical*." But neither of these is its proper correlate, or would ever occur to the mind in connection with it. Each of them might be thrown into various antitheses: "theological" might be opposed to anthropologic, to atheistic, to naturalistic, &c.; "metaphysical," to physical, to historical, to logical, &c.; but cannot, in virtue of its own meaning or definition, be made a contrary to "positive." The only opposition into which this word can be thrown is expressed by the term "*negative*;" and what Comte really means to intimate by this phrase is, that there is *nothing at all* in either theology or metaphysics, and that his procedure is distinguished from them both by *having all the reality to itself*. He is quite at liberty to think so, and to make good the boast, if he can; but to embody it in his nomenclature, and adopt it as the base of his classification, is in the highest degree unphilosophical, an offence at once against

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logical precision and moral propriety. To arrogate merit under the guise of a scientific division, is quite inadmissible, except in the code of quack-advertisements and ecclesiastical polemics. It is as if we were to divide human studies into politics, poetry, and *sense;* or to classify men as merchants, farmers, and *fools*. If we take away the colouring of self-praise involved in the word "positive," the attribute which we require to mark is simply this,—*the limitation of research to phenomena, in their orders of resemblance, co-existence, and succession;* an idea which the word *positive* has no tendency whatever to convey. *Phenomenological*, as opposed to *ontological*, indicates the character which Comte requires to express; and had he stated it thus, we should have recognised an old and well-established antithesis, and perceived that the theology and metaphysics which he separates into two states are essentially one; conjointly, indeed, opposed to *his* exclusiveness, but only on principles common to them both. The recognition of *reality* behind appearance, of *causation* as well as manifestation, is that which they assume and Comte denies. The nature of the controversy is disguised, and its issue taken for granted, by the substitution of a threefold for a twofold classification, and the appropriation to the final form of a laudatory predicate instead of a neutral definition.

Beyond the *petitio principii* involved in this choice of a word, nothing whatever is advanced to show that phenomena and their laws are the only accessible objects of human thought. The principle is diligently reiterated without end; but its evidence is never adduced, and the difficulties attending its admission are nowhere appreciated. The axiom being laid down that phenomena are all in all (and further, as we shall see, that perception is the sole medium of intelligence), it is clear that there can be no knowledge but physical; and it is only stating this proposition from the other side, to say that all theological and metaphysical conceptions which go beyond phenomena are invalid; they must be negative, if only the other be positive. Tried by the tests of physical knowledge, ontological cannot but fail; its genius being wholly different, and its criteria not the same. It is the perpetual boast of Comte that positive science gives *prevision*, a triumph never won by its rivals. True, but not very conclusive; for *pre*vision,—the perception of what is to turn up hereafter,—is an apprehension of *phenomena*, and naturally must arise from the study of phenomena, and not from reflection on *realities other than phenomena*. So far forth as theology and metaphysics have presumed to obtrude themselves into any science of observation, and usurp its proper work, so far have they mistaken their province, and deserved the reproach of failure. Nothing that they can teach respecting the causa-

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tion and meaning of things will enable us to determine beforehand the particular course of cosmical or human events, or in the least dispense with the necessity of inductive research. It is one thing to have true faith and insight respecting the infinite sources of all possibilities, and quite another to be familiar with the order of concrete actualities. But this rule reads both ways; and if there be no right of road in one direction, neither is there in the other; and Comte can no more disturb the theologian's truth than the theologian can interfere with his. If prevision is impossible, if we cannot operate forward from the absolute to the relative, conversely we cannot operate backward from the relative to the absolute; and the positivist should as little pretend to deny upwards as the theologian to affirm downwards. As no theist professes that God is a phenomenon, the failure of phenomenological research to meet Him contradicts no one's faith; and the boast of one investigator that he found no God at the end of his telescope, and of another that the cerebral dissecting-knife comes across no human soul, misconceived altogether, though quite in the spirit of Comte, the fundamental conditions of the problem. *Ὄντα* are known, not as the corollaries, but as the postulates, of phenomena; and if not recognised at the beginning, will never be found at the end. The two orders of apprehension, though each is the complement of the other, have no common measure; and endless contradiction arises from confounding their functions and methods.

Above all, is it absurd to test the validity of theological and metaphysical conceptions by their power of movement and "progress"? Why, the very sameness with which they are taunted,—their patience from age to age,—is precisely the sole conceivable evidence they could offer that they are what they profess to be, the representation in us of the constancies of the universe. And nothing could more effectually discredit them, as the steady shadows of eternal entity, than a history of growth and change. If they indeed be, as they pretend, the background of cognition answering to the abiding realities which hold all phenomena, it is their business and function to keep still. Their vindication lies in their permanence. They are the conservative elements of all knowledge; the base and condition of movement, but not the moving thing; the vital atmosphere that sustains it, but not its beating wing. Do you complain that the ideas of Causality, of Soul, of God, of Substance, never get on, but are essentially what they always were? Instead of damaging them, you give the highest possible testimony to their veracity and authority. Did they sweep forward, as you desire, they would belie their word, and be detected as belonging to the tide of physical change, not to the infinite deep below. If on account of this stationary

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character any one denies to these ideas the name of knowledge; if this word, as implying distinction and plurality, be refused to the self-identical and simple,—we shall not object, provided it be understood that they are, if not knowledge, the conditions of knowledge; if not the objects seen, the light by which we see; that reliance on them is indispensable to reading the universe as it is, and that the enlarging field of phenomena and law finds them still equal to their all-comprehensive function, though needing revision in their special form and application.

And to what, after all, amount the alleged "unprogressiveness" and "barrenness" of all conceptions except of phenomena and their laws? If by this be meant that we spin no theological cotton, and lay down no metaphysical telegraphs, that our breakfast-table displays our electro-plate, but not our creed,—the remark is true, but trivial enough. If it asserts that men's private temper, and family administration, and political aims and social sympathies, are unaffected by their religious and philosophical convictions; that those convictions have ceased to influence what the poet writes, the historian tells, the artist paints, what the schoolmaster teaches, what the merchant does with his wealth, what the patriot and the statesman endeavour to achieve by law,—the statement is as false as it is startling. Much as we are in the habit of hearing about the old "ages of faith," when nobody doubted and every body obeyed, they never put in an appearance in real history, but shrink away like a golden age from the illumination of direct evidence, and retire into an elder darkness. Beyond the select enclosure of the Church order, there have always been hardy and defiant spirits, or thoughtless and indifferent, or subtle and refined, that have yielded their inner life but little to theological authority; and wherever opportunity of expression has been given, as in the earliest poetry of France and Italy, this fact has unambiguously displayed itself. There seems no reason to suppose that theological and philosophical ideas ever had more power in the world than they have at this moment; though their scattered and unorganised condition precludes them from embodied and hierarchical manifestation of authority. M. Comte has no appreciation of the freedom and variety of movement which the human mind in its modern development demands. With the French tendency to idolise the "unity of power," and to see in distributed and individual forces nothing but "*anarchy*," he treats the insurrection against Catholicism as a dissolution of faith; and considers all the private and personal substitutes for the theocratic *régime* of the Church as merely provisional disguises of irretrievable decay. Nor does it occur to him that it is illogical to demand from the theological and abstract convictions of men the same direct and

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visible application to the business of the passing hour of which their technical knowledge is susceptible. In our practical work we have to deal with phenomena and modify them; and here the instruments of our power can only be found in right apprehension of the laws of phenomena. Theology and metaphysics do not profess to teach us these; but to go behind them, and enable us to think truly of their ground and source; supposing this promise realised, it can evidently give us no new arts, no rules by which either to predict or to command any particular succession of external facts. But the influence upon our tone of sentiment and affection, upon the interpretation we put on life and nature, on the admirations we feel and the ideal we follow, is profound and powerful, although indefinite. It is always difficult, indeed, to fetch out this power into actual life, and give it concrete application; to bridge over the interval between our faith respecting real being and our manipulation with transient phenomena; to incorporate a spiritual religion into a working church: and of this confessed difficulty Comte avails himself to persuade us that the "positive sciences" contain the only practical order of human ideas. But the same argument would equally discredit all our ideas of beauty, harmony, and sublimity; whose expression is, in like manner and from like causes, difficult to create into palpable forms, and when so created, is equally inoperative in the prediction and command of phenomena. If the merchant does not keep his books by his theology, neither does the artist bake his bread by his æsthetics; and in either case the reproach of inefficiency is equally idle.

But Comte not only restricts the intellect to phenomena, he restricts the word 'phenomena' to the *changes perceptible by sense*. They must be *external* to us, presented to material observation, in order to become "facts" at all. Successions of *feeling*, *idea*, and *will*, known to us by consciousness, are to be thrown out of the account, and furnish nothing upon which intelligence can work. *Psychology*, accordingly, resting as it does upon *self-observation*, is a mere illusion; and logic and ethics, so far as they build on it as their foundation, are altogether baseless. This repudiation of all *reflective knowledge* is due chiefly to Comte's acceptance of phrenology,—a system which has always taken an infatuated pleasure in knocking out its own brains, by denying *ab initio* the validity of that self-knowledge on which all its own evidence directly or indirectly depends. The arguments on which Comte relies in his criticism on the psychologists are the stock objections of Gall and Spurzheim and Combe, viz. that the mind observing and the mind observed being the same, the alleged fact must be gone and out of reach before it is looked at; that a mental state is not a whole fact, but only a part or function of a fact,

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being as much a mere outcoming of some cerebral state as the feeling of indigestion is the sensational side of deranged action in the stomach; and that psychologists have never found any thing out, or reaped any scientific fruit. The inadequacy of this argument has been felt and acknowledged by J. S. Mill, whose superior knowledge of psychological literature, and disciplined habits of reflection, enabled him to appreciate far better than the French metaphysician the real value of this class of pursuits.

It is necessary to protest *in limine* against the representation which Comte gives of the "psychological method." He places it in false contrast with a mode of procedure against which it has nothing at all to object, and which its votaries have, in fact, been the chief agents in advancing. Availing himself of De Blainville's remark, that the phenomena of every living being may be regarded either *statically, i. e.* with reference to the conditions essential to their occurrence, or *dynamically, i. e.* with reference to the products in which they embody themselves, he lays it down that the mental functions must be studied under one of these two aspects: we must either engage ourselves with the *organs* requisite for their manifestation, in which case our work is purely physiological; or we must attend to the construction and course of scientific theories, and compare and analyse the ways of thinking by which the human mind has actually won its knowledge and achieved its progress,—and in this case our task resolves itself into a critique on the intellectual history of mankind. To these two processes he opposes the psychological, which, he says, pretends to discover the fundamental laws of the human mind by contemplating it in itself, *i. e. wholly apart from either causes or effects.* The rivalry thus set up on behalf of the physiologists (to take their case first) every scientific psychologist will entirely disown. He does not in the least object to the most searching investigation of the organic conditions under which the several orders of mental phenomena arise: he only maintains that, besides the relations in which they stand to their bodily antecedents, they also have certain relations *inter se;* that, as felt by us, they are variously like and unlike, so as to be susceptible of classification, and present themselves in determinable sequence so as to be reducible to laws. To effect *these* classifications, and ascertain these laws, is certainly the primary aim of the psychologist. He thinks it possible to attain it by comparative self-knowledge; and even were it proved that the whole series of phenomena were loose among themselves, produced not one out of another, but each separately from its own prior organic condition, he still deems it a legitimate and useful service to bring into order these derivative uniformities; for there is no reason why in this particular instance the general rule should fail, that order among the effects is a clue to correspond-

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ing order in the cause. But in assuming this as his centre of work, the psychologist passes no slight on the physiologist's investigations into the nervous and cerebral conditions of sensation, thought, and emotion. He is well aware that the light of discovered order radiates forward as well as backward, and that if uniformities of succession or coexistence can be detected in the physical conditions, they will become exponents of similar relations among the mental facts. He simply leaves this indirect method of classification to the physiologist, and himself resorts to the direct; willingly availing himself of every help supplied by researches into the vital organism, and giving no countenance to the narrow-minded assumption that the selection of one order of relations for special attention is a disparagement of another. It is not to the *discoveries*, but to the *fictions* of phrenologists, that intellectual philosophy objects; nor can any one familiar with the writings of Descartes and Locke, of Spinoza and Berkeley, of Reid, Mill, and Hamilton, deny its habitual eagerness to use to the utmost the results placed at its disposal by the zeal of the anatomist. The antagonism, therefore, supposed by Comte is all his own.

It is equally so when he accuses psychologists of *substituting self-examination* for study of the *realised products of human thought*,—such as scientific hypothesis, the history of civilisation, and development of ideas. Not a book of modern psychology can be found, not a dialogue of Plato, not a treatise of Aristotle, in which the logical laws of human reason are not continually illustrated, if not directly deduced, by reference to the organism and method of the sciences, and the recorded procedures of human thought. The value of these historical materials for determining the principles of cognition is not more appreciated by Comte than by the objects of his criticism; the only difference is, that while they consult individual consciousness, in addition to the recorded development of the race, and for their power to read and interpret the monuments of intellectual history profess themselves indebted to sympathetic self-reflection, he denies that we can know ourselves, yet insists that we decipher the world. His position, therefore, is simply destructive; and we have not the invidious office of depreciating his proposed methods, which are of admitted value, but only of defending the philosophical competency of our own.

"The chief consideration proving clearly that the mind's practical self-contemplation is a pure illusion," is the following. Whatever the mind knows, is its *object* of knowledge; every *object of knowledge* is other than the *knowing subject*, therefore what the mind knows can never be itself. "By an invincible necessity, the human mind can immediately observe all phenomena except

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its own." "The thinking individual cannot divide himself in two; let one reason, while the other looks at the reasoning. The organ observed and the organ observing being in this case the same, how is it possible that observation should have place?"

This argument curiously reverses a celebrated maxim of James Mill,—and, indeed, of Hobbes,—to the effect that *to have* a feeling, and to *know that you have it,* are *identical.* Comte tells us that to have a feeling, and to know that you have it, are *incompatible. e. g.* I fall into a frozen pond; I know the water and the ice, but I cannot possibly know that I am cold. Or, I go a sea-voyage under bilious conditions; I observe the swaying water and the lurching ship; but "an invincible necessity" conceals from me the fact that I am sick. Of the two things given in the act of perception, viz. the percipient consciousness and the perceived object, it has usually been supposed possible to doubt the second, but not the first; the very doubt itself bringing, as another state of the conscious self, its own refutation. And accordingly, though we have numerous forms of idealism which construe all outward phenomena into mere appearances within the mind, we have hitherto had no strictly corresponding materialism, cancelling from our knowledge all mental states on the ground of their *being ours,* and claiming certainty for the outer world *precisely because it is foreign to us.* This, however, is the strange position taken up by Comte. The argument by which he supports it is a mere appeal to the mystery which belongs to all cognition, whether of external or internal facts. How is it possible, he asks, that we should know our own state, since we must cease our mental activity in order to observe it? In other words, reflection upon our inner experience must *follow upon* that experience itself, and be separated from it by a certain interval of time. Be it so; why is this more inconceivable than the perception of an outward fact which stands off from me by a certain interval of space? If our intelligence can bridge the chasm of *local separation,* what hinders it from uniting the termini of succession? What is *memory,* if the *present self* can never know any thing about the *past self?* Its distinction is, that it reports to us, not simply outward things in themselves, but outward things (or inward) as they affect us; so that—it has even been contended—there is properly no memory but of our own former states. If now its reports are *good for nothing,* there is an end of the matter, and human acquaintance with the past is an illusion. But if they be accepted as valid, the knowledge which they supply is either *immediate* or *mediate.* Is it immediate? Then are we immediately cognitive of our own past states, in spite of Comte's maxim. Is it *mediate?* Then do we, as *now* remembering, know something past, as having *then* perceived it; the truth in

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my present remembrance is just what there was in my former perception; and without immediate cognition of my own state at the percipient moment, no mediate knowledge of it could be given by memory. In fact, the act of perception is necessarily and equally an act of self-consciousness, objective no more than subjective; and to claim for it authority for phenomena without, is in itself to concede to it like authority for phenomena within; nothing being an outward phenomenon at all except what appears on the double field of *thought* and *things*, and is known as *being* and as *felt*.

And if we be incapable of knowing our own experiences and thoughts, we cannot perform on them any act of comparison, separation, or combination. Yet what is *human language* but the crystallised form of countless discriminations and analogies, so clearly felt, and frequently referred to, as to demand the means of permanent expression? Comte refers us to scientific theories and logical processes as the only possible means of reaching logical laws. But how could these intellectual methods speak to us intelligibly at all, were it not for the parallel movement of our own thought, carried into the study as interpreter and test? To beings not self-conscious, or not able to rely on their reflective insight into their own ways of intellectual action, the record of other men's reasonings could awaken no responsive intelligence; only through our sympathetic self-knowledge do they find us out and teach us any thing. All grammar, all philology, all scientific language, are in fact *psychological deposits;* not less certainly testifying to the perpetual action of self-reflection, as one factor of human knowledge, than the geological strata bear witness to the operation through ages past of the very elements that work upon our homesteads and on the beach at our garden-gate to-day. Comte's advice is excellent, if addressed to those who can open their vision upon their own nature and intelligence; but has no sense or application for the sort of blind chimera or one-eyed cyclops that he imagines, with pictures of the universe glazed upon the surface, and never taken home to any known self within. No doubt our *self-knowledge* is dependent to an incalculable extent on the living in a human world, and standing before the face of *other men:* the manifestations of their nature, whether by natural language of the moment or by the historical record of past processes of thought, are conditions necessary to the development of our reflective faculties; and if we were to insist on insulating the self-consciousness from all these data, that it might spin a science out of its own viscera, we should but impose upon an empty power a self-consuming task. But, on the other hand, our ability to decipher the expression of other minds depends, in its turn, on converse with our own; and to bid us

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study the fruits of their research and meditation, while despairing of all acquaintance with our own, is to place a banquet before the sleeping or the dead. It is impossible to make *either* of the reciprocal conditions prior to the other; their efficacy lies in the balance and alternation of action and reaction; and so close is the inter-dependence of psychological and objective knowledge of human nature, that a theory which despises either excludes both.

The objection, however, which Comte is most zealous in urging against the psychologists is, that their method has never been crowned with any success, great or small, and that their labour has been absolutely barren. Even if this statement be tried by the test present to the author's own mind, viz. the amount of direct discovery respecting the processes of the mind, it is a monstrous exaggeration. The logical doctrine of Aristotle, the modern theory of vision, the ascertainment of laws of association and abstraction, Butler's exposition of the moral constitution of man,—deserve to be ranked among positive achievements of a high order, and are recognised as such by the vast majority of competent judges on these points. If perfect unanimity is not attained even on these doctrines, neither is it secured at present in regard to any of the corresponding parts of biological science; and the only advantage which the positivist has over his predecessors in intellectual philosophy is in his liberal promises for the future; his disparagement of the past not being justified, so far as yet appears, by the detection of a single law of our mental or moral nature. These reproaches of backwardness should at least be reserved till they can be uttered from a point of real advance. Perhaps, too, the test by which the fruitfulness or sterility of a pursuit is estimated by Comte may not be altogether admissible. His demand obviously is for some new field of "prevision" special to psychology: the demand is disappointed, because intrinsically unreasonable. From objective studies we expect objective results; from subjective studies it is natural to look for subjective results: not so much for a *fresh sphere brought into knowledge*, as for a more refined *knowing power*, for quickened faculties self-protected from beguiling errors, for intellectual implements of more ethereal temper and disciplined skill. That this appropriate effect of reflective studies has been their habitual attendant, is undeniable; every period of intense speculative activity being the precursor of the next advance of even physical science, and educating the faculties up to the point when the discovery of new laws becomes possible; setting the previous gains of human research in due order and relation, and preparing language and method for new service. Alternately acting and studying its action, the mind, whether by *systole* or *diastole*, sustains the pulsation of its living thought; and to

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demand the one operation without the other, is not less absurd than to complain that the heart does not always propel without resilience. Nor is it only in the successive periods of human culture that this need of reflective studies is observable. No fact is more conspicuous in individual biography and the comparative experiences of education, than the systematic superiority, in pliancy and balance of faculty, of men not strange to metaphysical and moral studies, over those who never quit the circle of mathematical relations and physical laws. Were the methods of intellectual and moral philosophy altogether illusory, it is inconceivable that a certain habituation to them should be an indispensable gymnastic for the mind, and a needful check to the narrowing tendency of the "positive sciences," when exclusively pursued.*

Closely connected with Comte's contempt for the psychologists is his disrespect for certain ideas and beliefs whose only guarantee is in our self-consciousness. Thus he treats as an illusion our idea of *Causation;* requiring us to dispense with it altogether, not merely in its theological form of *Will,* but no less in its scientific equivalent of *Force.* "Every proposition," he says, "which is not ultimately reducible to the simple enunciation of a fact, particular or general, must be destitute of all real and intelligible meaning." Again: "*Forces,* in mechanics, are only *movements,* produced or tending to be produced; but although this is happily pretty well understood nowadays, yet an essential reform is still required, if not in the conception, at

* In spite of Comte's contempt for psychology, he is one of the most resolute of psychologists himself; and freely appeals, when convenient, to that very self-consciousness which at other times he declares to be quite blank and dumb. Thus we find him announcing that the "phenomena of life" are "*known by immediate consciousness*" (*Phil. Pos.* vol. ii. p. 648, vol. iii. p. 8); an assertion standing in accurate contradiction to the doctrine on which we have been commenting. Nay, so completely does he forget his denial of any possible self-knowledge, as to affirm, when required for his purpose, that "*man at first knows nothing but himself,*"—so as to apply his self-knowledge as a universal formula for the interpretation of nature. But how could man erect his self-consciousness into a rule for explaining all phenomena, if no inward fact were cognisable by him at all? Perhaps, however, it is only since monotheism came in, that psychology has become impossible and absurd; for, while denying it to modern metaphysicians, Comte is full of admiration of its use among the ancient augurs. He claims for polytheism the honour of instituting the first careful observation of nature; laments that we have to put up with our poor meteorological registers in place of the far superior weather-tables of the Etruscan soothsayers; and affirms that, with a view to the interpretation of dreams, the intellectual and moral phenomena were made the subject of the most delicate observations, pursued day by day with a perseverance not to be again expected till the positive philosophy has reached its final development (*Phil. Pos.* vol. v. p. 135). It is to be presumed that, as dreams are altogether inward facts, this marvellous store of scientific observation accumulated in their service, and throwing light on the intellectual and moral life, could be no other than *psychological capital.* How is it that it may be invested in Divination; but must be inaccessible to Science, at least until Positivism finds a profitable use for it?

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least in the habitual language, in order to cancel altogether the old metaphysical notion of *force*, and present more accurately than hitherto the true point of view." And he shows the same jealousy of any properly *dynamical* notions when complaining afterwards of Bichat's speculation respecting "vital *forces*," and proposing to return to the true path by substituting the word "properties" for "forces"! His definition of the word "*Law*," as an "invariable relation of succession or resemblance among phenomena," together with his severe restriction of the human mind to the investigation of "Laws," demands of us an entire disuse of all belief or even idea of Causality.

Now if he had been content with saying that causes lie beyond the field of observation, and that scientific induction, even in its highest generalisations, can never carry us further than the order of coexistence and sequence among phenomena, he would have stated only an important truth,—the one great truth on whose clear apprehension depends the whole difference between ancient and modern investigation of nature. All knowledge which finds its test and triumph in accurate *prevision*, or, more generally, in the determination of absent facts by means of present data, does require exclusively an attentive study of the relations of events in time and place. Though we were endowed with no other power than the ability to register, compare, and analyse series, without any suspicion of a purpose, or wonder about origination, we should want nothing (except, indeed, an indispensable moral incentive) to complete the conditions of scientific discovery. It stands to reason, indeed, that, in order to *foresee*, we need only to know the *sequences* to which events, beginning from the present, are limited; and that, in order to fill-in the absent half of a cluster of phenomena by suggestion from what is at hand, we have but to learn the groupings in which they uniformly occur. And the rule, thus rational in its principle, is confirmed by the actual history of natural knowledge. No scrutiny, it is true, ever succeeds in laying hold of a *new force*, and fixing it in its distinction before our view: all that can be done is to detect some unsuspected *effects*, which are but a fresh disposition or succession of phenomena; and behind that veil no astuteness can carry us. We are apt to be deceived on this point by the habitual employment, in scientific treatises, of *names* for reputed forces of different kinds,—chemical, electric, magnetic, vital, &c. We naturally suppose that the votary of each department of research has something to tell us of the force prevailing there, and of the characters which distinguish it from its dynamic neighbours. On closer inspection, however, we shall find that of the force itself, apart from what it *does*, he has nothing special to say: he defines it by the *appearances* it puts forth; he sepa-



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rates it from *other* forces by stating the *dissimilar effects* which they severally exhibit; nor has he any other means of referring to the ranks of δυνάμεις than by marshalling the perceptible phenomena under their appropriate heads. The name "*magnetism*" stands for the viewless cause of all those movements in certain metals (iron, cobalt, nickel) which occur in the vicinity of particular ferruginous ores, or of iron brought into similar conditions: the movements may be induced under considerable variety of prior conditions, through which it would be impossible for us to trace any identity of originating power; and the assumption of unity rests entirely on the termination of all these conditions in one result, viz. the polar disposition or deflection of the needle. It is the specialty of the phenomenon that is honoured with the *hypothesis* of a special force. *Heat*, again, is the name of an equally unknown cause of certain phenomena,—such as a given animal sensation, and the expansion of bodies, and their change from solid to liquid and liquid into gaseous,—which are entered under this category for no other reason than that they cling together, and though not alike in themselves or appreciable through the same sense, arise under the same physical conditions. The concurrence of these effects having tied them into a group, the rise of any one of them becomes a sign of the possibility of the rest, or of the presence of the supposed cause: but of that cause, *per se*, as apart from its effects,—of its unity, except in their concurrence; of its difference from magnetism, except in the unlikeness and separation of the effects,—we have assuredly no cognisance. Thus much, then, must be freely granted to Comte,—that all investigation into *natural forces* is delusive, unless understood to be mere *phenomenological research*, prosecuted under the disguise of dynamical language; and that its only real result must be to ascertain the analogies and the order of perceptible facts. If this be true, we must materially alter our ordinary conceptions of the operations of nature. We must no longer attribute any reality or efficient existence to gravitation, electricity, cohesion, &c.; but, treating them as mere fictions of thought subservient to classification, must resolve the universe, *under the eye of science*, into a legion of phenomena, irregular to begin with, but susceptible of being regimented and disciplined by due attention to their likeness and affinities. If our language is to be regulated exclusively by the resources of the natural sciences, and nothing to be admitted into it but what they can undertake to guarantee, nothing short of a clean sweep of every dynamical form of phrase can satisfy the obligations of truth. And yet this is manifestly impossible; and has been found so by Comte himself.

How are we to reduce this apparent inconsistency? Inductive

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science gives us no access to causes behind phenomena; yet we cannot expound it without speaking of them, and assuming them. Is fiction, then, the indispensable vehicle of truth? And must a false postulate underlie the whole fabric of our knowledge? So would it assuredly be, if every idea were to be discarded as invalid for which inductive science declines to be responsible. But when we have confessed that, by the way of perception, and in the study of laws, causation cannot be reached, it by no means follows that the idea is to be expelled the service of the human mind. The question arises, whether, as it evades us at the *end* of science, it may not, perhaps, be found at the *beginning*: the spectacle-case may well be empty, if the glasses are already on the nose, helping us all the while to see the very emptiness itself. If the idea of causality be a metaphysical datum, it is no wonder that we miss it as a physical quæsitum; nor is it difficult to understand why it presents no variety to our mind, however various be the phenomena behind which it is planted, or the corresponding changes of name it may assume. By an irresistible law of thought, *all phenomena present themselves to us as the expression of power*, and refer us to a causal ground whence they issue. This dynamic source we neither see, nor hear, nor feel; it is given in *thought*—supplied by the spontaneous activity of the mind itself as the correlative prefix to the phenomenon observed. By the general acknowledgment of philosophers, this idea is so strictly "a necessary idea" as to be entirely irremovable from the conception of any change; to cut the tie between them, and think of phenomena as *not effects*, is impossible, in fact, even to the very writers who propose it in theory.

What value, then, are we to put upon this belief? Either we must take it as a natural revelation, or reject it as a natural lie; in the case of an original datum of thought contradictory to no other, a third course is impossible. If we are to rely on the veracity of our constitution as thinking beings, we must accept the subjective postulate as giving a valid rule for objective nature. If we are to suppose our *intellectual* constitution mendacious, and deem causation a mental fiction, no reason will remain for trusting our perceptive constitution any more; and our observation of facts and quest of laws will perish by the contagion of uncertainty. It is impossible, except by arbitrary caprice, to save the one part of our cognitive nature while sacrificing the other, and vain to pretend that the depositions of the first are in any sense opposed to those of the other. That the "power" given to us in *thought* is apprehensible by no *perception*, avails as little to disprove its reality as the *inaudibleness* of light to convict the eye of false reports. Yet this is the only argument by which Comte justifies his contempt for causes. We freely surrender to him all search by

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scientific methods after a *plurality of forces* distinguishable in themselves: but he confounds this illusory aim with the recognition, on the authority of a law of thought, of *universal causation*, inserted by the mind, without any change of type, behind all sets of phenomena in turn. Start up what may to arrest our attention, one and the same homogeneous idea of *power* occurs to us; and whether it receives the name of chemical, or physical, or vital, the dynamical background of the conception remains unvaried, and the momentary representation alone is exposed to change. The trustworthiness of this belief has the same guarantee as the self-evident predicates of space and time: it is the indispensable condition of our thinking of phenomena at all; they are just as absolutely unpresentable to the mind apart from causality, as motion without duration and extension. Indeed, it is remarkable how these two great data, Space and Time, rescue us from the scepticism of the materialist school. They stand as eternal barriers to forbid our final exit from the natural faiths of reason; or as a bridge that spans the gulf between metaphysical and physical apprehension, and has a bearing upon each; so that, destroy which you will, the whole roadway of human knowledge falls, and neither of the interdependent realms remains accessible or habitable at all. Will you take your stand on the entities of Reason alone? Then, as Comte truly says, your knowledge will never advance a step; you will find no law, and win no prevision. Will you try the other side, and say that Perception of phenomena is the only source of knowledge? Then you must throw away from your belief both space and time, which, as eternal, are not phenomena, and as infinite, you cannot have perceived; and with them must perish all that they contain, so that your solid realism goes off into absolute Nihilism. Will you attempt a compromise, and let natural faith have its way unquestioned respecting these two necessary receptacles of phenomena? Then the postulates of thought, by no means stopping there, are not only good for these, but good for more; and causality slips in by the plea that makes room for Law.

*Final* causation, not less than efficient, our author imagines to be contradicted and disproved by "positive" knowledge; and he is fond of turning aside from his exposition to mark the points where science appears to exclude the notion of providential design. Thus astronomical discovery, in his opinion, completely overthrows the doctrine of divine purpose in the arrangements of the solar system: 1. Because design, whenever alleged, is conceived of as relative to *man*, whose nature gives the only measure we have of good and evil; and though he might plausibly be supposed the object of divine care so long as his station was assumed to be central, the idea must vanish with the

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disclosure of the earth's dependent and planetary position. 2. Because it is demonstrated that the order and stability of the solar system, and the fitness of its several bodies for the residence of living beings, are necessary consequences of purely mechanical laws. 3. Because in many respects the system might be greatly improved, and by no means deserves the admiration wasted on it.* This last argument we may leave to those who feel themselves able to pronounce on the relative merits of possible universes, as compared with one another and with the actual. The belief in design is by no means pledged to the doctrine of optimism. The readiness with which every theist admits the existence of evil, the frequency with which he speaks of imperfections in life and nature, and his habitual reference to a future and ideal world, show that his faith can coexist, without prejudice, with the conception of more "advantageous conditions" of being than he witnesses where he is. For ourselves, we confess Comte's censorship over the universe affects us very much in the same way as many religious writers' patronage of it. *They* undertake to show how much better, *he* how much worse, it is than it might have been. If this sort of argument is open to the one, it cannot be closed against the other; and we may leave them to settle it between them as best they may. Whether the stomach is made on the best principles; whether the sea is not a little too salt; whether the isthmus of Panama is not to be regretted; whether the ice may not be rather overdone about the poles; whether, if M. Lesseps had been consulted, the shortcomings of the Red Sea might not have been avoided; whether the two sides of the moon are fairly treated; whether Jupiter is all right without a ring, or Venus would be improved by diminution of light and levity,—are matters for those who know every thing and a good deal more. Such questions are as a flood let loose, and spreading without use and without bound, covering the landmarks of all fruit-bearing truth and turning thought into a desolating waste. Mend the world as you will, there must always remain ideal standards, measured by which it will be liable to criticism as before. The body of man, for instance, is variously frail, and can scarcely stand, without fracture, a ten-feet fall; but give him cast-iron ribs, and a railway accident will contrive to crush him; and the more you harden him, the greater

* "With persons unused to the study of the celestial bodies, though very likely well informed on other parts of natural philosophy, astronomy has still the repute of being a science eminently religious; as if the famous words, 'The heavens declare the glory of God,' had lost nothing of their truth." In a note Comte adds, "Nowadays, to minds familiarised betimes with the true astronomical philosophy, the heavens declare no other glory than that of Hipparchus, Kepler, Newton, and all those who have contributed to the ascertainment of their laws." *Philosophie Positive*, vol. ii. p. 36.

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the forces into which he will venture. In short, the critique of nature in detail is quite beyond us; and whether we find there little providences or monstrous blemishes, we are alike in danger of seeing only the reflection of our own egotism. Praising or censuring the arrangements of the world, we equally set up certain ideal ends of our own imagining, which we assume that it was or ought to serve; by the test of these we try nature, and, according as her structure realises or falls short of them, we pronounce it perfect or imperfect. Comte and the divines are therefore both within the same school of teleological criticism; both speak of a good or a bad way of realising a presupposed conception; both are equally far from confining themselves to the study of *actual* phenomena and effects, uncompared with others that *might have been.* Forming as we do part of the scheme of nature, limited as our power of conception is to the resources of the universe that bounds the horizon of our minds, we cannot pretend to be judges of the skill or clumsiness of the world's laws; and the moment we pass beyond the simple admiring perception of order and relation, and begin to imagine how much better or worse matters would have stood under other conditions, we entangle ourselves in a thicket of ever-growing problems, from which extrication is impossible. The faith in divine purpose will persevere through all; but the critique of that purpose in special instances is variable and insecure, and was properly excluded by Bacon from the business of science.

Thus the particular thought from which the creation of the world has been supposed to spring, viz. to be the moral centre of the universe, and the scene of a drama fixing the gaze of all higher beings, does really, as Comte's first argument remarks, lose its hold of probability by the Copernican discovery. The plurality of worlds, be they inhabited or uninhabited, is fatally at variance with the scheme of moral symmetry that makes man the hero of all time and nature. But to discredit this particular idea is one thing; to disprove the presence of design altogether is another. The tendency of the Copernican discovery, is quite in the opposite direction, to give enlargement, instead of curtailment and extinction, to the significance and purpose of the world. The old theory of the divines proving too small to suit the magnificence of the facts; its chief object, man, finding himself in presence of a scene so unexpectedly august,—*which* is the more natural inference, that therefore this scene must have a *greater* cause than we had conceived, or that it can have *none at all?* And so perhaps it will ever be. In one instance after another *ad infinitum*, it will be found that the idea we had planted at the heart of a thing is too small, and is transcended by the scale of the reality. To

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make this the excuse for substituting a smaller or a blank, is perversely to justify a logical retrogression by a scientific advance, and to say that, the more glorious the creation, the less thought must it contain. No less a paradox than this is Comte's reasoning that, because a particular idea of the divine intention gives way, Final Causation in general is exploded.

The only considerable argument in the passage on which we are remarking is the second,—that the physical forces and arrangements being known, to which the order and stability of the solar system is due, the phenomena are exhaustively explained without any intervention of purpose at all. Now what is the nature, and wherein lies the plausibility, of this reasoning? It is simply a playing-off of *physical* causation against *moral*, or, as it is called, *final* causation; the forces of matter are adequate to produce all the movements and all the equilibrium, and so no force of mind is wanted. But have we not just learned from Comte that we know nothing of any *forces of matter*, nothing of any *production* of one phenomenon from any other, or from causation at all? that our investigations and discoveries are absolutely debarred from passing beyond the grouping and succession of phenomena? Then what does he mean by here finding in physical causes a substitute and equivalent for the volitional action which he excludes? They cannot shut out and supersede that action, unless they are competent to do the same thing; if they claim to stand in its place, they must undertake to discharge the required office instead of it. Either, therefore, gravitation must be equal to the task hitherto given to the Divine Will, *i.e.* must be a real efficient force, and not a mere generalised phenomenon; or else it cannot make good its rival pretensions, or enter at all upon the field which is at present occupied by final causes simply on the merit of this qualification. In other words, our author may take his choice of two positions: he may limit the possible achievements of our minds to the ascertainment of laws, and say that causal problems are inaccessible; or, admitting causal problems, he may pronounce one solution true and another false, declaring *e. g.* in favour of physical forces as against spiritual agency. But he cannot do *both*, and slip about from the one to the other at will; he cannot fight a particular causal hypothesis with a mere law of phenomena which is not causal, and say in the same breath that we can know nothing of this matter, and also that we know the matter to be not so-and-so, but otherwise than that. Cause against cause, law against law; but no cross-fire is possible; and, slam the heavy gate of gravitation as you may in the face of Living Agency, still if its bars are only ranges of coexistence and succession, and its chevaux-de-frise only bristling clusters of

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phenomena, causation will slip through and round and over, and feel no obstruction to be there.

As to the choice which Comte practically makes between the two positions just described, there can be no doubt. He assuredly thinks of nature, not simply as the theatre of phenomena, but as the residence of *forces*. In what sense can he affirm that periodicity of planetary perturbation, and the consequent equilibrium of the solar system and its orbitary movements, are *necessary consequences of gravitation*, if he does not conceive of gravitation as a cause? From the two great conditions of every Newtonian solution, viz. projectile impulse and centripetal tendency, eject the idea of *force*, and what remains? The entire conception is simply made up of this, and has no sort of faintest existence without it. It is useless to give it notice to quit, and pretend that it is gone, when you have put a new name upon the door. We must not call it "attraction," lest there should seem to be a *power* within: we are to speak of it as "gravitation," because that is only "weight," which is nothing but a "fact;" as if it were not a fact that held a power, a true dynamic affair, which no imagination can chop up into incoherent successions. Nor is the evasion more successful when we try the phrase "*tendency of bodies to mutual approach*." The approach itself may be called a phenomenon; but the "tendency" is no phenomenon, and cannot be attributed by us to the bodies without regarding them as the residence of force. And what are we to say to the *projectile impulse* in the case of the planets? Is that also a phenomenon? Who witnessed and reported it? Is it not evident that this whole scheme of physical astronomy is a resolution of observed facts into dynamic equivalents, and that the hypothesis posits for its calculations, not phenomena, but proper forces? Its logic is this: *if* an impulse of certain intensity were given, and *if* such and such a mutual attraction were constantly present, then the sort of motions which we observe in the bodies of our system *would follow*. So, however, they also would *if* willed by an Omnipotent Intelligence. Both doctrines are so far hypothetical; both hypotheses are dynamic; both are an adequate provision for the facts; so that on this ground neither can exclude the other. There is, however, this difference: we know that the doctrine of composition of forces is an artificial device, by which, in innumerable cases, we treat *as if plural* a spring of motion which, like our own volition to a given muscular action, is *really simple;* the *quasi-plurality* being a contrivance for bringing the phenomenon under dominion to the calculus, and finding its equivalent. If it be maintained that the phenomenon is *really composite*, antagonist

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muscles and numerous levers being set in motion, we reply, that the complexity is at all events in the *mode of execution*, not in the principle of origination, which, being our own conscious volition, we know has none of those parts, but goes straight at the resultant. It appears, therefore, that the composite doctrine betrays its fictitious character where the volitional origination is an indisputable fact; and that, even allowing it in such case to represent reality, it is a mere executive reality, wielded as an instrumental medium by the immediate power of Will behind. In the same manner, the hypothetical composition of the Newtonian forces does nothing to exclude the primary causation of a Divine Mind.

In this connection it is curious to notice, in so acute a mind as our author's, the logical inconsequence produced by incompatible antipathies. He commits the inconsistency,—which would be extraordinary were it not ordinary with his class,—of excluding all Will from the universe because there is nothing but Necessity, yet insisting on Necessity as an attribute of all Will. It is evident that whichever of these two positions is established destroys the other; yet it is scarcely possible for the atheist to avoid holding both. "Look at this whole frame of things," he says, "how can it proceed from a mind,—a supernatural will? Is it not all subject to regular laws, and do we not actually obtain *prevision* of its phenomena? If it were the product of mind, its order would be variable and free." Of mind, therefore, it is a mark, that its phenomena are unsusceptible of prevision; of volition it is characteristic to be free; and the absence of these attributes negatives the presence of voluntary agency. Here, then, the atheistic argument itself not only concedes liberty to will as possible, but reasons from it as the one essential. Yet no sooner do these writers begin to treat of the only will which we directly know, viz. our own, than they contend for the contradictory of all this; affirming that the will has no freedom whatever; that it follows determinate and ascertainable laws; that its products are not variable or irreducible to rules of prevision; and that if we cannot yet foresee them, the fault is not in the indeterminateness of the facts, but in the imperfect conquests of our knowledge. From this it would seem that necessity and determinateness of sequence, being not less predicable of will than of other orders of facts, may as well be a sign of *it* as of any thing else, and cannot at all be taken to disprove it. Either, then, the will is free, or else theism is unharmed; and the attack on either of these propositions saves the other. The fact is, the atheistic reasoning is an involuntary testimony to the inextinguishable faith in the freedom of the will,—a testimony the more impressive because unconsciously given by a hostile witness.

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When the problem practically comes before him, how to get rid of *supernatural volition* from the universe, he can find but one mode, viz. to get rid of every trace of *freedom*, and enthrone every where *natural necessity*. In this he follows a perfectly correct logical instinct; he tries the issue upon the antithesis of two notions that are truly contradictory. But if they are mutually exclusive in the universe, so are they in man; and it is the secret consciousness of this that suggests and sustains the whole argument. When, after this radical acknowledgment, Comte condescends to the assertion that any man who fancies himself free, may undeceive himself by standing on his head for a few minutes, and trying what becomes of his clearest thoughts and strongest resolves, we cannot fail to see how much deeper is his involuntary wisdom than his superficial polemic. As well might you urge it as a disproof of free-will, that you cannot put the moon in your pocket, or contrive to live five hundred years, or write an epic in your sleep. Be the limitations of our power prescribed by nature, or self-imposed, or a mixture of the two, no one ever denied or questioned them; no one ever contended for a freedom in man unfettered by organic conditions. To do so would be to pronounce him omnipotent and absolute. In truth, free causality is so far from requiring the absence of all limiting conditions, that it cannot be conceived of except as in their presence. Its activity is in its very essence *preferential*,—the adoption of *this* to the exclusion of *that*; and to empty out all data, to cancel the finite terms, is to destroy the problem and preclude the power. All mental action is intrinsically *relative*, and when predicated as *absolute* becomes entirely inconceivable. It is therefore mere trifling to argue against free-will by pointing out the dependence of moral phenomena on organic conditions. These conditions are the very data of the whole problem; they may exist in every variety of number and intensity; by increasing which the range left open to determination may be continually narrowed, till, in the extreme case, it wholly disappears, the quæsitum is among the data, and the problem is self-resolved. The real question is, whether this extreme case is universal.

But we must release our readers from an unconscionable detention. We should, however, have been unfaithful interpreters of our author, if we had not made them feel a little of the tedium he inflicts. Our interest in him being chiefly from the moral side, we have addressed ourselves exclusively to the dogmatic groundwork of his system, and especially to the assumptions by which he discredits psychological science, appends ethics to biology, and dismisses religion into limbo. It is in this, his *Prima Philosophia*, that we find it necessary to contest every step. When, advancing from this abstract ground, he begins to con-

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struct his hierarchy of the sciences, we acknowledge for the first time the true style of a master-hand. Two things only provoke remark in this part of his work: (1) The principle of arrangement by which he gives order to the sciences, advancing from the more universal properties to the more special, is by no means original; and in the hands of Dr. Arnott had already, in 1827, been employed to raise in outline precisely the symmetrical pyramid of knowledge which Comte contemplates with so much pride. Our author's additional rule, that with this logical order the historical growth of the sciences agrees, will not, in our opinion, bear examination. (2) This linear arrangement of the sciences, all around the same axis, appears to us absolutely untrue, both to their inner logic and their outward history. We deny that the knowledge of human nature and life waits for an antecedent biology, chemistry, physics, and astronomy, or uses their conclusions, when obtained, as its presuppositions. We maintain the essential independence of its evidence and method, and the possibility, nay even necessity, of its beginning at the same moment, and advancing *pari passu*, with our apprehension of the outward world. We assert that the sciences dispose themselves round *two* great axes of thought, parallel and not unrelated, yet distinct;—the natural sciences held together by the one, the moral by the other. In practice our author himself proceeds as if it were so; and in his review of political and social doctrine, leaves his physiology and chemistry entirely behind. His notices of both groups of sciences, taken separately, abound with original criticisms and striking generalisations; but it is especially in the sphere of physical knowledge that his habits of thought render him an instructive and suggestive guide.

As for his celebrated threefold law, we will only point to the distorting effect it has had on his great historical survey. In obedience to its cruel exactions, the natural organism of European civilisation has been torn to pieces. As the third, or positive stage, had accomplished its advent in the author's own person, it was necessary to find the metaphysical period just before; and so the whole life of the Reformed Christianity, in embryo and in manifest existence, is stripped of its garb of *faith*, and turned out to view as a naked metaphysical phenomenon. But metaphysics, again, have to be ushered in by theology; and of the three stages of theology Monotheism is the last,—necessarily following on Polytheism, as that, again, on Fetichism. There is nothing for it, therefore, but to let the mediæval Catholic Christianity stand as the world's first monotheism, and to treat it as the legitimate offspring and necessary development of the Greek and Roman polytheism. This accordingly Comte actually does. Protestantism he illegitimates and outlaws from religion alto-

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gether; and the genuine Christianity he fathers upon the faith of Homer and the Scipios! Once or twice, indeed, it seems to cross him that there was such a people as the Hebrews, and that they were not the polytheists they ought to have been. He sees the fact, but pushes it out of his way with the remark, that the Jewish monotheism was "premature"! The Jews were always a disobliging people: what business had they to be up so early in the morning, disturbing the house ever so long before M. Comte's bell rang to prayers?

It is unfortunate that Comte, like many men at once capable and vain, rests his chief pretensions on precisely what is weakest, least original, and most misleading, in his modes of thought: whilst he drops unconsciously, and leaves unmarked, his strongest and most fertile reflections. The consequence necessarily is, that his first reputation, conferred by disciples in answer to his own demand, will have to shift its ground; that a prior polemic must prepare the way for ultimate appreciation; and that before he can be wisely heard, the louder half of him must be forgot.

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## Art. IX.—THE STATE OF PARTIES.

*Politics, and Political Economy of Weak Governments.* By F. C. London, 1858.

The position of parties, the state of the House of Commons, and the prospects of the country as affected by these two influences, are such as no friend to that special form of liberty and representative institutions which exists in England, and in England only, can contemplate without grief, anxiety, and some degree of shame. And it is not because we have any certain diagnosis to pronounce, or any infallible remedy to offer, that we venture to raise our voice at such a crisis; but because we entertain a sanguine hope that the genuine sagacity and patriotism of the English people, which penetrates through all their follies, and the substantial wisdom and virtue of English statesmen, which all their factions and intrigues may hide but never utterly destroy, will be able to devise a cure as soon as the danger is made clear to their comprehension; and because we feel a profound conviction, that unless some such cure is discovered and applied, dark days are at hand, which will try the faith and hope of the nation in its government and its freedom more than it will be able to bear. Governments are ephemeral and feeble; Parties are divided, fluctuating, and confused; leading politicians are discredited; Parliament is alike without a God and without a creed; the

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trumpet gives forth an uncertain sound, and the warriors know not how to prepare themselves for battle. Yet all this time the gravest questions lie before us for discussion, and the knottiest problems, both of home and foreign policy, are pressing for solution.

This state of affairs is very uncomfortable and very perilous. It is perilous, it seems to us, chiefly because the practical chiefs of the political world will not look it in the face,—because they do not realise and understand it,—because they are living in the maxims and entangled in the traditions of a Past which has gone from us,—because, having been trained in one school and system, they persist in applying its ideas and formulas to an age and an arena in which all the essential elements are changed. They assisted at the great revolution of 1832, yet they appear not to have grasped the full scope and consequences of that revolution. They were formed and disciplined in the antediluvian world; they have to act in, and to deal with, the postdiluvian world. We do not say that the problem is not a perplexing one. But assuredly, if its real nature were once completely understood, and its undeniable facts once fairly acknowledged, the difficulty of meeting it would already be half surmounted.

Several circumstances have combined to disguise from busy statesmen the extent and radical character of the changes which the Reform Bill wrought in the conditions of parliamentary existence. The external forms, the rules of proceedings, the official language of that existence remained unaltered. The concoction and the defeats of successive ministries followed the same apparent etiquette. There was marrying and giving in marriage, pretty much as in the days before the flood. It was true that a large popular element had been introduced into the House of Commons; but this seemed to have affected the combinations of parties and politicians far less than had been expected. The *personnel* of all governments remained the same. The old families, whether Whig or Tory, divided the loaves and fishes of the state between them. The old chiefs allotted the toils and dignities of office among themselves exactly as of yore. No new man crept into the Cabinet who might not have got there almost as easily under the old *régime*. A more popular spirit and tone had, indeed, found its way into the general character of our policy and legislation. Greater tact was necessary, and greater difficulty was experienced, in "managing" the House of Commons than formerly. It was sometimes cantankerous, wilful, unaccountable. But, on the whole, power remained in the same hands, though it was wielded in a different temper and with a somewhat less confident and despotic grasp. Both parties were surprised at this. The Radicals were disappointed, and clamoured for a further change. The Conservatives and ancients of all sections were re-assured,

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and confessed that the Reform Bill had been less subversive than they had feared.

Within the last few years, however, the scope and nature of the changes which have taken place in the House of Commons in consequence of the Reform Bill, have become more obvious. The new, the modified, and the enlarged constituencies have not, perhaps, enriched the House by the men they have sent up as much as was anticipated; but they have most materially complicated and disturbed its combinations. The alterations wrought directly or indirectly by parliamentary reform,—the differences between the House now and in the first thirty years of the century,—may, we think, be specified somewhat as follows:

1. The simple, military, combative character of Parliament is gone. Formerly it was divided into two armies, which marched under certain standards, owned allegiance to certain traditions, obeyed recognised and authorised chiefs, and based their struggles for power, always ostensibly, and to a great extent actually and sincerely, on distinct differences of opinion and of objects. Parliamentary life was a regulated and civilised warfare, and members of parliament were troops who appeared on parade, manœuvered, and voted by word of command; but rarely till they had reached a certain rank either troubled themselves to form an individual judgment, or much expected to make it heard, if they possessed one. There were few or no *outsiders* in those days; and such as there were exercised little influence, and commanded scant regard. Each man as he entered political life chose his party, and ranged himself on one side or the other,—or rather, indeed, his antecedents and connections usually determined the matter for him with little choice or reflection on his own part. That done, his personal, intellectual, and moral difficulties were at an end. Every thing else was settled for him. His leaders did all the thinking, all the talking, all the strategy, and most of the work. He had a distinct duty, but was not required to have a separate conscience or an independent principle. If he had possessed such, half his usefulness would have been gone. Any such supererogatory toil or virtue would have entailed much inconvenience on his party, and been decidedly mischievous to himself.

The Reform Bill, however,—or the gradual progress of the national mind out of which it sprung and which it so vastly accelerated and confirmed,—changed all this. The excitement, the discussion, the moral and intellectual energies of those memorable years, constituted an era in the political education of the country. Men's minds were so aroused, that it was impossible to avoid forming an opinion on nearly every question of interest; and their consciences were so enlightened, that it was impossible to avoid acting upon it when formed. Constituents and constitu-

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encies had their own views, and expected the members whom they returned to represent those views, and to enforce them upon others. Men were sent into the House who knew not Joseph—who were ignorant and careless of the old parliamentary etiquette—who felt little reverence for the old leaders—who were as rebellious as savages against the fetters of a conventional civilisation. They had a terrible sense of their duties, their rights, and their responsibilities. They were resolved to understand every subject, and to form an independent judgment upon it. They had an insatiable appetite for blue-books. They were there, no doubt, to uphold the great principle of progress, or the great principle of conservation; but they were there also to consider each question on its merits—to select each chief for his talents and his honesty—to consult and to fight for the good of the country and the furtherance of their constituents' opinions, and not merely to ensure the victory of this party, or the continuance in power of that particular aristocratic family. They were volunteers or auxiliaries, rather than recruits; and as such, they were the despair and perplexity of old Whips and veteran commanders.

From the new men this mania for independent thought and individual responsibility spread to the older and more experienced politicians. They too, for the most part, had constituents; and these constituents grew more exacting year by year. The standard of conscientiousness was gradually raised in all departments of political life. The rank-and-file of party could no longer shuffle off upon their chiefs the task of reflecting and deciding on public questions to any thing like the same degree as formerly. The House of Commons became more and more a chamber of consulting physicians, less and less an arena of rival combatants. It steadily approximated more and more closely to the theory of its constitution; and just in proportion as it did so, it became more provokingly and perplexingly unmanageable,—more and more unintelligible to those who persisted in trying it by the old ideas,—more and more intractable to those who persisted in managing it according to the old principles and tactics.

2. The second change is greater and graver still, and though, like the first, the result of good, is even more ominous of danger. Our political progress is the source of our political peril; and the very measure of our progress is the measure of our peril likewise. The two great parties which for a century and a half had divided England between them were the representatives, however imperfectly, of two great natural principles and tendencies in human beings and in civic communities, viz. the popular and the authoritative principle—the principle of aggression and the principle of resistance—the principle of change and the principle of conservation—the disposition which deifies liberty and the disposition which

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deifies order. Each party had taken its stand upon—or rather each party had in the evolution of circumstances gradually come to represent—one of these distinctive tendencies and doctrines. The Whigs maintained that the polity of England was full of abuses which ought to be swept away, and that the popular element in our mixed constitution ought to be strengthened and developed. The Tories denied or defended the alleged abuses, and dreaded the reinforcement of the popular element as a source of national weakness and danger. Hence the sincere watchwords of the one party were Liberty and Reform; those of the other, Order and Authority; and both were once full of reality and meaning. These were distinct and intelligible differences. They represented the perpetual elements of conflict which exist in all societies and in all minds in their infancy and during their progress. The state of England afforded ample field for the struggle. The rich and great had many privileges which challenged examination and abatement. There were many laws and customs which pressed heavily upon the poor. Taxation was inequitable, and expenditure was extravagant. The good things of the State were the monopoly of a few; the revenue which maintained them was levied on the many. Individual freedom, both of thought and speech, was unjustly curtailed. The administration of justice was costly and oppressive in the extreme. Political franchises were withheld from large classes perfectly competent and fully entitled to exercise them. There was vast work to be done in the way of practical reform, and clear principles in virtue of which to do it. The division of British politicians into two parties was sanctioned, confirmed, and consecrated, by the two causes out of which it sprung, and of which it was the natural, spontaneous, healthy, and legitimate growth—the existence, on the one hand, of liberties withheld and abuses maintained, and, on the other, of the two antagonist dispositions of mind which respectively dread popular action and respect it.

A quarter of a century of manly work and warfare has altered all this. The party of progress got the upper hand after a severe struggle, and then set themselves vigorously to improve their victory. They reformed the representation, extended the suffrage, and established the principle of non-exclusion, to say the least. They have conquered for all *nearly* perfect liberty of speech and thought, both religious, social, and political. The law is now oppressive only because it is expensive; this expense even has been enormously reduced, and the only difficulties in the way of still further economy lie in those practical obstacles which the best intentions have hitherto proved unable to remove. Taxation has been readjusted, and wonderfully lightened; and if expenditure has not been reduced in proportion, this is because it has been directed

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to real popular benefits. Burdens have been removed from the poor to an enormous extent; and nearly all restrictions on individual liberty which can safely be dispensed with have been abolished. All that Reformers and friends of freedom clamoured for and strove for thirty years ago, they have gained and they have done. All that Conservatives and devotees of authority feared and contended against has been wrested from them or carried against them. The battle is over; the work is accomplished. The "final cause" of the existence of the two parties is swept away. The arms of the combatants, and the implements of the workmen, lie useless at their feet, and they look each other idly in the face.

But there is more than this. In the course of conflict and of labour, of daily discussion and incessant toil, a whole generation has been trained and educated. Even where the work is not completed, the principles on which it is to be completed have been settled. There is no longer much difference between the doctrines of the once contending parties. A whole generation has been *converted* as well as educated. The Tories are no longer foes of progress. The Liberals are no longer blind to the truth of conservancy, or the value of order. Each party has learned from the other. Both are prepared to forward popular education, and to extend popular franchises. They no longer dispute about principles, but only about plans. The field of battle is gone from beneath their feet. The field of husbandry remains for both to labour in. In fine, the circumstances and the discrepant doctrines, which formerly divided the political world into two grand *natural* parties, are merged. The river that severed them has flowed away into the ocean, and its bed is dry.

3. From these two combined causes has arisen another change in the constitution of the House of Commons, not less practically momentous than the preceding. We mean the formation of a third party of considerable numerical strength, and still more powerful from its position, which complicates the action and materially modifies the policy of the other two. Some such party as this exists in most representative assemblies, and was faintly traceable here even before the Reform Bill; but it was then so insignificant that it might safely be left out of the account. Of late, however, it has assumed much more formidable dimensions, and has appeared in such fluctuating shapes as to embarrass all tactics, and destroy the reliability of all calculations. At one time the "Irish Brigade" constituted this section of fifty or a hundred "Free Lances," *avec lesquels il fallait compter*, and whose support or hostility could often turn the scale in close and serious contests. Then the "Radical party" filled what Sydney Smith called the "arthritic position;" and for a time the same



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functions were performed by the "Peelites." At present, the Brigade and the Peelites are nearly extinct as separate and organised sections; but the "Radical party" still survives, and appears to be endowed with greater vitality than ever. The spirit of individual independence and of private judgment, which we have described above as weakening the coherence and perplexing the relations of the two ancient political divisions, has, however, operated here also; and the outlying party in the House, comprising all who are neither distinctly ministerialist, nor regularly and avowedly in opposition, is subdivided into so many *nuances*, takes up so many varying positions, and assumes so many Protean shapes, that combination becomes increasingly difficult, and prophecy is utterly at fault.

Now from this position of affairs many serious dangers and inconveniences arise to the public weal, which it is impossible to overlook and not easy to over-estimate. Every government is weak, because no party is preponderatingly strong; and a weak government is one of the besetting perils of a free country. Being unable to command, it is reduced to contrive, to manage, to bargain, to manœuvre, to intrigue; and of the consequence of this state of things we have of late had many startling illustrations. In the first place, much valuable time is wasted, and many important national interests neglected or sacrificed, in trials of party strength—in changes of ministry, tentative or actual—in dissolutions and re-combinations. Session after session passes, and great questions are postponed, like the topic of Representative Reform, because Whitsuntide follows Easter, and August presses close on Whitsuntide, and faction-fights have so delayed actual business that the votes and estimates can scarcely be pressed through in time.

In the second place, in such a state of parties Government is powerless against the spirit of jobbing and foolish extravagance which occasionally seizes the House of Commons, and which, indeed, is the besetting sin of popular assemblies. In all such bodies there are individuals and sections bent upon some outlay of the public money for local or corporate purposes. The petitioners or assailants in such cases are resolute and ravenous. No other section has any distinct interest in resisting their demands; and the House, as a whole, and as guardian of the public purse, has too diluted and feeble an interest in the matter to oppose any effectual barrier. A strong government *can* resist these encroachments; a conscientious government feels it to be its duty to resist them, and will do so if it can. Indeed, at present, and in the case of many popular assemblies, the functions of the parties seem to be reversed. The Executive is the check upon the

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Legislative body, though theory points to a directly reverse operation. But an Executive which is too weak to have a high sense of its responsibility, or to be able to act upon that sense, yields to every pressure, because it is easier to yield than to resist, and because it cannot afford to alienate any supporters by resisting proposals which only patriots and philosophers will thank it for stopping.

Thirdly. There is imminent risk, almost the certainty, of a timid, irresolute, and vacillating policy, both at home and abroad. Not only do short and frequent changes of ministry entail such a result, but a ministry which does not *command* a steady and sufficient majority in Parliament cannot form its plans with any conviction of being suffered to carry them out consistently and firmly, and therefore dares not announce them with the boldness necessary to insure respect, besides being under the frequent obligation of modifying them in some important particular, in order to conciliate independent support or disarm capricious opposition. It does not what it would, but what it can. Its policy is not guided by a clear and abiding principle, but by the varying necessities and expediencies of the hour. It is now courageous and liberal, to obey the generous instincts of the nation; now timid, reactionary, and compromising, to meet the selfishness, the pusillanimity, or the sinister or lukewarm sympathies of special sections of the House of Commons. The Tories come into office as the consequence of some inconsistent vote, which perhaps designed no such result. They maintain their places, or rather are endured therein, for six months or for ten—hold a different language, intimate different affinities and objects, give birth to different hopes from their predecessors; and then are displaced once more, to repeat the same process a few years later. Or the ministers, whatever side of the House they may belong to, find themselves obliged at one moment to be warlike and tenacious because the blood of the country is up, the "honour of England" is in the ascendant, and the British lion is again in requisition. A few months after, perhaps, when bills come in, and languor succeeds to zeal, the peace party and the economists have to be silenced or conciliated, and the inspiring spirit, if not the actual language and demeanour, of the Foreign Office is once more altered. All this impairs respect, weakens our influence abroad, and sows broadcast the seed of future animosities and misunderstandings.

Fourthly. Perhaps, however, the most serious mischief resulting from the state of parties which we are considering is, that it enables the third party, and *that* the weakest one, to dictate to the two others, and not only to turn the scale on many critical occasions, but actually to determine the direction in which the entire policy of the country shall move, and the ends towards which

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it shall converge. No skill, we fear, can avert this disastrous result. The moderate Liberals are decidedly the strongest section in the House, but they do not of themselves constitute either a positive or a constant majority. The Conservatives command a compact and comparatively serried and well-organised phalanx, but they are in a decided minority when left to their own regular forces. The Radicals, and the independent and fanciful sections, can by their adhesion give the victory to either party, and place either party in power. They hold the balance, and, by throwing their weight into one scale or the other, can give either the preponderance. Their support is necessary to both, and is therefore sought for and bid for by both. In one form or another, with more or less of naked cynicism or of decent drapery, their aid has to be purchased by concessions of policy or doctrine equally foreign to the wishes and the principles of both the competing bidders. The Conservatives, being the weaker party, are usually under the necessity of bidding highest for Radical support. Take the subject of Parliamentary Reform, for example. Neither of the great old parties, it is notorious, wished in their hearts for a new Reform Bill, or, indeed, desired to stir the question at all. But a considerable portion of the constituencies did. The town-constituencies had got into the habit of expecting a reconstruction of the franchise and a redistribution of the seats. The Radical party in Parliament were bent on this, and it had become a sort of fixed idea with one of the most experienced and influential of Liberal statesmen. Under these circumstances, a new Reform Bill had become a sort of recognised necessity, and was promised by both Whigs and Tories. The Whigs are desirous to introduce many enlargements and improvements which shall perfect and purify the existing system without in any way altering its basis or its operation. The Tories think that changes might be introduced which would work in a Tory sense, and are of opinion that the power of the agricultural element ought to be largely increased. But both parties deprecate a decided move in the democratic direction; the Conservatives from old hereditary principles, the Whigs from aristocratic sympathies, and sagacious and statesmanlike forebodings, which every fresh study of the subject, and every fresh glance across the Atlantic, only serves to deepen and to stimulate. Neither party, however, can hope to carry their measure without Radical assistance; and Radical assistance is only to be obtained at the price of large concessions to democratic principles. Such concessions will, therefore, almost certainly be made. Nay more, larger concessions of this nature will probably be extortable from the Tories than from the Whigs, both because their objection is one rather of interest than of conscientious doctrine, and they have a notion that they can form

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some sort of permanent alliance with the democratic element which shall *manage* and mould it to their views; and also because, being the weakest party, they must bid higher for the strength they need. A large infusion of democracy would be fatal to Whig ascendency: it is by no means clear that it might not, for a time at least, be made to play the Tory game; and this the more astute of them already begin to suspect. The case, then, stands thus. Three hundred Whigs, and two hundred Conservatives, all of them averse to a democratic Reform Bill, and to any policy of a decidedly democratic tendency, will, each party in rivalship, bring in such a bill, and will move in such direction, because one hundred and fifty Radicals, *with whose aid they can neither of them dispense,* determine to have it so, and will be purchased on no other terms. In other words, less than one-fourth of the House dictate the policy of the House, because the other three-fourths are too equally divided. A more unconstitutional position, or one more full of danger, can scarcely be imagined. It is unconstitutional, because it places power where there is no responsibility; and it is dangerous and intolerable, as well as unconstitutional, because it makes not the greatest number nor the wisest section of the legislature, but a small minority, and a minority holding extreme opinions, the arbiters of the conduct and destiny of the nation.

Fifthly. We are now arrived at, or are fast approaching, that stage of our political progress which all free nations reach at some period or other, when, all great questions being settled, all great evils trampled under foot, and all great principles of policy firmly established, there is an almost irresistible tendency in the contests of parties and of statesmen to degenerate into littleness and personality. Natural parties having outlived their meaning and vitality, artificial ones have to be created, or party altogether has to be foregone. We are fast drifting into a position between two alternatives, each signally undesirable. The great points which separated politicians being disposed of, small points to separate them must be discovered or devised—and political warfare then becomes hollow faction and disingenuous intrigue;—or, real and important differences between competitors for power no longer existing, their rivalry degenerates into individual strife for supremacy and place. Hear, on this subject, the sentiments of two thoughtful and experienced statesmen—Lord Grey and M. de Tocqueville:

"Since the various reforms," observes the former, "which thirty years ago were so strenuously contended for by one party, and no less strenuously opposed by another, have been successively carried, it would be difficult to draw any clear distinction between parties from their opinions on public questions; and thus the division between them is made

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to depend more than formerly on personal feelings and interests. This tends both to lower the tone of parliamentary warfare, and to diminish the wholesome authority formerly exercised by the leaders of parties. Although the accomplishment of these reforms is in itself a great advantage to the nation, it cannot be denied that new dangers have arisen from the termination of the struggle by which they were won. While that struggle lasted, it helped to keep politics in a healthy state, as the peril of her mortal strife with Carthage is said to have preserved Rome from that flood of corruption which soon ensued after her final triumph over her formidable enemy. The consequences in this respect of the termination of our old parliamentary contests only add another to the many proofs to be every where found, how vain it is in human affairs to look for the quiet continuance of a state of things with which we may sit down contented. To be in a constant conflict with evil in some shape or other, is obviously the condition appointed by Providence both for men and nations, and the moment that struggles for improvement cease, corruption and decay commence."

The following are M. de Tocqueville's admirable remarks on "little parties,"—the designation he applies to those that are formed in free countries, where all great questions are settled, and only minor points remain at issue:

"Les petits partis sont en général sans foi politique. Comme ils ne se sentent pas élevés et contenus par de grands objets, leur caractère est empreint d'un égoïsme qui se produit ostensiblement à chacun de leurs actes. Ils s'échauffent toujours au froid, leur langage est violent, mais leur marche est timide et incertaine. Les moyens qu'ils emploient sont misérables comme le but même qu'ils se proposent. De là vient que quand un temps de calme succède à une révolution violente, les grands hommes semblent disparaître tout-à-coup, et les âmes se renfermer en elles-mêmes. Les grands partis bouleversent la société, les petits l'agitent; les uns la déchirent, et les autres la dépravent; les premiers la sauvent quelquefois en l'ébranlant, les seconds la troublent toujours sans profit."

Such, it appears to us, is the present position of political life and party government in England, such the difficulties that surround, and such the perils that menace us, if some way of escape cannot be found. To nations, as to men, there are, no doubt, inevitable evils and inherent maladies assigned by Providence, and dependent on the very constitution of collective and individual humanity. Such we can only hope to postpone as long as possible, to mitigate as far as we may, and to succumb to with becoming resignation when the appointed and unescapable hour shall have arrived. But all true patriots, and we think all profound statesmen, will be slow to believe in disorders for which there is no cure, in decrees from which there is no appeal, in catastrophes which no wisdom can conjure or avert. At all

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events, it behoves us all to look steadily at the dangers before us, so that, if possible, we may see our way through them, may escape them by skill, may surmount or defeat them by resolution and virtue, or at least may go over the precipice with our eyes open, fighting, toiling, hoping to the last.

One thing is clear to all. The past is past, and cannot be revived. We should give up at once all wish to galvanise the corpse, or to be contented with the ghost. Both are alike ghastly and profitless unrealities. If we resign all these idle hopes and hankerings, and look boldly at the work and the materials before us, it would seem clear that in one of two opposite directions, in the adoption of one of two distinct lines of action, must the reconstruction of the political life of England be sought. We may EITHER drop all the ancient watchwords and maxims which formerly divided parties, and look for some one or two principles of action—some one or two objects of political value or desire—distinct enough in themselves, and corresponding closely enough with the eternal differences of human character, to form natural and strongly defined landmarks of division; OR, sinking all party ties and all hope of party government, we may resolve to bear into power those men who are best qualified to carry out and sagaciously apply those principles of policy in which all statesmen of capacity are pretty well agreed. We may select our chiefs either for their opinions or for their powers. We may look out for sound politicians or for competent administrators. We may reorganise parties, or we may abolish party altogether. One or other line, however, we must take decidedly. There are, after all, only two practical questions for the nation—the *principles on which*, and the *men by whom*, the public policy shall be conducted. Let us see what are the possibilities of each.

It is plain that to the following-out either line of action effectually, the severance and, indeed, the destruction of all *existing* party ties is indispensable. It is the past, and not the present, that keeps politicians together, and that keeps them apart. Men who agree in all unsettled points cannot join, because they disagreed in points that have long since been settled. Men eminently qualified to act together cannot join, because they have been accustomed to act and live with each other's foes. The best men among the Conservatives cannot combine with the best men among the Liberals, not because they differ in opinion, or aim at different objects, nor because they have any personal animosities or idiosyncrasies which forbid amalgamation; but because their ancestral traditions, their youthful associations, their habitual companions, their respective camps, are dissimilar, and were once hostile. Able, thoughtful, sound men, moreover, find it next to impossible to take a decided part, or to speak strong and open

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language on this or that question or measure, because doing so would throw them into the arms of their opponents, and bring annoyance and discomfiture upon their friends. Thus old ties, which have no longer any life or meaning in them, fetter free action and free speech, and often lead to dishonest action and to false speech. But if it could once be admitted that a new era was arrived, and that all of the past which was really dead should be buried too, and that men should combine only when they really sympathised, and class themselves together only when they really agreed, the ground would be made clear either for the construction of cabinets on the basis of administrative ability, or for the reconstruction of parties on the basis of actual and genuine similarity of view and purpose.

Now we confess we have no belief in the cry so commonly raised of the degeneracy of statesmen, or the want of able and experienced men in public life at the present day. We are perfectly certain that the Houses of Parliament contain materials for at least two ministries, as competent as four-fifths of those that have preceded them. It is not the want of materials that has been and is our difficulty, but the embarrassments, natural and artificial, that arise in the endeavour to combine them. The two last cabinets were formed without the aid or presence of some of the cleverest and most practised statesmen, simply because personal antecedents or party complications made it impracticable to blend them. We cannot complain of want of men, when Lord Grey, Lord John Russell, Mr. Gladstone, Mr. Sidney Herbert, Mr. Cardwell, Sir James Graham, the Duke of Newcastle, Mr. Roebuck, Mr. Cobden, and Mr. Bright, sit on the cross benches, aloof alike from the Ministry and from the Opposition. If the nation once determined to dispense with party government, and to call to the helm of affairs, independently of their connections, the ablest men in its service, and the men most fitted *departmentally* to carry out its views, there could be no difficulty in forming a government of surpassing ability to-morrow.

But the opinion of all experienced statesmen is decidedly averse to such a departmental system of administration. Its advantages were strongly stated in an article which appeared three years since, in the *North British Review*. The objections to it are fully and clearly discussed by Lord Grey, in the third chapter of his very remarkable and interesting work.* Perhaps the weightiest arguments to be alleged in its favour are, that it would enable Parliament to avail itself of the services of all its members, and always to place each man in the post for which he is most qualified, without encountering the obstacles arising from

* Parliamentary Government, pp. 47 et seq.

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the difficulties felt by politicians in joining certain comrades and deserting others—obstacles which are now often insuperable, and have frequently rendered abortive combinations and arrangements the most essential to the public interests. And further, that it would secure to every capable Minister the power of carrying into effect his own departmental policy, unfettered and unspoiled by incongruous compromises and concessions, so long as that policy coincided with the wishes of a parliamentary majority. The most serious objections to the scheme are, that it would place in the same cabinet men who could scarcely act together with any cordiality—who would oppose and controvert each other in parliamentary debates, and could not always do so without acrimony; and that important despatches and information would have to be withheld from the Cabinet, lest they should be communicated to members who are friends of one Minister, though opponents of the others. But probably the most fatal objection may be found in the perception of the direct and irresistible tendency such arrangements would have to favour the usurpation by the House of Commons of the functions and authority of the Executive, by rendering each separate Minister its direct servant, the representative of its will, and the instrument of its policy and its decisions. Already this perilous encroachment has begun, and deserves to be watched by all constitutional statesmen with the most jealous vigilance; and Lord Grey and Lord Macaulay* are probably right in regarding the institution of a united and collectively responsible ministry as the surest safeguard against its further progress.

Indeed, before the plan of departmental statesmanship and individual responsibility could be consistently carried out, the dispositions and habits of the country, as well as those of Parliament, must undergo a material change. If the House of Commons is to select ministers with reference to their personal and administrative fitness, and not to their opinions or their party ties, the country must choose its representatives on the same principle. The one change must precede the other; and if it does so, the latter, being a natural consequence, may be comparatively innocuous and beneficial. We confess we should see with pleasure a popular move in this direction—some dawning inclination towards which has from time to time become perceptible. Now that great questions are settled, and great subjects of difference removed, it would seem but just and wise that constituencies should seek rather for the men most competent, by purity of character and clearness of intelligence, to understand and forward the national well-being, than for such merely as most faith-

* History of England, vol. iv. pp. 434 et seq.

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fully echo and represent those opinions and doctrines which are yearly becoming less practically important, and less frequently disputed.

Let us now inquire what materials exist for the other solution of our difficulties. Do questions of policy yet remain, or are such likely to arise, the nature of which is important enough, and the distinctions between the opposite views of which are broad and clear enough, to afford a basis for the formation of legitimate and unartificial parties? We believe that such questions do exist, or are on the point of starting into existence; that, as soon as they are fairly laid before the public for practical decision, they will or may effect that natural and strongly marked severance between politicians of discrepant characters and views which is the desideratum sought; and that the only or the chief obstacle to such severance and such re-combination will lie in those ancient personal and party connections, watchwords, and traditions, out of which all life and meaning has long since departed, but which still, by the force of association, hold statesmen, as it were, in mortmain.

In domestic policy, for example, most stirring questions have been discussed and set at rest. Most abuses are rectified, or the maxims which must work out their rectification have been established and adopted by all parties. Most practical grievances have been redressed, or the necessity and duty of their speedy redress have been admitted *nemine contradicente*. The natural result has been, that grumblers have become satisfied and silent, because the evils which excited their discontent have been removed. Reformers have become Conservatives, because the reforms for which they contended have been all effected. The little more or the little less, the little faster or the little slower, the precise mode and machinery for the application of principles which are universally admitted,—these are matters for discussion, but scarcely for antagonism, for consultation rather than for conflict. But, this accomplished—excrescences removed, disfiguring blots cleared away, eating sores cured, the practical and pressing work of political amendment completed, or on the certain and rapid road to completion, one great question remains,—a question on which, as it seems to us, honest and energetic men differ fundamentally, vehemently, irreconcilably,—*in what direction, and towards what goal, shall our future constitutional progress be set?* We shall never quite stand still. Patriots and philanthropists will never be idle (more's the pity!). The task of political reformers and advancers is never done, or at least they never think it so; but the line of action to be taken, the ground on which, and the spot at which, entrenched resistance must begin, has to be settled. Take,

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as we did before, a single question, to make our meaning clear. All parties profess, not, indeed, exactly to *desire* a further measure of parliamentary reform, but to hold that our representative system admits of many improvements, which, the subject being once mooted, it would be desirable to introduce. The *details* of these alterations do not afford a ground on which a clear and wide party distinction can be formed; but the *principle* on which reform is to proceed, the object at which it is to aim, unquestionably does; and till this preliminary point is decided, it is impossible to proceed satisfactorily, or with much prospect of practical advantage. We all know as soon as we ask ourselves the plain question, at least a very short reflection will show us, whether we desire to *perfect* our constitution or to *change* it; whether we *wish to assimilate our representative system to that of America, or to retain for it that peculiar British character which has hitherto distinguished it from nearly every other contrivance of the kind;* whether we admit the numerical doctrine in theory, or repudiate it as fundamentally foreign and unsound; whether we intend gradually, or *at any time*, to accept numbers, or even numbers combined with wealth, as the just basis of representation, or at once to take our stand upon the utterly distinct and antagonistic principle of a representation of ALL the elements of national life, in some proportion to their inherent wisdom, worth, and power. When we have made up our minds on these points, we know what sort of a Reform Bill to frame. Till we have made up our minds, we are building or altering our house without plan, compass, or plumb-line.

Now here, it seems to us, is a question which, as soon as it is propounded and clearly grasped, must divide reformers (and we are all reformers) into two camps at once, naturally, and for ever. Test every plan and proposition by this standard. Discuss, not details, but purposes and designs. Examine the *tendency* and operation of each amendment. Proceed, in a word, by resolution, not by bill. There can be little hesitation in the mind of any statesman, or any politician, on which side to rank himself. We know what Mr. Bright wants, we know what Lord John Russell wants; we know what the result of a contest would be between those whose ultimate designs and longings are the same as Mr. Bright's, and those who dread and deprecate these tendencies, —*provided the issue raised be clearly understood.* But what might ensue from a confused *mêlée*, in which the combatants fought in no array, under no standard, with no distinct perception of their cause, with no plain badge to distinguish friends from foes, with no Ithuriel's spear to make the true men and the false appear in their real shape,—this is what no prophet could foretell.

The same test, applied to other and cognate matters of do-

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mestic interests, will yield almost an equally clear result. On this basis, two strongly marked and spontaneous divisions in the political world might readily be formed, inherent and eternal in their differences, but very disproportionate in their numerical and moral strength—a large Conservative, and a small Democratic party,—the first representing and supported by nearly all the upper and most of the middle ranks, and those portions of the lower classes who naturally cling to and are guided by those above them in the social scale, as well as the more cultivated and sober intelligence of the country at large, and comprising, therefore, an overwhelming preponderance of property and influence; the second embodying the Radical element in Parliament, the vast majority of the working classes, the large town-constituencies in general, and most of that active, restless, and energetic population which gives life to the great centres of industry and commerce. To this division of parties, which we believe to be that which would naturally arise were politicians once to shake themselves free from the traditions and associations of the past, there are, however, two obvious objections, or, at least, countervailing consequences. In the first place, the Conservative party,—which we designate as such only because we are at a loss for a better name, for it would include all the truest and soundest Liberals of the land,—would have such a sure majority in Parliament, and such an indisputable preponderance in the country, that it might be in danger, on the one hand, of becoming wilful, reckless, anti-popular, and peremptory, or, on the other, of presuming on its strength to indulge in vagaries and split up into sections. In the second place, the tendency of the arrangement of the political world into these two parties might be to sever society *horizontally* instead of *vertically*—to array the aristocratic, the cultivated, the refined, the contented—in one word, the superior classes—on the one side, and the pushing, struggling, ambitious, dissatisfied classes on the other,—an evil which, in all our previous civil conflicts in England, we have happily escaped. Still, though not unattended with mischief and danger, the line of demarcation is a natural one, and is based not only upon permanent differences of individual character, but upon elements in every political community which are eternally and irreconcilably in conflict. The danger, too, is far less in a state so far advanced towards good government as England, and where so few indefensible privileges, so few practical grievances, so few real burdens, so few flagrant injustices, remain to be rectified or removed, than in countries where class differences are more marked, and class barriers more insuperable; and the division, moreover, from its very naturalness, has this great advantage—that every fresh improvement, every fresh reform, every fresh

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step towards political perfection, has a tendency to strengthen the party of stability, and to weaken the party of movement. It has the further recommendation of greatly enlarging the numbers out of whom competent ministers may be selected—it extends the choice from three hundred men to five hundred—it renders available the whole intellectual wealth, and the whole statesmanlike capacity of Parliament, with the exception only of the small Radical minority.

If we turn to foreign policy, which probably for a long time to come will furnish questions of greater magnitude and more vivid interest than domestic matters, there seem to be discoverable here also grounds for a natural and spontaneous re-constitution of parties. In the first place, there is one class of *doctrinaires* who are not numerous in Parliament, and have no great hold upon the country, but whose views are clear, consistent, and capable of being broadly stated and forcibly argued, and are moreover held with a fanatical tenacity of conviction which is a *puissance* in itself. These hold that we ought to have no foreign policy at all; that we should defend ourselves when attacked, but should minimise the occasions and pretexts for attack by reducing our external relations within the scantiest limits; that we should look with absolute inaction, and, as far as we can, with absolute indifference on all that goes on around us; in a word, that we should buy and sell and get gain, but for all else should abjure, as far as possible, all international sympathies whatever. Of this aloof and selfish party Mr. Bright may be considered the leader; but his followers are few, and his views far from popular. There seem, however, occasions from time to time which elevate them into temporary and somewhat dangerous importance. The failure of some scheme of foreign policy, discomfiture and discredit in some clumsy and ill-considered interferences, a heavy bill for a questionable or inappreciable gain, some striking instance of mischief done where good had been designed, will cause these preachers to be listened to, and their principles to be favoured and adopted for a time; but the national character will never permit British sympathies to go with them heartily, or for long.

Next come the party of those who have hitherto managed our international relations, the votaries of what may be termed the diplomatic school—who have no very clearly defined objects, no systematic or consistent principles, but certain habits and traditions that stand in lieu of such—who are always interfering by protocol or remonstrance—who settle the affairs of Europe in "conferences," but leave them nearly as unsettled as before—and who, from the absence of any firm conviction, any polar

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purpose, or any resolute will, gain little credit and do little good. They wield an immense power in that they speak in the name of the British empire, but have not the art in general of making that power either effectual or respected. They manifest conventional sympathies with liberty and progress; but usually contrive to let despotism carry the day, and to inspire the Liberals of Europe with angry distrust and bitter despair. They deal with, and think of, courts rather than peoples. Their professions, and perhaps their preferences, are in favour of free institutions; but the constitutional governments they set up, in Spain and in Greece for example, turn out a mockery and a disgrace. Parliamentary government in France is forcibly abolished with their acquiescence, and almost with their active approval. The friends of popular freedom in Italy and Hungary struggle and are crushed, without a hand being held out to aid them. Vehement indignation is expressed at the atrocious misgovernment and barbarities of Naples; but Naples laughs at our beard, and we are baffled and compelled to submit to injury and insult in return. Doing a little now to fall in with the national sympathy for freedom and justice; doing a little a few months later to soothe the disquietude of despots; dreading the triumph of democracy; sick and uneasy at the follies and cruelties of tyrants,—the statesmen of the diplomatic school satisfy no one of the doctrines or dispositions of the English people, and must abdicate or change their character as soon as that people sees its way to a persistent and intelligible policy in foreign matters.

There is, however, a distinct principle of action in our external relations, sound and defensible in itself, though perhaps not always easy of application, on which, as it appears to us, a political party, independent of the two sections already mentioned, might be formed, and representing far more faithfully the preponderating and permanent feelings of the nation. The policy we would indicate might announce itself somewhat in this form: "Our sympathies are always and every where with the oppressed. Our countenance will always be given to those who are contending for civil liberty and individual justice. Our undisguised desires are in favour of the spread of free institutions all over the world, where there is prudence in the measure and righteousness in the means; though we abhor popular violence almost as much as imperial tyranny. These are our *sentiments*, and we see no reason for concealing them. But for our principles of *action*, which ought to be at least as plainly proclaimed and as clearly understood—they are those of NON-INTERVENTION consistently carried out. We are no crusaders in favour of constitutional government. We are not bound to redress wrong and protect weakness all over the world, nor to make ourselves the

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knight-errants of humanity. We hold that nations must do their own work, achieve their own rights, break their own chains; and that those who cannot conquer their freedom, could not probably maintain it. We have nothing to do with the form of government or polity, however abhorrent to our tastes, which any people may see fit to establish in its own dominions, or to allow its own rulers to impose upon it. We have no desire to enforce freedom on any land; but neither can we allow others to enforce slavery. We cannot permit a people that wishes and is able to be free, to be conquered and enchained, not by its own monarchs, but by foreign force."—Non-intervention in ourselves, and the insisting upon non-intervention by others, should, then, be our rule. Let every people settle its own internal affairs with its own rulers; and in the case of international quarrels, let us not interfere except, where we can, to repress unwarranted aggression, and to protect the weak against encroachments. We do not say that this latter principle can be called a definite one. All we mean to assert is, that if our objects are clear, and our sentiments well known, *and both are steadily maintained and kept in view*, our foreign policy will be at least consistent and intelligible; though it may be sometimes languid and sometimes energetic, according to the hands which may be at the helm and the special character of the opportunities afforded us.

Such a reconstruction of parties as we have endeavoured to portray must, however, be a work of time, and can result only from a clear understanding, and a profound conviction, of the danger and discredit attaching to the existing state of things. Meanwhile there is much in the immediate crisis that menaces serious mischief and demands prompt attention. It is no slight evil that, from whatever causes—from personal differences, from incompatibility of views, from inconvenient and hampering antecedents—so many of our ablest men should be lost to the official service of their country. It is a still greater evil that we have not in Parliament any one statesman who towers, or is supposed to tower, above the rest; who by character and conduct has won a spotless and a European fame; and to whom the nation can turn in its perplexity with trusting and sanguine confidence. It is perhaps worst of all that, with scarcely an exception, every statesman who stands in the first ranks, and by age or genius is fitted for a leader, is damaged and discredited. Yet the fact is unquestionably thus. Lord Lyndhurst is a man of wonderful sagacity and width of view, as well as of surpassing practical ability, and Lord Lansdowne has a high repute for mild and mellowed wisdom; but both are unfortunately past the period of life at which active service can be asked from them. Lord

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Derby has the dangerous gift of unequalled *facility* in all things, and is the most finished and, next to Mr. Gladstone, the most powerful orator of the age; but *trust* in him as a minister charged with the destinies of England is about the very last feeling that any one, even of his most ardent admirers, can have in regard to him. Lord Ellenborough, beyond controversy about the ablest man of his party, has committed suicide more effectually than any minister on record. Of Mr. Disraeli we need not say one word. That, being what he is, he should stand where he does, is the keenest sarcasm and the most startling feature presented by the condition of parliamentary government among us. Lord Palmerston—always liked, but never confided in; through life impressing every one with an idea of his courage and his cleverness, but no one with an idea of sober wisdom or of strong convictions,—rose two or three years ago to a rare pitch of popularity and power. The country was at his feet; his antagonists were utterly discomfited, and almost silenced. But the very advantages and opportunities of his position seemed to develop all his defects, if not to aggravate them; and in little more than a session he has contrived to offend his supporters, to alienate his friends, and to disappoint the nation which had borne him into power to a degree nearly unexampled. Lord Clarendon, who a few years ago was marked out by general consent as the next leader of the Whig party, whose known liberality of opinion would restore the harmony between it and that section of the Reformers which held more advanced opinions; from whom every one hoped much good, and of whom no one spoke any evil,—has shared the fall, by participating in the errors, of his chief. There seems something in the influences of the Foreign Office which is fatal to the purity of English patriotism, and the sagacity of English statesmanship. On many occasions during the war, the native spirit and talent of Lord Clarendon shone conspicuously forth; but the circumstances of his daily life soon began to tell upon him. Living among ambassadors and foreign ministers, constantly immersed in diplomatic correspondence, discussing details of dynastic policy with men whose function it is to blind each other and to cajole the people, breathing from morning to night the conventional atmosphere of courts rather than the free fresh air of nations, reading so many despatches that he had time to read but few newspapers,—he grew more and more ignorant of, and out of sympathy with, the sentiments and aspirations of his country, till the far-seeing statesman was lost in the routine official and the ministerial strategist,—and the Walewski and Carafa correspondence was the deplorable result. There are few public reputations over which we mourn as we do over Lord Clarendon's.

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We never had exactly any *idols*; but there are certain public characters of whom we were proud, and in whose career were centered our hope and trust. Of these, next to Lord Clarendon stood Mr. Gladstone. While admiring his powers, however, we were never blind to his defects. But we believed that while his powers strengthened and developed with exercise, his errors would be cured by a longer and deeper acquaintance with practical statesmanship, and that the hard work of official life would prune away redundancies and correct the vagaries to which his subtle mind was so unfortunately prone. Unhappily, years have told upon him in exactly the opposite direction. His opinions have become more inconsistent and unaccountable, and his course more and more erratic. His earnestness has become violence, and his combative propensities, always in excess, show an alarming tendency to degenerate into something very like ferocity; while his vast abilities seem to be more and more concentrated in the faculty of *expression*—a great and necessary one, no doubt, in a political system like ours, but by no means one which can atone for, or supply for long, the absence of more solid gifts. Beyond dispute the best speaker and debater in the House, he has little real leadership; he convinces few, and persuades none; he makes many enemies, but inspires no trust; and while formidable to all parties, would bring little valid strength to any.

Of Sir James Graham's antecedents, which have so stood in the way of his public usefulness, we need not speak again. Lord John Russell, while one of the most damaged, is at the same time still one of the most influential statesmen of the day. His former services, and his great name, still give him a strong hold upon the country; and in the House of Commons his skill and experience go far to balance his defects. But *confidence* in him has been rudely shaken, both in and out of Parliament; and *hope*, not *trust*, would be the highest feeling excited by the construction of any ministry of which he should be the nominal or real chief. Mr. Bright and Mr. Cobden *ought* to be leaders; but the perversities and extravagancies of both—among which the recent letter of the former to the working men of Birmingham is not the least disreputable—have rendered it difficult to believe that they will ever be such. Among all the leading politicians, there are perhaps scarcely more than two to whom no discredit attaches, and whose influence and reputation have been steadily on the increase—Mr. Sidney Herbert and Sir G. C. Lewis. Both inspire confidence; neither makes enemies. The straightforward character, clear good sense, and moderate healthy English feeling of both, point them out as the most hopeful of our first-rate statesmen; and their practical ability has been tried in office. The former seems to us better qualified than any one now



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on the stage to be the next leader of the House of Commons, when circumstances shall call for a new man.

In conclusion, one thing at least has been made clear by late events, and that is, that the old constitutional doctrine which commands ministers to resign when defeated must be reconsidered and largely modified to adapt it to the altered state of parties. Ministers must of course resign when *in a minority*, *i. e.* when there is any party in the House of Commons stronger and more numerous than their own. But when there are not two parties, but three, or more, a combination between which on a single division may at any time defeat them; and when, moreover, the doctrine of individual independence and the right of private judgment is so rife that their own habitual supporters will occasionally swell the numbers of the adverse host,—it becomes, we think, decidedly unwise and unconstitutional to accept a defeat as a vote of want of confidence, and to resign when beaten by a junction of forces which, though they may combine *pro hâc vice* and in opposition, could not possibly combine to form a government. To resign office under such circumstances, is obviously to hand over power, not to a stronger, but to a weaker party, and is not to bow to the wishes of the House of Commons, but to run counter to those wishes. The House, by their vote of February, desired undoubtedly to express their dissatisfaction with the late government; but as certainly *not* to displace them, least of all to replace them by such successors as are now in power

After all, however, the one indispensable preliminary to a rescue from the present disheartening position of affairs is, that the tone of public morality should be raised in the country, and still more in Parliament. That tone, as manifested by the whole character, and especially by the mean conclusion, of the Indian debates, can scarcely be spoken of in terms of too severe reprobation. Seldom, indeed, has the House of Commons done itself such infinite dishonour. On both sides, the concerns of our Eastern empire, in one of the gravest crises of its fate, were handled with especial and paramount reference to parties at home. Things were done and said, not in regard to the effect they might produce in India, but to the influence they might exercise in England. In short, our representatives acted in a fashion which, if they repeat it often, will lose us India, and ought to lose it. A government which no one trusts, because it is notoriously destitute of any distinct policy, or any avowed principles of action; which can resist no pressure from without, because it has no intrinsic or independent strength,—had committed an enormous blunder, an act of ungenerous and impolitic indeco-

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rum, amounting to a clear constitutional crime; and had committed it from the most unworthy motives. It was obvious to every capacity, that Ministers who could write and publish the Oude despatch for the sake of popularity at home, might do *any thing*, and could not safely be left in office for a single day when Parliament was no longer sitting. It was therefore determined, promptly but reluctantly, to turn them out. But it appeared during the discussions that they were probably desperate enough to hazard the chances of a dissolution; and the dread of encountering the risks and expenses of a new election was too much for the courage and patriotism of their opponents. It was clear also that the country was resolutely averse to restoring the late government to office, and that the differences among the Liberal party were not yet sufficiently adjusted to render a new distribution and new combinations among them easy. So the scandalous offence was scandalously condoned; the trial of strength was put off to a more convenient season; and, in all human probability, the present men will remain in power during a long recess, to follow their vagaries with no Parliament to question or to check them, and with not a single man among them at once eminent, capable, and sober. Could such things be, unless conscience and patriotism were ebbing fast away from the breasts of leading politicians?

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## BOOKS OF THE QUARTER SUITABLE FOR READING-SOCIETIES.

The Education of the Human Race. From the German of Gotthold Ephraim Lessing. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[This is a flowing and agreeable translation of one of Lessing's finest essays,—an essay which shows how completely he anticipated the best theology of the day in which we live.]

The Worship of God, and Fellowship among Men: a Series of Sermons on Public Worship, preached at Christchurch, St. Marylebone. Macmillan and Co.

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Zwingli; or, the Rise of the Reformation in Switzerland. By R. Christoffel. Translated from the German, by John Cochran, Esq. Hamilton and Adams.

Memoirs of my own Time. By M. Guizot. Bentley.

Historical Revelations, inscribed to Lord Normanby. By Louis Blanc. Chapman and Hall.

[A very interesting book, written in beautiful English; and though conveying, of course, a very one-sided impression of the French Revolution of 1848, giving a very clear and agreeable impression of the character of the author, and the part he took in the Provisional Government.]

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[A book of considerable historical as well as literary value.]

Herodotus: a new English Version. By the Rev. George Rawlinson; assisted by Colonel Rawlinson and Sir J. G. Wilkinson. Vols. I. and II. Murray.

Life of Cardinal Mezzofanti. By C. W. Russell, D.D. Longman.

Domestic Annals of Scotland, from the Reformation to the Revolution. By R. Chambers. 2 vols. Chambers.

French Finance under Louis XV. By J. Murray. Longman.

Studies on Homer and the Homeric Age. By the Right Hon. W. E. Gladstone, M.P. 3 vols. Oxford.

[Reviewed in Article II.]

Country Life in Piedmont. By Antonio Gallenga. Chapman and Hall.

[A very agreeable and instructive, though desponding book.]

Biographical and Critical Essays, reprinted from Reviews. By A. Hayward, Esq., Q.C. 2 vols. Longman.

[Light and amusing essays.]

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Essays by George Brimley, M.A., Librarian of Trinity College, Cambridge. Edited by William G. Clark, M.A. J. W. Parker and Son.

[Thoughtful and eloquent essays.]

The Life of Percy Bysshe Shelley. By Thomas Jefferson Hogg. Vols. I. and II. Moxon.

[A book of the highest interest from the original materials it embodies, but very clumsy in structure and very unpleasant in tone.]

Life of Lord Metcalfe. By J. W. Kaye. 2 vols. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[A second edition only, but a much improved edition, of one of the most interesting political biographies in English literature.]

Memorials of Rachel. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Letters from India. By Dr. Duff. Nisbett and Co.

In and around Stamboul. By Mrs. Hornby. 2 vols. Bentley.

[A very fresh, clever, and unaffected volume of letters.]

The Oxonian in Thelemarken. By the Rev. Frederick Metcalfe, M.A. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

Aspects of Paris. By Edward Copping. 1 vol. Longman.

[Trivial, but not without novelty.]

Rambles in the Islands of Corsica and Sardinia. By Thomas Forester. Longman.

A Tramp's Wallet, stored by an English Goldsmith during his Wanderings in Germany and France. By William Duthie. Darton and Co.

[More than half of this little book is reprinted from *Household Words*. It is amusing and fresh.]

The Cruise of the *Betsey*; with Rambles of a Geologist. By Hugh Miller. T. Constable.

Poets and Poetry of Germany. By Madame L. Davésiés de Pontès. 2 vols. Chapman and Hall.

The Poetical Works of Professor Wilson, edited by his Son-in-law, Professor Ferrier. Vol. XII. Blackwood.

Six Legends of Goldenstar. By the late Anna Bradstreet. Smith, Elder, and Co.

[The poetry is certainly tasteful, and above the average; but we doubt if its publication were desirable.]

The Countess of Bonneval; her Life and Letters. By Lady Georgiana Fullarton. 2 vols. Hurst and Blackett.

[A beautiful historical novelette.]

Doctor Thorne. By Anthony Trollope. 3 vols. Chapman and Hall.

[Exceedingly clever, but very hastily and loosely written.]

The Ladies of Bever Hollow. By the Author of "Mary Powell," &c. 2 vols. Bentley.

[A graceful and agreeable tale.]

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Ursula: a Tale of Country Life. By Miss Sewell. 2 vols. Longman.
[Written with Miss Sewell's usual grace and skill.]

The Cruellest Wrong of all. 1 vol. Smith, Elder, and Co.
[This tale has freshness and local interest, but cannot be called on the whole good.]

Charmione. By Edward A. Leatham. 2 vols. Bradbury and Evans.
[A clever specimen of the classical novel.]

An Angel's Message, received by a Lady. Wesley.
[Noticed in Article I.]

The Passionate Pilgrim. By H. J. Thurstan. Chapman and Hall.

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# THE NATIONAL REVIEW.

OCTOBER 1858.

## ART. I.—CARLYLE'S LIFE OF FREDERICK THE GREAT.

*History of Friedrich II. of Prussia, called Frederick the Great.* By Thomas Carlyle. With Portraits and Maps. Volumes I. and II. Chapman and Hall.

THESE long-expected volumes are at length in many hands; and for a time the Horatian injunction will be observed with respect to them: *Nocturnâ versate manu, versate diurnâ.* We cannot say that no one will lay them down till they are finished; their bulk precludes that. Thirteen hundred pages and more of demy octavo are not to be read at a sitting. The conditions of human existence,—the weakness of the flesh hampering the willingness of the spirit,—necessitate some interruptions. But there is danger, notwithstanding, of their being read *too* quickly. The interest of the narrative, its rapid movements and vivid style, will hurry on the most thoughtful. Its pages will be reopened and re-read for those "didactic meanings" which all Mr. Carlyle's writings convey, and which come out with their true significance only on repeated meditation.

Of Mr. Carlyle's qualifications and characteristics as a historian this is not the place to speak at length. Our present subject is a more special one. It is mainly confined to the two volumes before us. We aim rather to give such an idea of their contents and main features as may stay, by something more than bare imagination of a feast, the appetite of those who cannot as yet obtain them for themselves, or find time for their continuous perusal. We hope to have another opportunity before very long of considering Mr. Carlyle's genius and influence as a man of letters. Such criticisms as may find their way into



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what we are at present writing will be entirely incidental and unsystematic.

When it became known that Mr. Carlyle was engaged upon a Life of Frederick the Great, the first feeling, no doubt, in many minds, was one of satisfaction that the brilliant chronicler of the French Revolution was returning to his proper field of history and biography. The *Latter-Day Pamphlets*, with their passionate upbraidings and one-sided truths, running by exaggeration into savage errors, had, we fear, somewhat loosened his hold upon the public mind. The fascinating biography of Sterling, which followed them, rich as it was in "silent didactic meanings," far deeper and wiser than the direct warnings and lamentations of the Pamphlets, did much to efface the painful impression which the latter had made; but it did not do so entirely. Mr. Carlyle's influence has, we believe, been notably less since the publication of the Pamphlets than it was before, and has been exercised chiefly through his earlier writings. The Life of Frederick, which promises,—if it is continued on the scale and in the manner of these two volumes,—to be not only the largest and most laborious, but the greatest of his works, will do much to retrieve (what, we dare say, the author very little regards) his diminished popularity.

It is marked by all the peculiarities of the author's later style, a little subdued in tone perhaps, but unchanged in its general character. The "stars" and "galaxies," and "heights" and "depths," above and below, are thrown about somewhat less wildly. There are the same quotations from Smelfungus and Sauerteig, and there is the same contemptuous toleration for Dryasdust, which, on the hundredth repetition, we can scarcely bring ourselves to admire; or can admire only on the principle which endears even the defects and blemishes of a friend:

> "Illuc prævertamur, amatorem quod amicæ
> Turpia decipiunt cæcum vitia, aut etiam ipsa
> Delectant; veluti Balbinum polypus Hagnæ."

It would have been absurd to have looked for change in these matters. If, as Burke said, no man honestly changes his *opinions* after fifty, much less can men change those habits and modes of thinking which habits of *writing* but reflect. None of those who have discerned in any of Mr. Carlyle's writings the reverence for Truth and Reality which is at the bottom of them all,—who have noted the regard with which he treasures up the least bit of indisputable fact; much less who have been penetrated by him with any thing of the wonder and awe with which he himself stands face to face with this infinite and mysterious universe and its immutable laws,—can ever attribute the most

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fantastic and repulsive of his peculiarities to affectation. What he has said of Richter applies in the strictest way to himself: "Affectation is often singularity; but singularity is not always affectation. If the nature and condition of a man be really and truly, not conceitedly and untruly, singular, so also will his manner be, so also it ought to be. Affectation is the product of Falsehood, a heavy sin, and the parent of numerous heavy sins; let it be severely punished, but not too lightly imputed. Scarcely any mortal is absolutely free from it, neither most probably is Richter; but it is in minds of another substance than his that it grows to be the ruling product."*

At the same time, it cannot be denied that Mr. Carlyle's style has, of late years, been becoming more and more "singular" almost with every successive work. The *Life of Schiller*, and the earlier essays, full of freshness, genius, and originality, are yet free from eccentricity. The "benignant change" which, comparing *The Robbers* with Schiller's later dramas, he notes and approves in the German poet,—a change from "ferocities and sibylline frenzies" to "placid strength," from "smoke and red lava" to "sunshine and a verdant world,"—is not to be discerned—rather the reverse of it—in Mr. Carlyle's own writings. It is in his *later* compositions that we must look for the "power-words and thunder-words," "the volcanic fury," "the fierce fuliginous fire."† Only in his comparatively youthful efforts have we any thing like steady "sunshine and a verdant world." With the growing day the clouds have gathered, instead of dispersing. If Schiller's career had ended with *The Robbers*, or Goethe's with *Werther*, a parallel would be easier. We hesitate to quote a man against himself; but the following passage from Mr. Carlyle's *first* acknowledged essay,—on Richter,—seems to us to pronounce just judgment on the comparative excellences,—so far as *form*, and form only, is concerned,—of his earlier and later productions: "Tried by this test [of genuineness], we imagine Richter's wild manner will be found less imperfect than many a very tame one. To the man it may not be unsuitable. . . . . It is true, the beaten paths of Literature lead the safeliest to the goal; and the talent pleases us most which submits to shine with new gracefulness through old forms. Nor is the noblest and most peculiar mind too noble and peculiar for working by prescribed laws: Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, and, in Richter's own age, Goethe, how little did they innovate on the given forms of composition, how much in the spirit they breathed into them! All this is true; and Richter must lose of our esteem in proportion. Much, however, will remain;

* Miscellanies (1857), vol. ii. p. 155. † Ibid. pp. 211-215.

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and why should we quarrel with the high, because it is not the highest? . . . . . On the whole, Genius has privileges of its own; it selects an orbit for itself; and, be this never so eccentric, if it is indeed a celestial orbit, we mere stargazers must at last compose ourselves; must cease to cavil at it, and begin to observe it, and calculate its laws. That Richter is a new Planet in the intellectual heavens, we dare not affirm; an atmospheric Meteor he is not wholly; perhaps a Comet, that, though with long aberrations, and shrouded in a nebulous veil, has yet its place in the empyrean."* If we were to follow out our author's metaphor, to what could we compare him but to a planet, which, grown weary of its regular course and steady shining, should shroud itself in a "nebulous veil," and career through space with a comet's "long aberrations"? Whatever be the fate of the "nebulous theory" as a doctrine of astronomy, few will deny that, in the course of intellectual development, the proper order is from the nebulous to the solid and defined, and not the reverse procedure.

If criticism of style were a mere criticism of accidental and external peculiarities, like those of gait and dress, reference to them would be an impertinence. But "the style is the man," as Buffon, according to Mr. Lewes, did *not* say; at any rate, it is the fullest and least fallible expression of a man's intellectual and moral nature,—a window, through which, if it be not dimmed and crusted over by affectation, we may see him as he is. With affectation no one, we believe, can truly charge Mr. Carlyle. Where, then, are we to look for the source of the change,—for the worse, as we cannot but think, even on his own principles,—which the mannerism of his later writings reflects?

In every individual man there exist qualities which he has in common with his fellow-men, with his contemporaries, and with his countrymen; and again, qualities which are peculiar to himself. True health and happiness are inseparable from the balance of these two elements of our nature,—the general and the individual. If the latter be cultivated to excess, extravagance and eccentricity are the result. But we are too apt to value ourselves on that which distinguishes us from the mass of men rather than on that which unites us all together. Men of genius, especially, are liable to the temptation to *humour the peculiarities of their own genius*, to give it its head, to neglect the restraints and safeguards which deference to familiar sympathies and interests, to natural feelings and convictions,—to common sense, in short, in the true meaning

* Miscellanies, i. pp. 15, 16.

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of the term,—would impose. But in human nature, as in the outward world, the gifts which are most widely diffused are the most essential. "We have all of us one common heart," and from it are the issues of life to us all. It is the source of the inspiration of the poet, and of the wisdom of the philosopher, no less than the fount of refreshment and strength to the "poorest poor." Too frequent neglect of this truth is the cause of half of "the errors of genius," and of that mistake which leads many to look upon it as necessarily associated with perversity and extravagance. Mr. Carlyle is an instance —the most illustrious of several which our own contemporary literature presents—of the way in which the undue indulgence of native *peculiarities* of thought and character, to the neglect of what one has in common with other men, may cause originality to assume the form of eccentricity, and give to independence of thought the air of wilfulness and bravado. We have no doubt that the "beaten paths of literature," "the old forms," "the prescribed laws," for "which the noblest and most peculiar mind,"—as Sophocles, Shakspeare, Cervantes, Goethe, —"is not too noble or peculiar," have become impossible for him, and that his present style is the genuine expression of his acquired mood of mind. It only shows that there is a sense in which the most gifted and earnest man cannot safely "be himself alone," that he must acknowledge and act upon his partnership with others. These remarks might be illustrated in various ways by reference to our author's writings. But we must leave our readers to apply such truth as they may contain, and to furnish whatever qualification they may need.

We confess to having felt some surprise when we first heard that Mr. Carlyle had chosen Frederick the Great as the subject of a historic work. The hero was not, we thought, a very promising one in himself; and he seemed particularly unlikely to have attracted Mr. Carlyle's regard. But the affections of hero-worshipers are as capricious, and as little to be reckoned on in their choice of an object, as some of a tenderer nature. Mr. Carlyle has but a light esteem for French culture, which was all that Frederick possessed. French poetry and philosophy, in their undegenerated form, are not much to our author's mind; and Frederick was, on the intellectual, or at least on the literary side, merely a French poetaster and *philosophe*, with no pretensions to be considered either poet or philosopher. Mr. Carlyle has but a qualified tolerance for Voltaire, of whom his hero was a slavish imitator. "By the public," says Lord Macaulay, "the King of Prussia was considered as a politician destitute alike of morality and decency, insatiably rapacious and shamelessly false; nor was the public

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much in the wrong." This, at any rate, is the current English judgment, which Mr. Carlyle pronounces "very ignorant indeed," and, with the corresponding and equally false estimate of his private character, thus accounts for:

"To Englishmen, the sources of knowledge or conviction about Friedrich, I have observed, are mainly these two. *First*, for his Public Character: it was an all-important fact, not to *it*, but to this country in regard to it, That George II., seeing good to plunge head foremost into German Politics, and to take Maria Theresa's side in the Austrian-Succession War of 1740-48,—needed to begin by assuring his Parliament and Newspapers, profoundly dark on the matter, that Friedrich was a robber and villain for taking the other side. Which assurance, resting on what basis we shall see by and by, George's Parliament and Newspapers cheerfully accepted, nothing doubting. And they have reëchoed and reverberated it, they and the rest of us, ever since, to all lengths, down to the present day; as a fact quite agreed upon, and the preliminary item in Friedrich's character. Robber and villain to begin with; that was one settled point.

Afterwards when George and Friedrich came to be allies, and the grand fightings of the Seven-Years War took place, George's Parliament and Newspapers settled a second point, in regard to Friedrich: 'One of the greatest soldiers ever born.' This second item the British Writer fully admits ever since: but he still adds to it the quality of robber, in a loose way;—and images to himself a royal Dick Turpin, of the kind known in Review-Articles, and Disquisitions on Progress of the Species, and labels it *Frederick;* very anxious to collect new babblement of lying Anecdotes, false Criticisms, hungry French Memoirs, which will confirm him in that impossible idea. Had such proved, on survey, to be the character of Friedrich, there is one British Writer whose curiosity concerning him would pretty soon have died away; nor could any amount of unwise desire to satisfy that feeling in fellow-creatures less seriously disposed have sustained him alive, in those baleful Historic Acherons and Stygian Fens, where he has had to dig and to fish so long, far away from the upper light!—Let me request all readers to blow that sorry chaff entirely out of their minds; and to believe nothing on the subject except what they get some evidence for.

*Second* English source relates to the Private Character. Friedrich's Biography or Private Character, the English, like the French, have gathered chiefly from a scandalous libel by Voltaire, which used to be called *Vie Privée du Roi de Prusse* (Private Life of the King of Prussia): libel undoubtedly written by Voltaire, in a kind of fury; but not intended to be published by him: nay burnt and annihilated, as he afterwards imagined. No line of which, that cannot be otherwise proved, has a right to be believed; and large portions of which *can* be proved to be wild exaggerations and perversions, or even downright lies,—written in a mood analogous to the Frenzy of John Dennis. This serves for the Biography or Private Character of Friedrich; im-

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puting all crimes to him, natural and unnatural;—offering indeed, if combined with facts otherwise known, or even if well considered by itself, a thoroughly flimsy, incredible and impossible image. Like that of some flaming Devil's Head, done in phosphorus on the walls of the black-hole, by an Artist whom you had locked up there (not quite without reason) overnight.

Poor Voltaire wrote that *Vie Privée* in a state little inferior to the Frenzy of John Dennis,—how brought about we shall see by and by. And this is the Document which English readers are surest to have read, and tried to credit as far as possible. Our counsel is, Out of window with it, he that would know Friedrich of Prussia! Keep it awhile, he that would know François Arouet de Voltaire, and a certain numerous unfortunate class of mortals, whom Voltaire is sometimes capable of sinking to be spokesman for, in this world!—Alas, go where you will, especially in these irreverent ages, the noteworthy Dead is sure to be found lying under infinite dung, no end of calumnies and stupidities accumulated upon him. For the class we speak of, class of 'flunkeys doing *saturnalia* below stairs,' is numerous, is innumerable; and can well remunerate a 'vocal flunkey' that will serve their purposes on such an occasion!" (vol. i. pp. 15-17.)

Mr. Carlyle, on the contrary, while allowing Friedrich to have been "a questionable hero, with much in him that one could have wished not there, and much wanting which one could have wished," yet maintains, "that in his way, he is a Reality; that he always means what he speaks; grounds his actions, too, on what he recognises for truth; and has, in short, nothing whatever of the Hypocrite or Phantasm." "This," he adds, "I hope to make manifest; this which I long ago discerned for myself, with pleasure, in the physiognomy of Friedrich and his life. Which indeed was the first real sanction, and has all along been my inducement and encouragement, to study his life and him. How this man, officially a King withal, comported himself in the Eighteenth Century, and managed *not* to be a Liar and Charlatan as his Century was, deserves to be seen a little by men and kings, and may silently have didactic meanings in it" (p. 18).

The grudge here expressed against the eighteenth century is of long standing. It is to Mr. Carlyle a period of inanity and worthlessness, an age of "Able Editors," "Stump Orators," and "Flunkey-histrio Kings,"—without true insight or genuine guidance,—shamefully regardless of "the Silences;" on the contrary, babbling much of "Progress of the Species," "Enlightened Self-Interest," "Diffusion of Knowledge," and a good deal more that is to him but a despicable cant,—"a swindler century," worthy only of being forgotten. Yet to write the Life of Friedrich is, in large measure, to write the history of this century, which Mr. Carlyle avers he will not do. Only "so

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much of it as by nature *adheres;* what of it cannot be disengaged from our Hero and his operations: approximately so much, and no more! Let that be our bargain in regard to it."

If this were the occasion, a word might perhaps be said in defence of the eighteenth century; which did its work, and had too its heroes, though not of the kind Mr. Carlyle admires. It was, it is true, a prevailingly materialistic and sceptical age. The overstrained religious activity of the centuries immediately succeeding the Reformation, with their lofty but fruitless controversies and their religious wars, necessitated reaction. But it had its generous enthusiasms,—not taking the form, it is true, of hero-worship, but assuming odd theo-philanthropic shapes; and it was creditably, though not always wisely, bent on raising the masses of men, as the watchwords with which Mr. Carlyle reproaches it prove. Its very materialism had its favourable side in the progress of the physical and economical sciences which it witnessed, and of which the names of Watt, Franklin, Priestley, Lavoisier, Adam Smith, and many others, may remind us. And these sciences are just those which can only exist by *not* "dealing swindler-like with the facts around them," but by "honestly recognising said facts wherever they disclose themselves," and being "very anxious also to ascertain their existence where still hidden or dubious." The truth is, that the century, both in its good and evil, is *uncongenial* to our author; and to this distaste he gives, as his wont is, vehement and extravagant expression. The highest individual reputation, however, must be cast with heavy damages in a suit against an entire century. The proposition to suppress so vast a period from human memory, those portions only excepted which adhere to this, that, or the other great man, is exceedingly characteristic of Mr. Carlyle. It is not merely the eighteenth century which he would treat in that manner, special as his dislike of it is,—partly because it has given birth to the nineteenth, but more on its own account. He scarcely recognises history as a science, or study, distinct from biography. It is to him merely an aggregate of biographies, a record of the proceedings of "an assembly of notables." "Every original man," he says in the volumes before us, repeating an old doctrine, "is worthy of notice. Nay, in the long-run, who or what else is?" For the life of society, as an organic unity, capable of a history of its own apart from the fortunes of its individual members,—for what is called the "progress of civilisation," the development and conflict of principles and tendencies, the growth and influence of laws and institutions, the function of separate states and ages in the

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mighty scheme which they subserve,—for all, in short, that implies the faculty of historical generalisation, he has no taste or disposition. For him it is not true that

> "the *individual* dwindles,
> While *the race* is more and more."

"The race" is an abstraction, or an aggregate, for which he cares very little. He looks on history with the eye of the artist, and not with that of the philosopher. By comparing his works with those of Guizot, we may appreciate the difference. A writer who should unite the qualifications of these two distinguished contemporaries would make a very near approach to the character of a perfect historian.

We have spoken of Mr. Carlyle's reverence for the smallest particle of fact. The remark was too unconditional: his regard is almost exclusively for facts which cast some light upon individual character, or enable him to realise pictorially some definite historical, or natural scene. He is prepared to throw away whole masses of fact of another kind. For all that relates to the struggles of party, or to the intrigues and windings of diplomatic negotiation, nothing can exceed his contempt. He cannot speak of them without scoffing at them. The reason of this is not far to seek. Dr. Arnold has somewhere said, that it is only by sympathy with, and participation in, the political movements of our own time and nation that we can understand those of distant times and foreign nations. Present experience is required to throw light upon history, quite as much as history to throw light upon our present experience. Mr. Carlyle's utter indifference to the struggles and aims which make up the political life of to-day,—his estimate of our Imperial Parliament as a "National Palaver,"—his denunciations of Downing Street,—his contempt alike for constitutional monarchy and democratic republicanism, of questions of "ballot-box" and "extended suffrage,"—his refusal to enter upon them, or be interested in them,—are well known. And it is this indifference which makes whole provinces of past history a blank to him,—a mass of worthless and encumbering detail, only of use as it gives occupation to Dryasdust.

Mr. Carlyle's real strength as a historian lies in his insight into, and power of delineating, individual character. Even here he stops short too often with those qualities which can be represented to the eye or brought out prominently by some happy epithet, which he affixes like a label to the personage whom he is concerned with; just as in Homer Achilles is always the πόδας ὠκὺς, and Ulysses the πολύμητις. He is fond of selecting some typical action; as if the whole of a character could be

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expressed and conveyed by that. Thus the remark of Queen Sophie Charlotte (the grandmother of Frederick) about "the infinitely little"—"Liebnitz talked to me of the infinitely little (*de l'infiniment petit*): *mon Dieu*, as if I did not know enough of that,"—attends her through the whole history. Kaiser Sigismund having in a Latin speech made *schisma* of the feminine gender, and being mildly corrected by a bystanding cardinal, loftily replies, "'*Ego sum Rex Romanus et super grammaticam* (I am King of the Romans and above Grammar)!' For which reason I call him in my note-books Sigismund *super Grammaticam*, to distinguish him in the imbroglio of Kaisers." We might give very many more instances. This kind of writing gives vividness to our conceptions, but it is at some expense of completeness. Those parts of a character which cannot be thus represented in the concrete, which can be reached only by reflection and conveyed in general terms of description, Mr. Carlyle perhaps scarcely brings out so fully as might be wished.

There is one characteristic of Mr. Carlyle's which raises him above the level of all other contemporary historians, and which must, though in a sentence only, be commemorated here. A solemn sense of the mystery and wonder of human life, and of the universe in which it is placed, is never absent from him In his dealings with the "infinitely little," that makes so large a part of history, he never loses sight of the "infinitely great," that struggles ineffectually for expression through it. It is this sense that gives to his writings their turns of quaint pathos, their tone of stern or mournful irony, their startling and grotesque contrasts, and much else that is a perplexity to careless readers. He has always been faithful to the spirit of these noble words, written by him long ago: "The simple husbandman can till his field, and by knowledge he has gained of its soil, sow it with the fit grain, though the deep rocks and central fires are unknown to him; his little crop hangs under and over the firmament of stars, and sails through whole untracked celestial spaces, between Aries and Libra; nevertheless, it ripens for him in due season, and he gathers it safe into his barn. As a husbandman he is blameless in disregarding these higher wonders; but, as a thinker, and faithful inquirer into Nature, he were wrong. So likewise is it with the Historian."*

These remarks have run to far greater length than we intended. It seemed desirable, however, to consider what we might, and what we might not, reasonably expect from Mr. Carlyle as a writer of history. We should be sorry to be thought to have spoken in disparagement of one to whom all

* Miscellanies, vol. ii. p. 173.

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thinking men owe a debt which it would be difficult adequately to acknowledge. But truly to appreciate even the greatest genius, we must in some measure understand the limitations of it. We now turn to the *Life of Friedrich.*

The first pages present us with a sketch of him "in his habit as he lived," which, long as it is, we cannot forbear laying before our readers:

"About fourscore years ago, there used to be seen sauntering on the terraces of Sans Souci, for a short time in the afternoon, or you might have met him elsewhere at an earlier hour, riding or driving in a rapid business manner on the open roads or through the scraggy woods and avenues of that intricate amphibious Potsdam region, a highly interesting lean little old man, of alert though slightly stooping figure; whose name among strangers was King *Friedrich the Second,* or Frederick the Great of Prussia, and at home among the common people, who much loved and esteemed him, was *Vater Fritz,*—Father Fred,—a name of familiarity which had not bred contempt in that instance. He is a King every inch of him, though without the trappings of a King. Presents himself in a Spartan simplicity of vesture: no crown but an old military cocked-hat,—generally old, or trampled and kneaded into absolute *softness* if new;—no sceptre but one like Agamemnon's, a walking-stick cut from the woods, which serves also as a riding-stick (with which he hits the horse 'between the ears,' say authors); and for royal robes, a mere soldier's blue coat with red facings, coat likely to be old, and sure to have a good deal of Spanish snuff on the breast of it; rest of the apparel dim, unobtrusive in colour or cut, ending in high over-knee military boots, which may be brushed (and, I hope, kept soft with an underhand suspicion of oil), but are not permitted to be blackened or varnished; Day and Martin with their soot-pots forbidden to approach.

The man is not of godlike physiognomy, any more than of imposing stature or costume: close-shut mouth with thin lips, prominent jaws and nose, receding brow, by no means of Olympian height; head, however, is of long form, and has superlative gray eyes in it. Not what is called a beautiful man; nor yet, by all appearance, what is called a happy. On the contrary, the face bears evidence of many sorrows, as they are termed, of much hard labour done in this world; and seems to anticipate nothing but more still coming. Quiet stoicism, capable enough of what joy there were, but not expecting any worth mention; great unconscious and some conscious pride, well tempered with a cheery mockery of humour,—are written on that old face; which carries its chin well forward, in spite of the slight stoop about the neck; snuffy nose rather flung into the air, under its old cocked-hat,—like an old snuffy lion on the watch; and such a pair of eyes as no man or lion or lynx of that Century bore elsewhere, according to all the testimony we have. 'Those eyes,' says Mirabeau, 'which, at the bidding of his great soul, fascinated you with seduction or with terror (*portaient, au gré de son âme héroique, la séduction ou la ter-*

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*reur*).'* Most excellent potent brilliant eyes, swift-darting as the stars, stedfast as the sun; gray, we said, of the azure-gray colour; large enough, not of glaring size, the habitual expression of them vigilance and penetrating sense, rapidity resting on depth. Which is an excellent combination; and gives us the notion of a lambent outer radiance springing from some great inner sea of light and fire in the man. The voice, if he speak to you, is of similar physiognomy: clear, melodious and sonorous; all tones are in it, from that of ingenuous inquiry, graceful sociality, light-flowing banter (rather prickly for most part), up to definite word of command, up to desolating word of rebuke and reprobation: a voice 'the clearest and most agreeable in conversation I ever heard,' says witty Dr. Moore.† 'He speaks a great deal,' continues the Doctor; 'yet those who hear him, regret that he does not speak a good deal more. His observations are always lively, very often just; and few men possess the talent of repartee in greater perfection'" (vol. i. pp. 3-5).

This graphic and vivid sketch would of course be in its proper chronological place at the close, and not at the beginning, of Mr. Carlyle's narrative. But both as moralist and artist he has seen where it may most fitly stand. This is the man whose life we are to study,—the formed character, which we are to see in the process of formation, tracing it through its successive stages, and amid the conflicting influences which shaped it to what it ultimately became. The contrast between the old man, worn and soiled by his "long journey through time," but not yet worn out, a king to the last, and the young frank prince whose first years are the main subject of these volumes, is remarkably impressive. It shows us the extremes of a gradual transformation, such as occurs in every prolonged human life, but which here is of special instruction. In the study of character, the foresight of the end from the beginning throws light on all that lies between.

These two volumes, however, are by no means exclusively devoted to Friedrich or to the influences that directly determined his career. A large part,—at least half,—of the first volume relates the history of Brandenburg under its successive rulers, Ascanian, Bavarian, Luxemburg, and Hohenzollern, from the time when "Henry the Fowler, marching across the frozen bogs, took BRANNIBOR, a chief fortress of the Wends" (928 A.D.), to the birth of Friedrich in the beginning of the 18th century. The rise of the house of Hohenzollern till it became a power in Germany is also traced. Mr. Carlyle shows us how in the course of centuries they added to the Burgravate

* Mirabeau: *Histoire Secrète de la Cour de Berlin*, Lettre 28me (24 Septembre 1786), p. 128 (in edition of Paris, 1821).

† Moore: *View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland and Germany* (London, 1779), ii. 246.

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of Nürnberg first the Margravate of Culmbach, then the Electorate of Brandenburg (1415), afterwards the Duchy of Preussen, and still later the city and district of Magdeburg; and thus laid the foundations, and built up no small part of the superstructure, of the future Prussian monarchy. Scarcely any other writer could have given living human interest to the confused fightings, treaties, and alliances which make up the history of these dim centuries. In his condensed narrative they occupy, as we have said, at least half of his first volume; and it would be vain for us to try to condense them further. Their bearing upon Friedrich's life is upon a later part of it than that which our author has yet reached, and they may therefore be passed over here. We will only remark, that Mr. Carlyle is evidently paving the way for a justification of some of Friedrich's most censured acts as king,—as of his seizure of Silesia, which he represents as the revival of an old and legitimate claim, never abandoned by his ancestors. On the evidence of the documents referred to, the validity of his title seems very doubtful. There were prior claimants under acts equally authentic. So far as we recollect, Mr. Carlyle brings forward no arguments not to be found in Ranke and other historians. Even if he were able to make out a complete case, it would hardly serve his purpose of justifying Friedrich, who has put his motives on record in the often-quoted words: "Ambition, interest, the desire of making people talk about me, carried the day; and I decided for war." The formation of a great and perfectly-disciplined army had been the main business of his father's life; the employment of it was to be his; and the first favourable opportunity was eagerly seized,* without much regard to the question of right or wrong. What new considerations Mr. Carlyle is reserving for that part of his work which will treat of the Silesian transactions, we, of course, have no means of conjecturing. They must be important if they are to outweigh his client's own plea of "guilty."

Friedrich, commonly called Frederick the Great, was born in the palace of Berlin, on the 24th of January 1712. His father was Friedrich Wilhelm, Crown-Prince of Prussia; his mother Sophie Dorothee of Hanover, daughter of our English King George I. There had been already two princes before the

* "He felt bound in honour to enforce his claims," is Ranke's extraordinary comment on the following decisive letter to Podewitz: "Je vous donne un problème à résoudre. Quand on est dans l'avantage, faut-il s'en prévaloir, ou non? Je suis prêt avec mes troupes et tout. Si je ne m'en prévaux pas, je tiens entre mes mains un bien dont je méconnois l'usage. Si je m'en prévaux, on dira que j'ai l'habileté de me servir de la supériorité que j'ai sur mes voisins." Ranke, *Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg* (Eng. trans. vol. ii. p. 125). The right of the strongest is the only right invoked here.

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young Friedrich; but both had died of the pomps and vanities of this world, as we may say; for the one was "killed" (so at least it was rumoured) "by the noise of the cannon firing for joy over it," and the other "crushed to death by the weighty dress . . . put on it at christening time, especially by the little crown it wore, which had left a visible black mark upon the poor soft infant's brow." There was fear that the line of Hohenzollern-Brandenburg should become extinct, or at least fail of male representatives; and the welcome of the young Friedrich was enthusiastic.

The old king survived his grandson's birth only fourteen months. He was succeeded by his son Friedrich Wilhelm, then in his twenty-fifth year. He is described as "a thick-set, sturdy, florid, brisk young fellow; with a jovial laugh in him, yet of solid grave ways, occasionally somewhat volcanic; much given to soldiering and out-of-door exercises." His father had been a king addicted to pomps and pageants. "Regardless of expense" is the label fastened on by Mr. Carlyle. He had more genuinely royal qualities, however, to which shattered nerves did not allow fair play. Neither shattered nerves nor indifference to expense can be predicated of his son. In two months after his accession, Friedrich Wilhelm had reduced his household and administrative expenses to less than one-fifth of what they had been before. He looked through every department of the state with his own eyes, and made provision at once for its more thrifty and more efficient working. But his army was his main business. It was an engrossing passion, almost a poetic enthusiasm with him; and he raised it at length to a degree of disciplined perfection which no other troops in Europe could boast.

"In a military, and also in a much deeper sense," says Mr. Carlyle, "he may be defined as the great Drill-sergeant of the Prussian Nation. Indeed this had been the function of the Hohenzollerns all along; this difficult, unpleasant and indispensable one of drilling. . . . . This has been going on these Three-hundred years. But Friedrich Wilhelm completes the process; finishes it off to the last pitch of perfection. Friedrich Wilhelm carries it through every fibre and cranny of Prussian Business, and so far as possible, of Prussian Life; so that Prussia is all a drilled phalanx, ready to the word of command; and what we see in the Army is but the last consummate essence of what exists in the Nation everywhere. That was Friedrich Wilhelm's function, made ready for him, laid to his hand by his Hohenzollern foregoers; and indeed it proved a most beneficent function.

For I have remarked that, of all things, a Nation needs first to be drilled; and no Nation that has not first been governed by so-called 'Tyrants,' and held tight to the curb till it became perfect in its paces and thoroughly amenable to rule and law, and heartily respectful of

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the same, and totally abhorrent of the want of the same, ever came to much in this world" (vol. i. pp. 414, 415).

This theory of government by the Drill-sergeant will appear to many readers a somewhat servile one. It receives no illustration, much less any help, from the reference which Mr. Carlyle makes to our English sovereigns, "William Conqueror and rigorous line of Normans and Plantagenets." There is a wide difference, which he overlooks, between the feudal system of the middle ages and the bureaucratic one of modern despotisms. In the former, lord and vassal, tenant-in-chief, sub-tenant, and serf or "villain," were brought into direct and open contact with each other. Genuine *local* relations of protection, dependence, and mutual affection were possible, and often existed. A *human* element entered into the administration of the laws, and conciliated that respect for them which otherwise would not have been felt. On the bureaucratic system there is nothing of this. The ruler and the ruled never meet face to face. Law and government are felt as a mere pressure from without, which often becomes galling and intolerable, and is at length violently thrown off. The analogy which compares a nation to a *family*, of which the ruler is the head, seems to us far truer than that which looks upon them respectively as regiment and drill-sergeant. Unfortunately Friedrich Wilhelm carried his drill-theory, or practice, into the government of his household, with consequences which Mr. Carlyle thinks were in the end beneficial, but which, on the evidence of his own narrative, seem to us to have been sadly the reverse.

To every biographer to whom biography is a study of character, and not a mere chronicle of outward fortunes, the childhood of his hero, with the early influences that surrounded it, is the most important and interesting part of his subject. It is the seed-time, whether of tares or wheat; and the remaining life is the harvest. The only reliable source of information about Friedrich's childhood is the book of his elder sister Wilhelmina, — the well-known *Mémoires de Frédérique Sophie Wilhelmine de Prusse, Margrave de Bareith;* and even it, according to Mr. Carlyle, can be trusted only after making a deduction of twenty-five, or, it may be, "in extreme cases," seventy-five per cent on its statements. By its aid he detects the influence of a "double educational element" on Friedrich's character — a French element and a German one. Of these, only the former was, in the narrow pedagogic sense of the term, "educational." Friedrich was taught to think, speak, and write in French; and became in due course, as the result of such training, a French poetaster and *philosophe*.

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"It is not a very fertile element for a young soul," sighs the biographer; "not very much of silent piety in it; and perhaps of vocal piety more than enough in proportion. . . . . But it is, in some important senses, a pure and clear element withal. At lowest, there are no conscious semi-falsities, or volunteer hypocrisies, taught the poor Boy: honour, clearness, truth of word at least; a decorous dignified bearing; various thin good things are honestly inculcated and exemplified; nor is any bad, ungraceful or suspicious thing permitted there, if recognised for such. It might have been a worse element; and we must be thankful for it" (vol. i. pp. 387, 388).

The German language, or rather "the corrupt Prussian dialect of German," was caught up by Friedrich colloquially; and the German element in him, such of it as was not his by right of birth as a Hohenzollern, was likewise caught up by contact with the old soldiers and officials of his father's court, of whom the Prince of Anhalt-Dessau, afterwards known as the "Old-Dessauer," strikingly sketched by Mr. Carlyle, may serve as the type. If we adopted Mr. Carlyle's distinction between the "windy and the solid arts," we should say that Friedrich was French in the former and German in the latter,—French in the more superficial and "vocal" part of his nature, German in the deeper and less articulate; which settles the matter very neatly and easily to those who think, as Mr. Carlyle often appears to do, that it is "out of the" emptiness, and not the "fulness of the heart that the mouth speaks."

In the year 1719, when Friedrich was seven years old, his systematic schooling began, at the hands of tutors who had taken part with his father in the siege of Stralsund three years before,—under instructions of an eccentric kind, and drawn up in an eccentric way by his royal father himself. The "love and fear of God," and "a proper abhorrence of popery," were to be sedulously inculcated; as also "'the true religion, which consists essentially in this, That Christ died for all men,' and generally that the Almighty's justice is eternal and omnipresent,—'which consideration is the only means of keeping a sovereign person (*souveraine Macht*) or one freed from human penalties, in the right way.'" French and German he is to learn so as to write and speak them, but no Latin; ancient history slightly; the history of the last 150 years, especially of Prussia, and of the countries connected with it, and their geography; the law of nature and nations; and, as he grows older, with special emphasis, the military sciences; "that the prince may, from youth upwards, be trained to act as Officer and General, and to seek all his glory in the soldier profession. . . . . As there is nothing which can bring a Prince renown and glory like the sword, so he would

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be a despised creature before all men, if he did not love it, and seek his sole glory therein" (vol. i. pp. 465-467).

Another document, of some three years later date, "Regulations for Schooling at Wusterhausen,* 3d September 1721," arranges his hours of work and play, of rising and retiring, of washing, dressing, &c. with such drill-sergeant precision, that, if acted upon, life must have become a burden to the poor lad. We wish our space would allow us to give Mr. Carlyle's abridgment of the document; but we must content ourselves with the best part of it, the characteristic paragraph with which it concludes:

"In undressing and dressing, you must accustom him to get out of, and into, his clothes as fast as is humanly possible (*hurtig so viel als menschenmöglich ist*). You will also look that he learn to put-on and put-off his clothes himself, without help from others; and that he be clean and neat, and not so dirty (*nicht so schmutzig*)" (vol. i. p. 476).

The king's idea of what was humanly possible in this particular seems to have been extravagant. He enjoins that, on rising in the morning, "prayer, with washing, breakfast, and the rest," is "to be done pointedly within fifteen minutes."

We have hitherto seen nothing of Friedrich himself, but only of the system by which he was to be worked. But we are enabled here to catch a slight glimpse of him through the eyes of Herr von Loen, "a witty Prussian official and famed man-of-letters once, though forgotten now:"

"The Crown-Prince," he writes, "manifests in this tender age" (his seventh year) "an uncommon capacity; nay we may say, something quite extraordinary (*etwas ganz Ausserordentliches*). He is a most alert and vivacious Prince; he has fine and sprightly manners; and shows a certain kindly sociality, and so affectionate a disposition that all things may be hoped of him. The French Lady who" (under Roucoulles) "has had charge of his learning hitherto, cannot speak of him without enthusiasm. '*C'est un esprit angélique* (A little angel),' she is wont to say. He takes up, and learns, whatever is put before him, with the greatest facility" (vol. i. p. 502).

That the king's "Rhadamanthine regulations" in regard to his son's education were not very strictly adhered to "we may infer," says Mr. Carlyle, "from one thing, were there no other,—the ingenious pupil's mode of *spelling*," of which he gives this specimen. It is a farewell letter, written by Friedrich at the age of fifteen to his tutor Duhan:

"*Mon cher Duhan Je Vous promais* (promets) *que quand j'aurez* (j'aurai) *mon propre argent en main, je Vous donnerez* (donnerai) *enuelement* (annuellement) 2400 *ecu* (écus) *par an, et je vous aimerais* (aimerai)

* A royal hunting-lodge "about twenty English miles south-east of Berlin, as you go towards Schlesien (Silesia)."



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*toujour encor* (toujours encore) *un peu plus q'asteure* (qu'à cette heure) *s'il me l'est* (m'est) *posible* (possible). FRIDERIC, P.R. *Potsdam, le* 20 *de juin* 1727."

Latin being prohibited, Friedrich of course attempted to learn it. The story of the king's discovery of his son and a preceptor with dictionaries, grammars, &c., studying the Golden Bull, is too well known to be quoted. His acquirements in this language were never great; but he "was rather fond of producing his classical scraps,—often in an altogether mouldy, and indeed hitherto inexplicable condition. '*De gustibus non est disputandus*,' '*Beati possedentes*,' '*Compille intrare*,' '*Beatus pauperes spiritus*;' . . . . . '*Tot verbas tot spondera*.' . . . . . '*O tempora, O mores!* You see I don't forget my Latin,' writes he once" (vol. i. p. 505).

The learned Professor Boeckh has written an academic prelection, *Ueber Friedrichs des Grossen Classischen Studien* (on Frederick the Great's Classical Studies), which, as may be supposed from the limits of its subject, is not a bulky work. Friedrich was, however, a sedulous reader of Greek and Latin authors in translations. In affliction he used to console himself with the third book of Lucretius. What improving effect his "classical studies" had upon his literary tastes may be inferred from his admiration of Rollin the historian, whom he calls "the Thucydides of his country."(!) In mathematics we have seen it stated, that he never advanced beyond the proposition of Pythagoras. German he could write and speak sufficiently for his practical needs. "Of Spanish and English," says Macaulay, "he did not, so far as we are aware, understand a single word." But he must at least have *heard* some words of English; for Boeckh has preserved a *jeu-d'esprit* of his at the expense of our language. "It must have been the speech," he thinks, "in which the serpent tempted Eve; because it is a hissing tongue." Notwithstanding all this, Mr. Carlyle maintains

"That Friedrich's Course of Education did on the whole prosper. . . . . He came out of it a man of clear and ever-improving intelligence; equipped with knowledge, true in essentials, if not punctiliously exact, upon all manner of practical and speculative things, to a degree not only unexampled among modern Sovereign Princes so-called, but such as to distinguish him even among the studious class. Nay many 'Men-of-Letters' have made a reputation for themselves, with but a fraction of the real knowledge concerning men and things, past and present, which Friedrich was possessed of" (vol. i. p. 520).

While Friedrich's secular teachers were thus usefully and successfully employed in filling his mind with various knowledge, the divines were not less active:

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"Noltenius and Panzendorf, for instance, they were busy 'teaching Friedrich religion.' . . . Another pair of excellent most solemn drill-sergeants, in clerical black serge; they also are busy instilling dark doctrines into the bright young Boy, so far as possible; but do not seem at any time to have made too deep an impression on him" (vol. i. p. 507).

The popular estimate of Friedrich's later religion is, that it was at best a negative quantity. Dr. Henry, a Berlin clergyman, has preached and published a sermon on *Friedrich's Faith in God*, and quotes a good many incidental expressions to correct the notion of his infidelity; but they are not very decisive. They need be no more than the utterance of feelings which occur in the fluctuations of every sceptical mind. Mr. Carlyle maintains in general terms that Friedrich had a fund of silent piety, of practical devout heroism in him. The evidence of this is, we presume, Friedrich's life, *as interpreted by Mr. Carlyle.* We must wait for the interpretation before we can admit the inference from it. In the mean time, that such should be Mr. Carlyle's judgment is a fact of weight. From direct teaching Friedrich gained little. "Noltenius wore black serge; kept the corners of his mouth well down; and had written a Catechism of repute." These seem to have been his chief qualifications as an instructor in divine things.

The most important part of Friedrich's education lay in the rough paternal discipline which now awaited him. This, more than any thing else, made him, for good or evil, what he actually became. Dislike of Friedrich's favourite pursuits,—of his flute-playing, and verse-making, and coxcombries of dress, —annoyance at his indifference to the manly recreations of hunting and partridge-shooting,—gradually formed themselves into something like a fixed hatred in the father's mind. There was a divided household. The mother sided with her son, and

"All along, Fritz and Wilhelmina are sure allies. We perceive they have fallen into a kind of cipher-speech; they communicate with one another by telegraphic signs. One of their words '*Ragotin* (Stumpy),' whom does the reader think it designates? Papa himself, the Royal Majesty of Prussia, Friedrich Wilhelm I., he to his rebellious children is tyrant 'Stumpy,' and no better; being indeed short of stature and growing ever thicker, and surlier in these provocations!" (vol. i. pp. 514, 515).

The king's domestic grievances came to be increased by a matter which in itself had no sort of connection with them. Almost immediately after Friedrich's birth a project had been formed,—acceptable as a project to the parents on both sides of the water, and to the children themselves as they grew up, —for uniting still more closely the royal families of Prussia and England by a double marriage. The Princess Wilhelmina was

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to be the wife of Frederick, eldest son of the (then) Prince of Wales (afterwards George II.); while the Princess Amelia, his second sister, was to be given to the Prussian Crown-Prince. After some hitches a treaty was drawn up for signing, but not signed. George I., though assenting to the marriages, was loth just yet to trouble his parliament for the needful marriage-revenue for his grandson,—money having of late been so often demanded from it "for . . . fat Improper Darlingtons, lean Improper Kendals, and other royal occasions." This delay fretted the temper of Friedrich Wilhelm, "who was capable of being hurt by slights; who, at any rate, disliked to have loose thrums flying about, or that the business of to-day should be shoved-over upon to-morrow." And in this way it bore ill-fruit for the unfortunate Crown-Prince, upon whom most of his father's vexations were visited.

The European embroilments springing from the Pragmatic Sanction, and the alliance of Spain and Austria by the Treaty of Vienna, disturbing to the balance of power,—with the counter alliance of England, France, and Prussia, by the Treaty of Hanover, to set right the said balance,—occurred at this time, and greatly disturbed Friedrich Wilhelm's peace, as they do that of Mr. Carlyle, who has to record them. He enters on their history with louder lamentations than become so emphatic an advocate of silent endurance and steady uncomplaining work.

"To pitch them utterly out of window, and out of memory," he says, "never to be mentioned in human speech again: this is the manifest prompting of Nature;—and this, were not our poor Crown-Prince and one or two others involved in them, would be our ready and thrice joyful course. Surely the so-called 'Politics of Europe' in that day are a thing this Editor would otherwise, with his whole soul, forget to all eternity."

But they affected Friedrich Wilhelm's temper and his treatment of his son, "our poor young Fritz getting tormented, scourged, and throttled in body and soul, till he grew to loathe the light of the sun, and looked to have quitted said light at one stage of the business." For this reason, they enjoy a temporary remission of the sentence of "suppression" which Mr. Carlyle would otherwise pass on them. It is sufficient for us to note them as facts occurring at this time, and irritating to the King of Prussia.

We must here stop to record that, while these storms were raging without and within the royal Prussian household, the Crown-Prince made a memorable step in life. He entered on active duty in the army on the 20th of August 1726,—not yet quite fifteen,—as major in the Potsdam Life Guards, the celebrated regiment of giants which Friedrich Wilhelm (on this one

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point "regardless of expense") recruited and kidnapped from all the countries of Europe. "Hereby to" his son's "Athenian-French elegancies, and airy promptitudes, and brilliancies, there shall lie as basis an adamantine Spartanism and Stoicism, very rare, but very indispensable to such a superstructure."

Three months before this date, an event apparently accidental, but of scarcely less importance, had occurred. "On the 11th of May 1726, towards sunset," as the king sits smoking in the Tabagie [Tobacco-Parliament, or Smoking Club] of the Berlin palace, "a square-built, shortish, steel-gray Gentleman of military cut, past fifty, is" seen "strolling over the .... Square in front of the Palace. He turns out, on inquiry, to be the Austrian Ordnance-Master Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm had 'known at the Siege of Stralsund' and elsewhere, passing through Berlin on pressing business in Denmark. However pressing his business, for the present, at any rate, he may be invited in. Friedrich Wilhelm, opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up with his own royal head and hand." He is invited to return when his business in Denmark is done. "Seckendorf sure enough will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes,—O how he likes it!" Seckendorf's real business is with Friedrich Wilhelm, to whom, after a decent term of absence, he returns, not to leave him for the next seven years. He is there in the interest of Austria, to detach the king from his allies of the Treaty of Hanover,—England and France,—and bring him over to the Kaiser's side; which with the aid of Grumkow, a bribable man, and the king's confidential adviser, he succeeds in doing, on conditions mutually advantageous, it is supposed, which are embodied in the Treaty of Wusterhausen, 12th October 1726. This secession from the English side in the politics of Europe is virtually the death of the double-marriage project; though it continued still to live in the hopes and wishes of the queen, Friedrich, and Wilhelmina. Seckendorf's business is to keep "Prussian majesty steady to the Kaiser, always well divided from the English;" to the widening of the estrangement, already wide enough, between the king and his wife, son, and daughter.

In the mean time the Crown-Prince was attending to his command over the Potsdam giants, and already attracting notice by his intelligence and vivacity. His flute, his French books, his indifference to hunting, and his inability to smoke any other than an empty pipe at the Tobacco College, increased the paternal dislike. What was worse, he had fallen into dissolute courses,—"consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, Lieutenants Katte and Keith, who lead him into ways not

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pleasant to his father nor conformable to the laws of this universe," and from the defilement of which he never got quite clear. Kicks and blows, for her share of which Wilhelmina came in, plates sent flying at their heads, food offered them for which they had an aversion, and of that an insufficient quantity, were the forms in which the king's resentment expressed itself. The following is his answer to a humble supplication of Friedrich's for forgiveness. It is curious in a grammatical as well as in a biographical point of view:

"Thy [in German the contemptuous third person singular is used] obstinate perverse disposition" (*Kopf*, head), "which does not love thy Father,—for when one does everything, and really loves one's Father, one does what the Father requires, not while he is there to see it, but when his back is turned too. For the rest, thou know'st very well that I can endure no effeminate fellow (*efeminirten Kerl*), who has no human inclination in him; who puts himself to shame, cannot ride nor shoot; and withal is dirty in his person; frizzles his hair like a fool, and does not cut it off. And all this I have, a thousand times, reprimanded; but all in vain, and no improvement in nothing (*keine Besserung in nits ist*). For the rest, haughty, proud as a churl; speaks to nobody but some few, and is not popular and affable; and cuts grimaces with his face, as if he were a fool; and does my will in nothing unless held to it by force; nothing out of love;—and has pleasure in nothing but following his own whims" (own *Kopf*),—"no use to him in anything else. This is the answer. FRIEDRICH WILHELM."
—(vol. ii. pp. 47, 48.)

The increased complication of European politics, involving the possibility that he might have to go to war for his ally the Kaiser,—suspicion (not unfounded) of a secret intrigue in his own house for the renewal of the double-marriage project,—the failure of an attempt to set that matter again on a right footing,—the death of his cousin George I. of England, whom he really loved,—annoyances from George II. on recruiting business,—and his own sufferings from gout,—all these and many other vexations are to be taken into account in reading of Friedrich Wilhelm's freaks of rage. For years he was, in large part through the machinations of Seckendorf and Grumkow aggravating all misunderstandings, kept in a state of chronic irritation scarcely distinguishable from madness. The Crown-Prince and Wilhelmina were forbidden his presence except at dinner-time, when they were as often as not saluted with showers of crockery and bad words. They held private interviews with the queen in her apartment, with spies out to warn them of the king's approach; who, however, surprising them on one occasion, they had to squat for hours, and almost got suffocated.

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"His Prussian Majesty," writes Dubourgay, the British Ambassador (Dec. 10, 1729), "cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or Princess-Royal. The other day, he asked the Prince: 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?' . . . To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane, in fact rained showers of blows upon him; and it was only by superior strength," thinks Dubourgay, "that the poor Prince escaped no worse" (vol. ii. pp. 113, 114).

Friedrich himself, describing this incident to his mother, says, "it was only weariness that made" his father "give up." "He never saw my brother without threatening him with his cane," writes Wilhelmina. Unwillingness to leave his sister to bear the brunt of the paternal rage had alone prevented him from making his escape, long ago, from the court and from Prussia. Now not even that consideration could withhold him. He resolved, on occasion of a visit with his father to August the Strong, Elector of Saxony and King of Poland, at his Saxon court of Dresden, to get across to England; but again yielded to Wilhelmina's representations and entreaties, and postponed his design. There was now, indeed, a short interval of calmer weather. The Queen fell ill. This softened Friedrich Wilhelm for a time. "He wept aloud and abundantly, poor man; declared in private 'he would not survive his Feekin;' and for her sake, solemnly pardoned Wilhelmina, and even Fritz,—till the symptoms mended." But the discovery of a secret correspondence, which Friedrich had been carrying on with the English court on the subject of the double-marriage, soon made matters worse, if possible, than they had been before. On a second visit of compliment to the Saxon camp at Radewitz (June 1730), "where the eyes of so many strangers were directed to him,"—Mr. Carlyle quotes from Ranke,—"the Crown-Prince was treated like a disobedient boy, and one time even with strokes (*körperlich misshandelt*). . . . The enraged King, who never weighed the consequences of his words, added mockery to his manual outrage. He said, 'Had I been treated so by my Father, I would have blown my brains out: but this fellow has no honour, he takes all that comes!'" (vol. ii. p. 189). Friedrich now not merely thought of flight, but resolved on it, waiting only for opportunity. The sentiments of the English king on the project were sounded; but he, with diplomatic caution, advised delay. Friedrich Wilhelm suspected his son's design, and treated him almost worse than ever. He urged him, in a scoffing way, to renounce his heir-apparentship in favour of his younger brother. Friedrich, however, steadily refused. A chance of escape offered. The

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king, on the 15th of July 1730, set out on a tour among the courts of Upper Germany, to gain them over to, or strengthen them in, the Kaiser's interest. His son accompanied him: he could not be left behind, nor trusted out of sight. For security's sake, "old General Buddenbrock, old Colonel Waldau, and Lieutenant-Colonel Rochow travel in the same carriage with the Prince; are to keep strict watch over him, one of them to be always by him." The plan of escape, in which Lieutenant von Katte, a dissolute young man, of literary and musical tastes, was the Crown-Prince's confidant and coadjutor, was, to give Ranke's condensed and clear statement, as follows:

"Katte was to get himself sent recruiting, and to go in the direction of Upper Germany; in an inn by the roadside, at Canstatt, he was to await the arrival of the royal carriages; a servant, distinguished by a red feather, was to give the signal that he was there; the Prince was then, under some pretext or other, to alight, and while he was believed to be in the inn, was to mount a horse standing ready for him, and gallop off with Katte and his escort. This was to be sufficiently numerous to enable them to defend themselves against any party which the King could at the moment despatch in pursuit of them. They could thus reach the French frontier, which was at no great distance. . . . As his (Friedrich's) uniform would have betrayed him in a moment, he had a roquelaure of scarlet made in profound secret, as he thought; but everybody knew of it."

Various circumstances led to suspicion. Katte could not get himself sent on his recruiting mission; and this difficulty might have led to the abandonment of the whole design. But at Feuchtwang, where "lives the Dowager Margravine of Anspach, . . the Prince does some inconceivably small fault, 'lets a knife which he is handing to or from the Serene Lady fall,' who, as she is weak, may suffer by the jingle; for which Friedrich Wilhelm bursts out on him like the Irish rebellion, —to the silent despair of the poor Prince," who "meditates desperate resolutions, but has to keep them to himself,"—or can confide them only to Keith, a royal page attending the king on this journey, whose promise of help he gains. Here is the issue:

"On Friday morning, 4th August 1730, 'usual hour of starting, 3 A.M.,' not being yet come, the Royal Party lies asleep in two clean airy Barns, facing one another, in the Village of Steinfurth; Barns facing one another, with the Heidelberg Highway and Village Green asleep in front between them; for it is little after two in the morning, the dawn hardly beginning to break. Prince Friedrich, with his Trio of Vigilance, Buddenbrock, Waldau, Rochow, lies in one Barn; Majesty, with his Seckendorf and party, is in the other: apparently all still locked in sleep? Not all: Prince Friedrich, for example, is

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awake;—the Trio is indeed audibly asleep; unless others watch for them, their six eyes are closed. Friedrich cautiously rises; dresses; takes his money, his new red roquelaure, unbolts the Barn-door, and walks out. Trio of Vigilance is sound asleep, and knows nothing: alas, Trio of Vigilance, while its own six eyes are closed, has appointed another pair to watch.

Gummersbach the Valet comes to Rochow's bolster: 'Hst, Herr Oberst-Lieutenant, please awaken! Prince-Royal is up, has on his topcoat, and is gone out of doors!' Rochow starts to his habiliments, or perhaps has them ready on; in a minute or two, Rochow also is forth into the grey of the morning;—finds the young Prince actually on the Green there; in his red roquelaure, leaning pensively on one of the travelling carriages. '*Guten Morgen, Ihro Königliche Hoheit!*'—Fancy such a salutation, to the young man! Page Keith, at this moment, comes with a pair of horses, too: 'Whither with the nags, Sirrah?' Rochow asked with some sharpness. Keith seeing how it was, answered without visible embarrassment, 'Herr, they are mine and Kunz the Page's horses' (which, I suppose, is true);—'ready at the usual hour!' Keith might add.—'His Majesty does not go till five this morning;—back to the stables!' beckoned Rochow; and according to the best accounts, did not suspect anything, or affected not to do so" (vol. ii. pp. 245, 246).

But in a few hours Keith had made a full confession. Alive or dead, the prince is to be brought to Wesel, the first town in the Prussian territory,—Rochow to answer for his safe custody with his own head. To Lieutenant Keith, at Wesel, the page's brother, and a confidant also of Friedrich's, Friedrich managed to write in Bonn, and smuggle to the post-office, three words in pencil: "*Sauvez-vous, tout est découvert* (All is found out;—away)!" profiting by which hint, Keith made off in safety to Holland, and thence to England. Katte, who had warning and time for escape, loitered, and was arrested.

On the journey the king's rage was boundless. He thrust his cane into his son's face, till it bled: he drew his sword upon him, and would have slain him had not others interfered. At Wesel, Friedrich confessed all, and named his confidants, Keith and Katte, whom he imagined *both* to be out of reach of danger. He and Katte were tried by court-martial: Katte was sentenced to perpetual imprisonment, which the king, not being able to get the court to reverse their decision, changed to death of his own authority. Friedrich, as a deserter, had sentence of death passed on him by the court. The end is well known.

"It was in the grey of the winter morning, 6th November 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison" [where Friedrich himself, under sentence of death, was imprisoned]. "He [Katte] took kind leave of Major and men; Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!—And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the

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Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes (to 'see Katte die,' had been the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance); and Katte knows he shall see him. . . . . President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: 'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. '*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*' cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you!—'Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well,' said Katte, '*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*' and fared on,—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times,—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred" (vol. ii. pp. 289, 291).

The king's vengeance, or sense of what justice required,—for the two feelings were not very distinct in his mind,—was satisfied by this one execution; and, at the Kaiser's intercession, his son's blood was not shed. Henceforth Friedrich's misfortunes, having reached their culminating point, began gradually to mend. He was for fifteen months a prisoner in the fortress of Cüstrin; and for a twelvemonth he did not see his father's face. This, perhaps, he can hardly have much regretted. He professed penitence and submission. The rigour of his confinement was gradually lessened. His flute and his French books were allowed him. He discussed the doctrine of predestination, which he had adopted, and which was an odious heresy in the king's eyes, with clergymen deputed to convince him of his error. After an ingenious show of resistance, he gave way, not feeling inclined, according to his own statement, to become a martyr for his opinion. On the 15th of August 1731, the king visited him at Cüstrin; and after a scene, not without its pathos, a reconciliation took place. Henceforth father and son were on the best terms, the latter implicitly obeying, to the extent of contracting a distasteful marriage, with the outward show of cheerfulness and contentment. He made some acquaintance with the art of war, serving in the Rhine campaign under Prince Eugene against France. First at Ruppin, and afterwards at Reinsberg, he was initiated into the mysteries of government. As a soldier and an administrator he no doubt owed an incalculable debt to his father; but

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that his moral nature was improved by the rough "apprenticeship to Friedrich Wilhelm" which we have been reviewing, and which Mr. Carlyle thinks so salutary, seems to us more than doubtful. Mr. Carlyle's general judgment (not put into any clear words) appears to be, that the nonsense was taken out of him by it,—that he learned reticence, self-control, and the power of "enduring hardness" silently. And this, perhaps, must be admitted. But that he also learned something like hypocrisy, that he got rid of much generous enthusiasm, that a tone of harshness, and a willingness to treat others as he himself had been treated, were developed, is scarcely less clear. He himself, it is true, was ready in later life to acknowledge his obligations to his father; but his gratitude is in some respects that of the embittered cynical man of the world to the stern teacher who has disabused him of his illusions. The worth of Friedrich's testimony in this matter will depend entirely on Mr. Carlyle's success in proving the common English judgment of his hero's character in later life to be unfounded. If that be correct, nothing worse can be said of the old king than that he made Friedrich what he afterwards became.

Of Friedrich Wilhelm, Macaulay has said: "His palace was hell, and he the most execrable of fiends,—a cross between Moloch and Puck." The rhetoric of this sentence naturally excites some doubt as to its truth. Metaphorical congruity demands that, Friedrich Wilhelm's palace being "hell," he himself should be "a fiend." He could not, in accordance with the laws of good writing, be any thing else. The infernal commencement necessitates a diabolic conclusion. But there were other than fiendish elements in him,—noble human qualities with which neither Moloch nor Puck had any thing to do. To these Mr. Carlyle renders full justice. He seems too much disposed, indeed, to palliate those parts of the king's character which can least admit of apology, and to urge that "even his failings leaned to virtue's side." Silent, grave, peremptory,—bent upon his own will, and inexorable towards neglect or disobedience,—he conforms closely to a type of human nature which Mr. Carlyle has of late been unwearied in holding up to admiration and imitation. He was not without intense affections, which, however, to thwart was to convert into hate. Like a strong but impeded current, they beat and raged violently upon objects which they were intended quietly to embrace and lave, refreshing and fertilising. He had a deep sense of duty, but it was of that kind which is oftener invoked to sanction the decisions of self-will than to correct or restrain them; and so he came to look at resistance to himself as if it were the violation of an intrinsic moral law. He saw his

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own way clearly before him,—generally nothing but that. He could not perceive that others might have paths marked out for them by nature to pursue not always identical with his. We have said that he saw his own way clearly before him; but it was only inch by inch, as he marched on in it. And so he was unaware of obstacles,—impassable barriers in many cases, which others would have foreseen from a distance,—until he came into smart contact with them, and had ineffectually struggled against them. He did not know how, by making a circuit, to avoid what he could not uproot; nor that in dealing with men (moral unfaithfulness set aside) the straight line is not always the shortest, nor the imperative mood the most persuasive form of speech. He had indisputable strength of character, but he was not strong enough to command himself. Hence it became possible for others,—the Seckendorfs and Grumkows, for example,—by working upon his passions, to twist and turn him as they would. His frantic outbursts must be referred to the action of the moral and intellectual qualities we have indicated on an excitable temperament,—which a neglected education and the habits fostered by the possession of a power so absolute as to be almost beyond the control of public opinion had still further inflamed. Mr. Carlyle thinks that subjection to such a character as this was a good discipline for the young Friedrich. The drill-sergeant view comes into play here. Human education is in his eyes apparently a process of *breaking in*, with whip and spur and curb, after our manner of dealing with horses. But even as regards horses, this notion seems, under Mr. Rarey's auspices, to be becoming obsolete; and gentler methods of *training* and *taming* to be taking the place of the *breaking* process.

In speaking of Friedrich Wilhelm's character as it influenced that of his son, we have been compelled to do it some injustice, to show it on what will be to most readers its darker and less prepossessing side. For it was this side of it which alone was for very many years turned towards the young Crown-Prince. The following extract, though sad enough in its way, will be felt as a relief to the painfulness of much that has gone before. Our readers will not complain of its length. We could not bring ourselves to shorten it further than we have done, nor yet to withhold it. It describes the last scene, though not quite the last moments, of Friedrich Wilhelm's life:

"For the rest, he is struggling between death and life; in general persuaded that the end is fast hastening on. He sends for Chief-Preacher Roloff out to Potsdam; has some notable dialogues with Roloff, and with two other Potsdam Clergymen, of which there is record still left us. In these, as in all his demeanour at this supreme

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time, we see the big rugged block of manhood come out very vividly; strong in his simplicity, in his veracity. Friedrich Wilhelm's wish is to know from Roloff what the chances are for him in the other world, —which is not less certain than Potsdam and the giant grenadiers to Friedrich Wilhelm; and where, he perceives, never half so clearly before, he shall actually peel off his Kinghood, and stand before God Almighty, no better than a naked beggar. Roloff's prognostics are not so encouraging as the King had hoped. Surely this King 'never took or coveted what was not his; kept true to his marriage-vow, in spite of horrible examples everywhere; believed the Bible, honoured the Preachers, went diligently to Church, and tried to do what he understood God's commandments were?' To all which Roloff, a courageous pious man, answers with discreet words and shakings of the head. 'Did I behave ill then, did I ever do injustice?' Roloff mentions Baron Schlubhut the defalcating Amtmann, hanged at Königsberg without even a trial. 'He had no trial; but was there any doubt *he* had justice? A public thief, confessing he had stolen the taxes he was set to gather; insolently offering, as if that were all, to repay the money, and saying, It was not *Manier* (good manners) to hang a nobleman!' Roloff shakes his head, Too violent, your Majesty, and savouring of the tyrannous. The poor King must repent.

'Well,—is there anything more? Out with it, then; better now than too late!' [And certain building operations of an oppressive character come under review.] . . . . . And then there is forgiveness of enemies; your Majesty is bound to forgive all men, or how can you ask to be forgiven? 'Well I will, I do; you Feekin [his wife, Queen Sophie], write to your Brother (unforgiveablest of beings), after I am dead, that I forgave him, died in peace with him.'—Better her Majesty should write at once, suggests Roloff.—'No, after I am dead,' persists the Son of Nature,—that will be safer! An unwedgeable and gnarled big block of manhood and simplicity and sincerity; such as we rarely get sight of among the modern sons of Adam, among the crowned sons nearly never. At parting he said to Roloff, 'You (*Er*, He) do not spare me; it is right. You do your duty like an honest Christian man'" (vol. ii. pp. 681-683).

Presently the Crown-Prince is sent for from Reinsberg: "He is to come quickly, if he would see his Father again alive."

"At sight of his Son, Friedrich Wilhelm threw out his arms; the Son kneeling sank upon his breast, and they embraced with tears. My Father, my Father; My Son, my Son! . . . . . For the next three days (Saturday to Monday), when his cough and many sufferings would permit him, Friedrich Wilhelm had long private dialogues with his Son; instructing him, as was evident, in the mysteries of State; in what knowledge, as to persons and to things, he reckoned might be usefullest to him. What the lessons were, we know not; the way of taking them had given pleasure to the old man: he was heard to say, perhaps more than once, when the Generals were called in, and the dia-

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logue interrupted for a while: 'Am not I happy to have such a Son to leave behind me!' And the grimly sympathetic Generals testified assent; endeavoured to talk a little, could at least smoke and look friendly; till the King gathered strength for continuing his instructions to his successor. All else was as if settled with him; this had still remained to do. This once done (finished, Monday night), why not abdicate altogether; and die disengaged, be it in a day or in a month, since that is now the one work left? Friedrich Wilhelm does so purpose.

His state, now as all along, was fluctuating, uncertain, restless. He was heard murmuring prayers; he would say sometimes, 'Pray for me; *Betet, betet.*' And more than once, in deep tone: 'Lord, enter not into judgment with Thy servant, for in Thy sight shall no man living be justified!' The wild Son of Nature, looking into Life and Death, into Judgment and Eternity, finds that these things are very great. This too is a characteristic trait: In a certain German Hymn (*Why fret or murmur, then?* the title of it), which they often sang to him, or along with him, as he much loved it, are these words: 'Naked I came into the world, and naked shall I go,'—'No,' said he always, with vivacity, at this passage; 'not quite naked, I shall have my uniform on:' Let us be exact, since we are at it! After which the singing proceeded again. . . . . Tuesday, 31st May, 'about one in the morning,' Cochius [the Calvinistic Court-Chaplain] was again sent for. He found the King in very pious mood, but in great distress, and afraid he might yet have much pain to suffer. Cochius prayed with him; talked piously. 'I can remember nothing,' said the King; 'I cannot pray, I have forgotten all my prayers.'—'Prayer is not in words, but in the thought of the heart,' said Cochius; and soothed the heavyladen man as he could. 'Fare you well,' said Friedrich Wilhelm, at length; 'most likely we shall not meet again in this world.' Whereat Cochius burst into tears, and withdrew. About four, the King was again out of bed; wished to see his youngest Boy, who had been ill of measles, but was doing well. 'Poor little Ferdinand, adieu then, my little child!' . . . . From little Ferdinand's room Friedrich Wilhelm has himself rolled into Queen Sophie's. 'Feekin, O my Feekin, thou must rise this day, and help me what thou canst. This day I am going to die; thou wilt be with me this day!' The good Wife rises: I know not that it was the first time she had been so called; but it did prove the last. Friedrich Wilhelm has decided, as the first thing he will do, to abdicate; and all the Official persons and companions of the sick-room, Pöllnitz among them, not long after sunrise, are called to see it done. Pöllnitz, huddling on his clothes, arrived about five: in a corridor he sees the wheeled-chair and poor sick King; steps aside to let him pass: 'It is over (*Das ist vollbracht*),' said the King, looking up to me as he passed: he had on his nightcap, and a blue mantle thrown round him. He was wheeled into his anteroom; there let the company assemble: many of them are already there.

The royal stables are visible from this room: Friedrich Wilhelm orders the horses to be ridden out: you old Fürst of Anhalt-Dessau

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my oldest friend, you Colonel Hacke faithfullest of Adjutant-Generals, take each of you a horse, the best you can pick out: it is my last gift to you. Dessau, in silence, with dumb-show of thanks, points to a horse, any horse: 'You have chosen the very worst,' said Friedrich Wilhelm: 'take that other, I will warrant him a good one!' The grim Old-Dessauer thanks in silence; speechless grief is on that stern gunpowder face, and he seems even to be struggling with tears. 'Nay, nay, my friend,' Friedrich Wilhelm said, 'this is a debt we have all to pay'" (vol. ii. pp. 684-688).

The king formally pronounced his own abdication "in favour of his good son Friedrich." The ceremony might have been dispensed with. The very day which witnessed Friedrich Wilhelm's abdication, witnessed also his death. The kingly robes were laid aside, as if in preparation for that world in which there is no distinction of persons; and then the coil of mortality was shuffled off.

We must not conclude our notice of Friedrich's education without referring to an event in which the "French element" of it may be said to have culminated, the formation of his acquaintance with Voltaire. Their friendship is one of the most memorable features in the life of either; their misunderstandings and quarrels one of the most discreditable, though not perhaps in the same degree, both to prince and poet.

"Voltaire," says Mr. Carlyle, professing to quote from the ghostly Sauerteig, "was the spiritual complement of Friedrich: what little of lasting their poor Century produced lies mainly in these Two. A very somnambulating Century! But what little it *did*, we must call Friedrich; what little it *thought*, Voltaire. . . . . So that Friedrich and Voltaire are related, not by accident only. They are, they for want of better, the two Original Men of their Century; the chief, and in a sense the sole products of their Century, . . . . the rest . . . . being mere ephemera; contemporary eaters, scramblers for provender, talkers of acceptable hearsay; and related merely to the butteries and wiggeries of their time, and not related to the Perennialities at all, as these Two were" (vol. ii. pp. 578, 579).

Strange if true of a whole century, we must again say; but happily impossible to be true.

Friedrich's intercourse with Voltaire began by letter, epistolary correspondence being for a time its sole vehicle, in August 1736, when the Prince was in his twenty-fifth year. Mr. Carlyle quotes his opening letter, and Voltaire's reply. Friedrich's admiration is excited chiefly by an excellence which would be better appreciated in the days of Pope than our own. "Never did Poet before," he exclaims with enthusiasm, "put Metaphysics into rhythmical cadence; to you the honour was reserved of doing it first." On the strength of

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Voltaire's "taste for Philosophy," he sends him "a translated copy of the *Accusation and the Defence of M. Wolf*, the most celebrated Philosopher of our days, who for having carried light into the darkest places of Metaphysics, is cruelly accused of irreligion and atheism;" and promises him a translation, which he is getting made, of the same author's *Treatise on God, the Soul, and the World.* Voltaire, with many compliments and expressions of profound "respect" for "Metaphysical ideas," expresses a doubt whether "the First-principles of things will ever be known. The mice," he adds, "that nestle in some little holes of an immense Building, know not whether it is eternal, or who the Architect, or why he built it. Such mice are we; and the Divine Architect who built the Universe has never, that I know of, told the secret to one of us. If any body could pretend to guess correctly, it is M. Wolf." Of all mice, M. Wolf is the mouse most likely to solve the great problem, if it could be solved. The letters up to the time of Friedrich's accession in 1740 (as preserved, some hundred-and-twenty in number), consist of an interchange of verses, criticisms, and philosophical discussions, with reflections on the dignity of man,—the whole enveloped in a cloud of mutual flattery; the ability being, of course, with Voltaire, the sincerity, Mr. Carlyle thinks, with Friedrich.* Till the time of Friedrich's accession, the correspondents never met. Their experience and impressions of each other, when they actually came together, belong to a later period of the Crown-Prince's history.

Friedrich, unable to secure the presence of the great high-priest of Letters, yet collected round him, at his residence at Reinsberg, what literary notabilities he could. They were chiefly of theological and philosophical bent; "uniformly men," says Mr. Carlyle, "whom it is now a weariness to hear of, except in a cursory manner." We will not burden our readers with

* Mr. Carlyle is sparing as yet in his use of the Letters, as, indeed, of reference to Friedrich's literary works generally, of which he gives no specimen. Of the lengths to which Voltaire's admiration of his royal correspondent ran, very early in the correspondence, the following short extract from one of his letters will give some idea:—

"Monseigneur,—J'ai versé des larmes de joie en lisant la lettre du 9 septembre dont V. A. R a bien voulu m'honorer; j'y reconnais un prince qui certainement sera l'amour du genre humain. Je suis étonné de tout manière; vous parlez comme *Trajan*, vous écrivez comme *Pline*, et vous parlez français comme nos meilleurs écrivains. Quelle différence entre les hommes! *Louis XIV* était un grand roi, je respecte sa mémoire; mais il ne parlait pas aussi humainement que vous, monseigneur, et ne s'exprimait pas de même. J'ai vu de ses lettres; *il ne savait pas l'orthographie de sa langue.*"—*Recueil des Lettres de M. de Voltaire et du Roi de Prusse*, tom. i. p. 30 (ed. 1785). There must be a little irony in the last sentence. Voltaire had seen Friedrich's letters; and Friedrich's orthography,—of which our readers have had a specimen,—was much the same to the last day of his life.

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their names. He beguiled his time here with pouring out floods of verse, with speculative talk on deep topics, with music, and with architectural and horticultural improvements; generally the resources of men who have no real and necessary work upon their hands, but in his case relaxations of hard and useful administrative labour. This was probably the happiest period of his life, and that least open to question or censure. His poetic attempts, now and afterwards, have been the object of much ridicule. But he never claimed to be a poet: he "left no calling for that idle trade—no duty broke." His verses were but an exercise in which he took pleasure; and which he practised for his pleasure only, and not from vanity or ambition.* If Lord Bacon's maxim be a true one, that "writing makes an exact man," his versifying propensities may have been of some use to him. But verse-making was never more to him than an amusement, and severity of criticism is out of place.

The two volumes which we have been so inadequately noticing, bring down the history of Friedrich's life to the death of his father, and his own accession to the throne on the 31st of May 1740. They might be called "Friedrich's apprenticeship." We have been obliged to confine ourselves to the events and persons directly influencing the Crown-Prince's education in the wider sense of the word, and to leave out much that has close connection even with that. Of the richness of Mr. Carlyle's book in firmly drawn and vivid pictures of men and things, of the indescribable tone of life and reality that pervades it, of its fantastic humour and rugged manly pathos, no idea can be gathered except from its own pages. From his views of human life and social government, and from the types of character which he admires, we are obliged prevailingly to dissent. We should regard them as harmful, if we thought they were likely to be influential. But they carry their own antidote with them in the noble qualities of heart and soul to which Mr. Carlyle always appeals, and of which even what we think his errors are but the exaggerated or too partial application.

* He endeavoured to prevent their publication. "Friedrich," says his latest editor, "continued, so far as he was able, to keep his poetic works concealed; nay he even called in again, from friends who were leaving his neighbourhood, the copies with which he had presented them, in order to guard against their being in any way divulged." Preuss: *Friedrich der Grosse als Schriftsteller*, p. 122. "J'ai fait les poésies," he writes to Count Algarotti, "que je vous ai données, pour m'amuser. Cela n'étoit bon, que pour cet objet; mais je ne veux ni être lu, ni être transcrit. Raphael doit être copié, Phidias imité, Virgile lu. Pour moi, je dois être ignoré. Il en est de mes ouvrages, comme de la musique des *dilettanti*. On doit se rendre justice, et ne pas sortir de sa sphère." Quoted by Preuss, p. 123.



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## Art. II.—THE RELATIONS OF FRANCE AND ENGLAND.*

*L'Angleterre et Napoléon III.* Paris, 1858.

The Crimean war showed to the world what ought to be the spirit, and what must be the strength, of an alliance between England and France. It showed also how important it is to European independence that the two states should act in concert when they interfere in European matters; and to any people whose nationality or rights should be menaced, and who should need protection, it showed what may be expected from the union of such protectors. It would, indeed, be difficult for them to combine in any cause but that of justice. Misled by interest or accidental prejudice, each state may have separately lent its strength to a mischievous or a mistaken policy. Governments as well as men have their passions. But two nations that stand out as the models of civilisation can scarcely unite except in the service of civilisation. It is impossible to imagine them leagued together against right and justice. The press alone would stop them in such a course. The spirit, therefore, of an Anglo-French alliance must always be a spirit of equity and liberty; and every time that such an alliance is formed it will shine like a propitious star on the political world. To every nation whose desires are legitimate it will be a support or a hope. This is what Europe should now understand, and what, above all, the two countries and the two governments should recognise, if they wish to show themselves worthy of their high position in the world; for it is even more true of certain peoples than of certain individuals, that they are the instruments of Providence.

There are truths, however, which seem at times to disappear behind a cloud; and if we were to rely on some of the signs which have shown themselves since the beginning of the year, but which are gradually diminishing, we might doubt the permanence or even the possibility of a substantive and cordial agreement between the conquerors of Sebastopol. Certain journals—some with an evil design, others without consideration—have sown offence on both sides. It was not, however, on the English side of the Channel that the clouds first gathered. Public opinion faithfully supported the alliance as long as it lasted.

* The alliance of France and England has been so amply discussed, both in our pages and elsewhere, from the English point of view, that most men were desirous to study the aspects in which it is considered by enlightened thinkers in France. The present article is from the pen of a distinguished French writer, whose view of this important subject we gladly lay before our readers.—Editor.

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With regard to France, the English people probably cherish no feelings of ill-will or jealousy; but perhaps they are rather too ready to believe their powerful neighbours inspired by sentiments different from those which actuate themselves. They easily suspect France of fickleness; a suspicion somewhat justified by the frequency of her revolutions. They do not feel themselves perfectly capable of following or of understanding all the variations of her mobile thought; and it may be said in general that, even when the two nations are brought most closely into contact, they do not always possess the key to each other's secret feelings. Their mutual understanding is not always equal to their mutual esteem. It will not, therefore, be unadvisable to consider what there is that can separate them, and what there is that ought to unite them. It would be useful to know if their respective antecedents and their permanent interests oppose any invincible obstacles to a good understanding: and in case the investigation proves the possibility and the utility of such an understanding, its limits and its conditions will remain to be considered; for no two nations can ever be bound together like friends, ready to devote themselves for each other. Self-sacrifice is out of place in a friendship of this kind.

How, it has been asked, can France and England cast aside their conflicting prejudices? Can they abjure all recollection of the past? History is full of the story of their warlike struggles. From the middle of the twelfth to the beginning of the present century their days of battle have furnished to the annals of both nations those fatal dates which can never be forgotten. There are names on both sides of the Channel which cannot be pronounced without exciting the bitterest resentment. Both are still bleeding at heart from the fearful blows they have levelled at each other. Declamations on this subject,—and it is one that invites to this species of rhetoric,—suffice to convince some minds that the two nations must always remain rivals, and that such rivals must always be on the point of becoming enemies. This is the grand argument for the eternal rivalry of England and France; and it would be powerful indeed, if great political questions were to be decided by the passions alone.

But it does not suffice to summon history to our aid; we must criticise it, and bring our judgment to bear upon the facts of which it is composed, if we wish to draw conclusions from them; for facts generally cease to be reasons when the reasons of the facts no longer exist.

The annals of the world present no more dramatic picture than that of France, still semi-feudal, combating against England for the integrity of her national existence. This war is sometimes called by historians "the hundred-years war;" and

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even that is saying too little, for though it did not assume its complete character till 1336, it seems to have begun more than a hundred and sixty years earlier, and only to have ended decidedly with the Treaty of Sicquigny (1475). But on both occasions whence came the quarrel, and of what significance now are the questions that excited it? Can it at the present time be a subject of division or enmity that a king of France, jealous or betrayed, should have imprudently repudiated his wife; and that Eleanora of Guienne, bringing extensive provinces to Henry II. as her dowry, should thus have placed on a footing of contentious dependence two sovereigns who were equal in title, in pride, and ambition, and who incessantly disputed the conditions of the contract with the sword?—that, after the lapse of more than a hundred years, another king of France having died without children, Edward III., as his brother-in-law, should have disputed the throne with his cousin, and thus denied to the kingdom of Gaul its title of male-fief, and its liability to the Salic law? Of what importance can these claims be now? What has become of the feudal right out of which the whole question sprang; and of what avail could now be the different arguments upon which the contending parties then based their pretensions? The equilibrium of Europe was in those days a thing unheard of; each state was a private dominion, to be extended by every possible means, without reference to the wishes of the people or their independence. The conflict was prolonged on one side by instinctive love of greatness, on the other by dawning patriotism. By a rather curious contrast, it proved glorious for the sovereigns of one nation and for the people of the other. England boasted of a Black Prince and a Henry V., and France was still prouder of a daughter of the people. The materials of touching stories lie in these facts. More than one heroic figure invites the historian's pen, and poetry and the drama find in them many a striking scene which Shakespeare and Schiller have not forestalled. But what actual political conclusion can be drawn from the whole? Since 1479 England and France have become as really and politically independent as they are actually and by nature distinct. No prince has been sufficiently ambitious to attempt the part of William the Conqueror or Edward III.; no one has seriously contemplated the union of the two sceptres in one person. Each people and each state has formed for itself an isolated historical individuality, which it has defended with honour, and without pretending to sustain any other interests but its own. The ambition of the Plantagenets was buried with them.

Foreign politics, as the term is now understood, seem to have begun in England with the Tudors; and the line which they adopted may be considered as one of the causes of the popularity

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almost obstinately accorded to their rule, notwithstanding its despotism. This popularity is the wonder of foreign historians; but England still believes that it was the sagacity with which the Tudor princes conducted her foreign affairs that paved the way to her actual greatness. From the accession of Henry VII., who was supported in his pretensions by France, to the accession of the Stuarts, a hundred and fifty years elapsed which may be considered as a period of peace between the two kingdoms. Occasional ruptures brought with them no lasting hostilities. Except the siege of Calais by the Duc de Guise, there were no military events of any importance to chronicle. The good understanding between the Tudors and the House of Valois was even proof against religious dissensions—against such tragical events as the violent death of the widow of a French king and the massacre of St. Bartholomew; till at length, by the wise and able statesmanship of Elizabeth and Henry IV., peace was converted into a deliberate and rational alliance. If it were permitted us to offer advice to the future cabinets of France, we should refer them to no worthier examples or more useful lessons than are to be found in the government of the first of the Bourbons.

A power existed at that time, the menacing increase of which all felt it a duty to arrest: this was the House of Austria, which then threatened the independence of every other state. A league between England and France to control this power was natural, indeed necessary; a common danger made a common cause. We must remember that, from another point of view, wars of religion were endangering the internal liberty, if not the very existence of the different states, in the same way that wars of intervention would do at the present day. Roman or Spanish intolerance was the great danger which every improvement of the age had to fear. The Reformation, wherever it had triumphed, and liberty of conscience—that still greater blessing—wherever achieved, were the conquests which England as a Protestant power, and France as possessed by the wisdom of her king of religious tolerance, had to support. Such was the liberalism of the day, and such the cause which both states were in duty bound to support. Whenever this combination is reproduced, whenever the equilibrium of Europe and the internal liberty of nations are in need of protection, France and England will do well to remember the policy of Elizabeth and Henry IV.

The Stuarts were fated to compromise every thing they touched; and not one of the four sovereigns of that house succeeded in the paramount duty of establishing a national policy. The son of Mary Stuart began by forsaking France for Spain, in opposition both to the interests and the wishes of his people; and as if in emulation of such blunders, the Bourbons were more

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than once faithless to the lessons of the founder of their dynasty. The Thirty-Years War, however, replaced France in a better path; and the Revolution in Cromwell's hands established in England a worthier diplomacy. But the Restoration was destined again to change and to mar every thing. Charles II. and his brother cannot be accused of any unwise opposition to France. Their fault lay in connecting themselves with her under different auspices, in reversing the spirit of the alliance. They converted it into one of the principal weapons in the war they waged against all political or religious freedom, and never joined with Louis XIV. without accepting a subordinate and degrading position. Hence the long unpopularity of the French name in England.

Richelieu left Louis XIV. two baneful legacies,—the possibility of a regular despotism, and the humiliation and overthrow of French Protestantism. These presented to a proud and daring prince the twofold temptation of making himself all-powerful and of exterminating the Reformation; and Louis XIV. never regarded England except in the light of this double desire. His conduct towards her was entirely regulated by the attitude she assumed with regard to this selfish policy. He supported the Stuarts as the adversaries of Protestantism and liberty, and necessarily rendered his government incompatible with the spirit of the revolution of 1688. The long war which ensued was partly a religious and partly a counter-revolutionary war. France appeared to be combating for papacy and for absolutism. But in his futile ambition to smother heresy and liberty, Louis XIV. was following a more purely personal design. He admitted that it was his ambition to be *maître chez les autres;* and the success of his first conquests inspired the wish to become the arbiter of Europe. His mother seems to have transmitted to him all the ambition of the house of Austria. At one time he appeared to covet the preponderancy of that power as his heritage, and a new danger began to threaten the equilibrium of Europe. Thus disappeared all the principles of the Anglo-French alliance, and both countries receded from the policy of Henry IV. and Elizabeth. William III., in many ways the predestined adversary of Louis XIV., fancied he had satisfied the interests of that grasping monarch, and entirely disarmed him, by the treaty of partition; but the illusion was short-lived, and with his dying glance William saw the first flames lighted of that war of succession which is still a source of difficulty and disagreement between the powers who signed the Peace of Utrecht.

These recollections are certainly the source of the most enduring prejudices that have divided the two countries. In vain did the Duke of Orleans, as regent, endeavour to reconcile them by abandoning the policy of Louis XIV. The name of the

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proud monarch remained during the whole of the last century attached to that of France, and the fears and resentments that he excited never ceased to embarrass his successors. It was of him that Lord Chatham thought when he made the walls of Parliament ring with the rancorous words, "Beware of the House of Bourbon!" The Seven-Years War was not calculated to bring the English public back to the side of France; and the Peace of 1763 could not fail to leave the latter full of bitter regrets and longing for revenge. An opportunity of satisfying those feelings offered itself in the American war, and the Treaty of Versailles was in some sort an amends for the Peace of Paris. It was now the turn of England to seek for vengeance. These alternations of success and defeat could scarcely fail to embitter our relations even during peace; and the notion of eternal antagonism between the two countries—at least as far as their navies were concerned—was never more prevalent than at the outbreak of the French Revolution.

If there was one government in Europe which might have looked upon that revolution without alarm, it certainly was that of Great Britain. It is difficult at first sight to understand why England did not allow it to follow its own stormy career. But Pitt had inherited all the patriotic sentiments and passions of his father. The revolution of 1789 appeared to him a fit opportunity for cancelling the peace of 1783, and punishing France with the loss of her colonies for her coöperation with the United States. This was the chief incitement which impelled him into war, and Burke never ceased to reproach him with it. He never forgave him for considering as a secondary object that war of principles which he wished to see established as the basis of the anti-revolutionary crusade. The eloquent propagandism of Burke found many proselytes. In any other reign he might have obtained less attention; but George III. hated the revolution of 1789 fully as much as Louis XIV. had hated the revolution of 1688. He was a thorough Stuart in spirit, and had early succeeded in resuscitating the ancient Toryism, which, since the advent of the House of Hanover, had almost disappeared. Thus a party was ready formed to commence the clamour against revolutionary France. The court, the church, the majority of the aristocracy, the country gentlemen, and a large portion of that well-behaved and quiet middle-class which so easily takes alarm, rallied round a common feeling at once anti-Gallican, reactionary, and quasi-absolutist. Pitt himself partly shared this feeling, and diligently took advantage of it as minister; with certain reservations, his policy was even shaped according to it. In reality he was inimical to France herself; but it was against her revolution that he appeared to declare war.

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This was wounding France in every respect. It was attacking her rights, her convictions, and her dignity. It was giving her to understand that, as a nation, she was not her own mistress; and that she was expected to return for ever to an odious system which she had just thrown off with enthusiasm. No more certain means could have been invented for establishing a lasting enmity; no accommodation was possible. The way in which revolutionary France treated the common rights of Europe might doubtless have caused a rupture, and brought about hostilities. It would be difficult now to prove that war could have been avoided; but it is certain that it might have been a war of a very different character. Pitt often regretted that he had allowed it to become so deeply dyed with the colour that Burke desired. He always denied having engaged himself irrevocably against the autonomy of the French nation. But these distinctions were not understood by the enemy. France, incensed, always considered the great minister as the soul of the coalition, and believed that his purpose was to make herself and England eternal foes.

The rupture of the Peace of Amiens was more justifiable than the war of 1793; a war against the Emperor Napoleon would bear more the character of an ordinary war. The equilibrium of Europe might stand in the place of party interest, and taking arms did not involve an opposition to the rights of mankind. If Charles V. and his successors, if the conquests of Louis XIV., had given the world just reason to apprehend the design of a universal monarchy, the empire of Napoleon, the most extensive that had been seen since that of Charlemagne, could not fail to excite the same alarms, and to meet with strenuous resistance. It is remarkable, indeed, that this resistance should have come especially from an island which was bristling with ships and impregnable by assault. But the dominant party in England did not understand how to distinguish this war from the preceding one: in persevering in the struggle they persevered in the passions which had excited it, and persisted in identifying Napoleon with the revolution. The renewal of hostilities had prevented their recognising his new title, and they consequently treated him as a usurper. This was again a direct attack on the independence and wishes of the French people. The most violent and daring act of intervention that was ever attempted took place when the coalesced sovereigns, under the inspiration of the British cabinet, declared their determination not to lay down arms as long as Napoleon was on the throne. This alone was enough to establish permanent enmity between England and France.

Now that a more liberal spirit has penetrated into every

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party, and that polite moderation of expression, at least, is customary when the rights of nations are being treated of, it is difficult to comprehend the degree of violence to which the irritation of conflict, the hatred of revolutions, and insular isolation, brought the language of English statesmen at that period, and still more that of the press and the party which sustained the Government. Fortunately England was soon restored by peace to her true character; and it was in England that, a few years later, that reaction of opinion began which has lasted so long in favour of Napoleon. Aggrieved by the outrages heaped on his memory by the restored Legitimists, the French were surprised to see him, as it were, avenged by the retrospective admiration of the English public. At the same moment the spirit of liberty seemed to have recovered its elasticity in both the New and the Old World; and wherever it appeared, it always claimed, and usually received, the sanction of Great Britain. The year 1820—notable as one of general political ferment—saw England finally and decidedly separate herself from the policy of the Holy Alliance. Canning himself, the old poet of the *Anti-Jacobin*, undertook the defence of governments which owned an insurrectionary origin. France became aware that in England successive cabinets often resemble each other very little in their policy; that the most marked demonstrations of rulers are by no means always shared or sanctioned by the nation; and that public opinion, profiting by the teaching of events, does not usually in peace cling to the prejudices imbibed during periods of war. Moreover a new link had been formed between the two countries.

The institutions of France were partly modelled upon those of Great Britain; and writers took pleasure in comparing the two histories, and connecting them by analogy of laws and events. How striking the points of comparison between the Long Parliament and the Constituent Assembly, Charles I. and Louis XVI., the two republics, Cromwell and Napoleon, and the two restorations! To complete the resemblance, the royal family of France was itself divided between the cause of absolutism and that of liberty. Who can affirm that without 1688 we should ever have seen 1830?

England then passed into the hands of the party most capable of regaining the good-will of France. Lord Grey had been the constant companion of Mr. Fox in his endeavours at general pacification. The wars of the Revolution had had no more decided opponent; and he was surrounded by those who had in both Houses most perseveringly recommended peace, and spoken with respect and sympathy of the France of 1789. Fifteen years of friendly intercourse had dispersed many clouds, had expounded the real interests of the two countries, and had paved the way for

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a return to what we have shown to be their normal policy. The evidences of this new situation were not long in appearing; in the first year of Louis Philippe's reign the Belgian revolution offered England and France an opportunity of showing Europe what could and what ought to be effected by their union. The solidarity of absolutism between sovereigns (that chimera of the Holy Alliance) received a severe blow, and with the independence of a people the peace of the whole world was saved.

Lord Palmerston had the honour of giving his name to the establishment of a policy which is at the same time most favourable to the interests of civilisation, and most conformable with the spirit of the age. If we are not mistaken, the French statesmen,—Casimir Perier, the Duc de Broglie, Thiers, Guizot, —all adopted very early the idea of an active coöperation with England, and made it the leading idea of their diplomacy. Talleyrand, the first ambassador of the new monarchy, was chosen as having been the author of the plan. As far back as the first Empire this old friend of Fox's had indulged in the wish, or rather the dream (for its utter impracticability rendered it then nothing more), of an alliance between the cabinets of London and Paris. It is well known that at the Congress of Vienna, in 1814, rising superior to the temporary weakness of the Parisians for the Emperor Alexander, he succeeded, without the knowledge of that prince, in forming an eventual alliance between Austria, Great Britain, and France, for the defence of the centre and west of Europe against the encroaching influence of the most oriental of the great powers. The Hundred Days divulged and destroyed this far-sighted combination; but Talleyrand nevertheless remained throughout the Restoration the partisan of an alliance with England, while his rival and adversary, the Duc de Richelieu, was considered as the representative of a system of politics based on Russian coöperation. The revolution of 1830 gave the former, in the decline of life, a splendid opportunity of carrying his well-matured theory into practice; and from the first hour of his mission he addressed himself with equal skill and success to the confirmation of an alliance of which the first results did him so much honour. During five years it progressed without interruption—without misreckoning or reverse. Public opinion on both sides of the Channel grew confident in the duration of so successful a policy. History will tell how it was that towards 1835 or 1836 the first difficulties arose. Divers causes—some not of the most worthy description—brought about a misunderstanding between Lord Palmerston and the Prince de Talleyrand which deserves censure. Thence resulted among some persons in high position a purely personal antagonism, which has done no good to either

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country. Subsequently, the intervention in Spain in 1836, the intervention in Egypt in 1840, and the Spanish marriages in 1846, gave rise to serious difficulties between the cabinets; but notwithstanding these differences, the two nations never forgot that they were opposed in no great or permanent interests, and that a good understanding could not fail to exist as long as both were well and wisely governed. Even this condition was not indispensable; for the revolution of February overthrew all political, and menaced all social order, without exciting any discord between England and France. The government of the Hôtel de Ville, and subsequently General Cavaignac, obeyed the dictates of a judicious policy in immediately establishing relations with England; and England, true to her traditional instincts for the useful and the just, accepted these improvised powers without hesitation, and offered such support as circumstances seemed to require. The relations of the British Government with the President of 1848, the Dictator of 1851, and the Emperor of 1852, are too recent, and have given birth to events too memorable, to need retracing in this sketch. Never has the Anglo-French alliance been more true to itself, never was it signalised by such advantageous and brilliant results, as in the Baltic and the Black seas. And most assuredly this combination of forces and of purposes must be founded in reason and in nature, since it has survived one of the chief causes which gave it birth, viz. analogy of political institutions. Never, as far as internal policy is concerned, were the allied nations more discrepant than since 1852; yet never has their union, both of action and of purpose, been so close.

Yet it was precisely in the midst of this state of affairs that clouds arose. People began to speculate whether, after all, this good mutual intelligence had not been a passing accident, or a thin crust which had grown over the ancient rivalry. Some even fancied that the old enmities of the Revolution and the Empire were about to break out afresh. Here we come upon questions of grave import, both for the present and the future.

We will not stop to prove the evil of a rupture between France and England; nothing but folly or malignity could doubt it. We will not even examine whether a mutual understanding is desirable; it would only be asking whether there is at the present time any power whose increase would endanger the independence and the equilibrium of Europe,—whether there still exist any legitimate interests of civilisation, of nationality, or of liberty, requiring protection and management. Such questions as these are solved by the mere asking; and we think few in England could be found to doubt that, if a French alliance is possible, it is also the most desirable of political events.

There is every reason to believe that it was not from the

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pride of England that the alliance was in danger. She felt no enmity or jealousy, and she had no desire to renew past hostilities; and she had frankly and long since abandoned, if indeed she ever entertained them, the irritating doctrines imputed to her at the first French revolution. England has no wish to constrain any continental people in the choice of their government or institutions. Their independence is of importance both to her politics and her commerce. If there is a foreign power which gives her umbrage, it must be looked for in the east of Europe; and in France she sees a counter-weight to the sole preponderance that she fears. As long as justice and moderation influence the policy of France, the increase of her public prosperity must form an additional guarantee for the liberty of the West and the maintenance of European order. The British monarchy is happily not among those in whom the sight of a great nation wrestling for sixty years with the genius of revolution, endeavouring to obtain its benefits without letting loose its scourges, can inspire only terror and indignation. Full of respect for the autonomy of European nations, it only requires good-will and loyalty from any French government, whatever be its form; and it knows that if the government is wise, ancient jealousies will never be revived. France possesses the first navy of continental Europe, and could alone be a dangerous adversary at sea. But, after all, she would probably do harm to her enemy without effecting any good for herself. The elements of her greatness are not to be found in distant parts; and if she made any conquests near home, it is well known in which direction she would wish them to be. The most ambitious of her statesmen have never dreamt of a naval supremacy. She knows well that this is not her destiny. With regard to England, therefore, France can be nothing else than a powerful and intelligent neighbour, with whom intercourse of every kind is easy and profitable, whose wealth and activity stimulate our own, and who, like England, belongs, at least on all foreign questions, to the party of liberty and progress.

But we must confess that these sentiments, however widely spread in England, would be of little use if, as is said, they are responded to by entirely opposite feelings on the part of France; —if, as some organs assert, in becoming imperial, France has resumed all the prejudices of 1810 against *la perfide Albion*. But we are far from indulging such injurious suspicions. Whatever may be the opinion of the "public" in France—of which we shall speak presently—the views of the enlightened men of that country, as far as we have been able to ascertain them, give no countenance to such ideas.

The France of the nineteenth century cannot be suspected, they say, of judging England, its dynasty, its government, and

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its religion, with the ideas of Louis XIV. It has lost the passions which, in its revolutionary days, made it tremble with rage at the names of "Pitt and Coburg." England can certainly not be accused now of systematically opposing revolutions, and persecuting liberalism or even democracy. As to the traditions of the Empire, they do not up to this time seem to have had much weight in the cabinet of Paris. The present government, so sedulous in framing its internal system on the model of its founder, seems to be better inspired in foreign affairs, and to have understood the different temper of the age. As this is its sole departure from the old system, we may conclude that public opinion made itself very strongly felt to arrest its natural and consistent course. And it certainly is the case, that the foreign politics of the first Napoleon have by no means retained so favourable a place in public opinion as many other portions of his system. As a captain and an administrator he is still admired; but his diplomacy is less leniently judged. M. Thiers' great history may be taken as a sample of the views of enlightened men on the Empire. He certainly has fully acknowledged the genius of his hero. Even Napoleon III. has been unable to refuse him public homage for this monument to the glory of his uncle. Still M. Thiers, with all his desire to praise Napoleon, has not one word in favour of his foreign politics, but, on the contrary, reserves for them his severest censure. No one has taught France better how to estimate that blind system which brought foreign armies twice into the heart of the land. Public opinion agrees with M. Thiers; and few would now counsel the French cabinet to assume towards Europe the principles of the old imperial *Moniteur*. Could there, in truth, be a greater absurdity than to recommence the faults of the statesman while wanting the genius of the warrior?

Forty years of peace have brought other ideas into play. They have taught France to look at England otherwise than through the prism of the "continental system." She has still been the object of attention; but for the purpose of seeing what could be borrowed from her laws, her organisation, her commerce, or her manufactures. Prussia and Austria are enlightened countries and powerful states; and yet of what importance is their civilisation to France? France finds in them nothing to imitate, and her progress would be just what it is if they had never been. But with England the case is widely different. If England had been non-existent or unknown, how different would the case have been! The two countries have rendered each other many a pacific service. The two great Exhibitions showed how many profitable examples they could set each other in a spirit of praiseworthy emulation. The great economical revolution, of which

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England gave the first signal, has not yet borne all its fruits. In France the spirit of protection is still fighting with all the desperation that every where characterises it. Still it cannot deny the advantage which France has derived from the opening of such a market as that of Great Britain. French agriculture in particular has profited largely both by the trade and the example offered. If the fiscal laws of England gave easier access to the costly productions of France, such as wines and spirits, free trade might make more rapid advances than it does. The protected manufacturers would begin to understand that a reduction in the price of iron, coal, and machines, is a considerable compensation for the drawbacks of foreign competition. It is difficult to account for the inferiority of French manufactures to those of Britain, otherwise than by the high price they pay for coal and metal. The slow but infallible progress of commercial freedom cannot but add to the solidarity of interests which unite England and France for the furtherance of public prosperity.

In times of peace, therefore, we can find nothing but motives for union. But we must accept the possibility of different circumstances. The hypothesis of war cannot be put out of the question; and admitting thus much, it will be well to consider whence it is likely to arise. We are divided by a whole century from the days when colonial interests could excite France to arms. It would be difficult to imagine any possession out of European waters becoming the object of conflict; at most it could only serve as a pretext if other questions divided us. It is generally supposed that these other questions would arise out of political rivalry. France, it is said, is a naval power of the first order, with only one rival of whom she need be jealous. Would this be a sufficient reason for endeavouring to destroy that rival? It would if nations went to war to satisfy their vanity, not if their object is real aggrandisement. They are not like paladins, who measure their strength and address in a tournament. Military power is a means, not an end. France, whom a judicious ambition will always confine to continental conquests, knows perfectly well that the primary use of her navy is to act as an auxiliary to her army. It would never be her interest to spend it in the acquisition of an objectless superiority; for she could at most diminish the strength of Great Britain, without transferring her losses to her own account. It is the interest of France to preserve her ships as a valuable accessory force, the addition of which may serve to render her principal force invincible. Her fleet ought to act as a complement to her army. The conquest of Algeria and the Crimean war showed how much the late improvements in navigation and in marine artillery can add to the arts of war in extending the practice of debarcation,—a means of

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aggression hitherto little used and of great difficulty. By it France found her proportional force suddenly increased in comparison with those of her continental neighbours. There are now few states that she could not menace at once on their land and their sea frontiers. Herself vulnerable only on one side, she can attack them on both; and assuredly, if we believe her possessed of ambitious views, they would lead her to attack such points as offer some chance of solid and lasting aggrandisement. This chance does not lie in any quarter where naval war would be the chief means of aggression. It is not by such means that a re-settlement of European territory could be effected; and this is the only object that any thing but the blindest ambition could propose. From a war with England, France could expect nothing but the gratification of the passion that excited it. In one sense it would be a disinterested war; even if glorious and successful, pride alone would be satisfied. If therefore we presume the warlike age to have returned, and the spirit of conquest to be rekindled, it is a continental conflagration that must be anticipated; and in this case France ought to establish as an elementary principle, that it would be rashness to undertake any enterprise without obtaining the concurrence, or at least the neutrality, of Great Britain. This condition fulfilled, she could defy the rest of Europe.

But these extreme hypotheses may be put aside. France is still as warlike as ever, say the statesmen whose opinions we are quoting, but she has never been less disposed for conquest. She is preoccupied with her internal destinies, and feels by no means certain of having reached the term of her revolutions. Therefore, whatever happens, she can only have governments of revolutionary origin; and among them it may happen that some may be liberal. In this case she would lose much in alienating herself from England. England regards her revolutions without uneasiness, and would regard her political liberty with interest. The same cannot be said of any other of the great European powers. Not one of those who signed the Holy Alliance is disposed quietly to accept any changes between the Rhine and the ocean. It is only in the eyes of Englishmen that France is perfectly at liberty to be what she likes,—republic, monarchy, or empire. Englishmen do not inquire into the nature, but into the conduct of her government; and as long, therefore, as she cares to preserve her entire freedom of internal change, she will prize the friendship of the only great country whom the word "revolution" does not shock.

These are the views expressed in the political world of France, —the opinions of enlightened men; but are they those of the public also? We should be inclined to believe not, if we placed

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any faith in those who came forward as spokesmen in January last. Men whose unfortunate reputation makes them dread the English press, and who do not know how to be revenged upon it, turned upon the English people, and offered the grossest insults, at the risk of causing great embarrassments to the government they serve, and of exposing themselves to the indignity of a disavowal. They tried to put into the mouths of military men without experience a language altogether contradicted by the soldiers of the Crimea, and differing greatly from the loyal speeches of Marshal Malakhoff. But these partial and ephemeral manifestations received no support, and would not merit a moment's attention, if they were not the exaggeration of actual opinions, the existence of which cannot be denied. The small but respectable Legitimist party, for example, entertains a lively resentment against England. Since the spirit of Burke has ceased to animate her counsels, she has become in their eyes open to the suspicion of revolutionary sympathies. The Emperor Nicholas, whose hollow greatness made so many dupes, gained the Legitimists by his unfriendly proceedings against the France of 1830; and the recent alliance, which may be considered to have avenged their country, was perhaps not quite to their taste. This is undeniably a misfortune; but, after all, the feelings of the Legitimist party are not often those of France. There exists also among the French Catholics a high-church party, a fraction exclusively papistical, who have inherited the sentiments of James II.'s confessors, and who cannot see with equanimity a Protestant state so free, prosperous, respectable, and powerful as England. This party would preach a crusade against us; they look upon the revolted sepoys as their vanguard, and would not scruple to drag their country, against her interests and her engagements, into absurd hostilities against Anglican heresy. But such fanatical politics are not of our day, and will scarcely spread beyond a few fading sacristies.

Let us therefore put aside all these eccentricities; let us transport ourselves into the heart of the French nation, and analyse her principal elements. We have seen what the views of her statesmen are with regard to England. These opinions are shared by all classes distinguished for intelligence. Literature, their natural organ, is generally liberal; and being such, cannot be unfriendly to England. An examination of the majority of good books that have appeared in Paris during the last thirty years will show that enlightened France thinks like enlightened England.

The middle class, that portion of the community which supplies all the vigour of modern society, is not wanting in intelligence; and in France, as elsewhere, it is essentially and sys-

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tematically pacific. Its prosperity may be dated from the cessation of naval hostilities. It is chiefly since 1815 that French *bourgeoisie* has acquired, by industry and riches, the influence it actually exercises on the destinies of the country. Any war must diminish or suspend that influence; but no war so much as one which would interrupt its relations with the mercantile metropolis of the world, and check that interchange of ideas, of produce, of transactions, and of capital, which has united London and Paris by the closest civil and social, as well as political ties. Wilful blindness could alone fail to see that this union is of vital importance to industry and commerce.

As to the mass of the population, the time is now long past when the name of England excited their passionate hostility. Proscribed democracy would be without a refuge if England did not exist; on her shores alone it finds protection under the shadow of the law. The successors of Pitt and Castlereagh do not threaten the liberty of the world at any point, and the Continent does not now expect them to stir the embers of any counter-revolutionary coalition. The democratic spirit which is so powerful in the working classes can in future have no grievance against Great Britain; on the contrary, it owes her no trifling gratitude for the generosity of her institutions, and has never been less inclined than now to look upon her as an enemy.

The result of this examination shows us, then, that the anti-British prejudices imputed to France are much less universal, and less powerful, than is supposed. They are disavowed by all who specially represent the intelligence, the industry, the strength, and the life of the people. They are, in fact, only individual feelings, which can never gain any lasting ascendency, and to which the nation will never spontaneously return. To bring it back to such a state of mind, would require all the exertions and the artifices of a government misled itself by the wildest of all senseless policies. To these arguments it may be objected that in France nothing is stable; and that experience does not justify us in depending upon any traditional reasons of state. The answer is, that the present order of things can only be modified, if at all, in a liberal direction. Advances on the side of absolutism are difficult. We fully admit that France cannot have yielded herself up for ever to the *régime* of absolute power. We cannot believe that her great revolution, with its noisy promises and its audacious undertakings, is doomed to bury itself in silent servitude at last. Such a revolution may be a devastating torrent, or a fructifying river, but it can never become the thin insignificant stream that flows noiselessly away and loses itself ultimately in the sand. It is therefore probable that France will some day return to a different order of things, and that the



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spirit of 1789 will again raise its standard. But every time that France signalises her course by one of those great efforts of national volition which startle monarchical Europe, she will naturally look towards England for its suffrage; and every step she makes towards freedom must inevitably draw her more closely within the sympathies of the firstborn of free states.

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## Art. III.—THE SCULPTURES FROM HALICARNASSUS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM.

*Papers respecting the Excavations at Budrum. Presented to both Houses of Parliament by command of her Majesty.* 1858.

About the time when the Persians conquered the Greek colonies on the coast of Asia Minor, they tried to establish their dominion over them on a monarchical foundation. These great mercantile republics, with the free ocean close at hand, would surely never have borne the yoke of the foreigner, had not a power sprung up in the midst of them whose interests were closely linked with the maintenance of the Persian authority. Under the name of "dynastæ" their rulers disguised what in European Greece was more boldly asserted to be a "tyrannis." Greeks by birth, wealthy families rising out of the mass of the citizens, like the Medici of Florence, they at last obtained an hereditary sway; though, like the Medici, they always remained vassals to a foreign power. They never assumed the regal title, which, according to Asiatic etiquette, only belonged to the Great King at Susa. Nor did they in all cases destroy the democratic elements of the constitution; but as long as they existed, this Asiatic coast, though richer and more flourishing than even the European mother-country, was never capable of throwing its full weight into the scale of Greek liberty.

In the southern part of this coast, in Caria, where in the dawn of Grecian history a Dorian colony had mixed with the native barbarians, the dominion had fallen into the hands of Lygdamis. His daughter, the elder Artemisia, inherited his dignity, and, though herself a Grecian, fought at Salamis with distinction against her own people. Xerxes having trusted to her his own children, she succeeded in taking them back to Asia, though her galley was hunted by the Athenians with special eagerness. After having well provided for her own offspring, she at an advanced age (so a late story has it) fell

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in love with a youth, and drowned her disappointment in the breakers of Leucas. From this family came Mausolus, the first-born of Hecatomnus. During his reign Greece was exhausted by the Peloponnesian and Theban wars; Persia rendered weak by insurrection, dismemberment, and the rebellion in Egypt; whilst Asia Minor, almost exempt from war, began to monopolise the trade between Europe, Asia, and the mouths of the Nile. Cos and Cnidus were rich enough to buy the statues for their temples from Praxiteles; Rhodes, with firm steps, rose to the station of a great naval republic; and at Priene, Miletus, and Ephesus, splendid new temples were in progress of construction. If one man could but succeed in concentrating all this power, all this wealth, in a single hand, he might well dream of a grand intermediate empire.

With a cold and covetous mind, but skilful in diplomacy and gallant in battle, Mausolus lighted upon this purpose: the foundation of an independent naval and commercial power was the aim of his concentrated energies. Reckless as he was, he never cared for the rights of his subjects; the author of the "Economy," among the writings of Aristotle, relates the tricks by which he and his viceroy Condalus procured money. Thus he induced the citizens of his own native place, Mylasa, to find him a large sum for the fortification of their own city; when he had it safe, he declared the Deity had prohibited him from erecting the walls, but never returned the money. High taxes, laid on all Caria, filled his treasury; even Lycia paid him tribute. When the allies of Athens fell back from her,—Byzantium, Chios, Cos, Rhodes,—and commenced the so-called Social War (357-355 B.C.), Mausolus assisted them; and his reward for his help was, no doubt, Rhodes, which after that time acknowledged his supremacy. He even ventured to take part in the great conspiracy of satraps and vassal kings against Artaxerxes II.; and it would seem that the Great King was too weak to chastise him. Lucian, in his *Conversations of the Departed* (dial. xxiv.), introduces him in an argument with Diogenes of Sinope. "Why," says the Philosopher of Poverty, "dost thou think so much of thyself, and despise the other shadows?" "On account of my royalty" (the other answers); "for I have ruled over all Caria, yea and over some of the Lydians too, and have conquered many isles; and as far as Miletus have I reached, after having taken a goodly piece of Ionia. And I was a handsome man, and tall, and valiant in battle."

The completion of his enterprise, however, was the transfer of the seat of government from Mylasa, an inland town, to the splendid haven of Halicarnassus, on that rocky peninsula which constitutes the extreme pharos of the Asiatic continent in these

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parts, stretching far out amidst the island world of the archipelago. It was by this step only that the empire of Caria could grow into the proportions of a naval power. The city of Herodotus, though famous of old as a most ancient Dorian community (the people of Halicarnassus reckoned even then a history of no less than a thousand years), was now in decay. Mausolus girded her with fortifications, built several citadels on the surrounding heights, secured the harbour, which opens to the south-west, by extensive breakwaters, and added to it a small dock or arsenal capable of holding a number of galleys. Between both inlets of the sea, on a rocky eminence, he then erected his own splendid palace, with beautiful views over the whole precincts of the wall, the market-place, and the port. This edifice, even after the lapse of several centuries, attracted the attention both of Vitruvius and Pliny. The latter observes that here, probably for the first time, marble veneers over brick-walls had been introduced in architecture; whilst the other takes the fact that so rich a king had used brick as a building-material for a proof that brick may be quite a fair subject for the experiments of a clever architect.

In this palace Mausolus died, probably in the year 353, after a reign of twenty-four years; just twenty years before Alexander's sword cut through the meshes of his astute policy and grasping ambition.

Mausolus was followed by Artemisia the younger, his sister and consort; for such marriages, and the right of females to the throne, were not contested in their country. An antique silver coin, with her head (and her name on the reverse), exhibits a firm and energetic countenance; a veil conceals her back hair, but the forehead is encircled by the queenly coronet. The gossips of antiquity collected anecdotes about her grief at the loss of her husband-brother; we leave it to them whether she really drank the burnt ashes of her consort mixed with water, "n'estimant pas," as old Guichard says in his quaint French, "que les reliques de son mieux aymé deussent estre enseuelies en autre lieu que *dans son estomac auprès de son cœur.*" At all events, she resolved on erecting for him a monument on such a scale, and so beautiful in execution (so Lucian says), as no other mortal should ever obtain. She also carried out his policy. The Rhodians, vexed that a woman should rule over all the cities of Caria, equipped a fleet, and appeared before Halicarnassus. Artemisia concealed her own galleys in the small arsenal near the palace, and ordered the citizens to receive the invaders with signs of joy and friendship. Thus they disembarked; whereupon her fleet fell upon their defenceless ships; on the broad market-place of Halicar-

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nassus, close to the harbour, they were cut up between two enemies. Then she crowned her own marines and sailors with laurels, mounted the Rhodian fleet, and at once set sail for Rhodes. There the people rejoiced to see their own expedition, as they thought, returning so quickly; and without difficulty, by this surprise, the mighty republic was brought back under the trident of the Carian queen.

Artemisia died after a reign of but two years; a second brother, Idrieus, married to a second sister, Ada, mounted the throne, which he had already contested with Mausolus. When Idrieus died, Ada was expelled by the youngest of her brothers, Pyxodarus, whose daughter married a Persian nobleman. Then Alexander came to Asia; his success awakened many forlorn hopes; and as the one branch of the family had embraced a thoroughly Persian policy, Ada threw herself on the mercy of the invader. The Persian satrap, who now inherited the right to the throne, garrisoned Halicarnassus for the Great King; and after the defeat in the northern provinces of Asia Minor and the fall of Miletus, the brave Memnon (whom Alexander's good star carried off before his plans for the defence of Persia were completed), at the head of all the most gallant Persians, retreated to this strong fortress. It was only by a terrible and protracted siege that Alexander gained the city; he then delivered it up to Ada, who, as a proof of her gratitude, is said to have adopted him for a son. But Ada was Caria's last queen: after her, the race of Lygdamis vanishes in the contest that raged between the successors of Alexander. Rhodes made itself free, Halicarnassus submitted to the Ptolemies. In the neighbourhood of Macedon, Syria, and Egypt, no room remained on the map of the world for the antiquated Hellenic system of wee dynasties and petty municipal republics.

Halicarnassus was the creation of one mind and one period, and consequently the plan of the city was grand and harmonious. The port still runs into the land in the shape of a horseshoe. From the very edge of the water the edifices once rose in the form of an amphitheatre. The eye of the visitor still traces artificial terraces cut out of the rock, and supported by strong walls where the rock was deficient. Such terraces, one rising above the other, illustrate the fundamental principle of Asiatic town-architecture. They rendered all maritime places highly picturesque, as is still seen at Cnidus; moreover they prevented the washing-down of the soil, and supported the growth of trees. At Halicarnassus, the first terrace, rising over the market-place to the north of the harbour, was crowned by the Mausoleum; the second by a temple of Mars, flanked

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on either side by citadels on the summit of volcanic hills, of which the westernmost had an elevation of 520 feet above the sea. The two citadels were connected by the town-wall, which, then descending from the hills, reached the sea on either side of the port. This wall, with its two ancient gates, one leading westwards to the extremity of the peninsula, the other eastwards to Mylasa, is still in good preservation. Close to the shore, the two points of the harbour, which were at the same time the extremities of the city, were again adorned with two splendid structures,—the palace of Mausolus, probably, on the precipitous cliff to the left as you entered the port; and on the other side, near the once famous fountain of Salmacis, the temple of Venus and Mercury. The exact position of these two edifices, however, remains doubtful. The entire view, as seen from the sea, was so striking, that Vitruvius, in the celebrated chapter where he speaks on the proper sites for buildings (i. 8), thinks it worth while to give an accurate description of it, as he evidently considers the structure of Halicarnassus a model arrangement for laying out a maritime city.

At the time when the Mausoleum was planned, Greek art and civilisation stood very high. In Asia the Ionic school of architects was at its culminating point: the learned architect Pythius built about this time the temple of Minerva at Priene, the ruins of which still exist; and gave a description of it in a scientific work, in which he maintained that an architect ought to understand all arts and sciences even better than the most celebrated authorities who had made them their special study. There was also about the same time a native school of sculptors in Asia Minor distinguished by spirit and animation, though different both in conception and execution from the schools of European Greece, as will be seen from the dancing or flying Naiads now in the British Museum, which were taken from the monument of Harpagus at Xanthus. From one work of this school that has been discovered at Halicarnassus, we can prove that the influence of these native artists extended beyond the limits of Lycia. Yet, at the time we are now speaking of, Athenian artists were in fashion throughout Asia Minor. Cnidus, Cos, Alexandria on Mount Latmos, and Patara in Lycia ordered their temple-statues from Praxiteles; and for the sculpture work of the Mausoleum Athenian masters were likewise preferred. The funeral of Mausolus was celebrated with all honour and ceremonies, in which poetry and oratory were not forgotten: a tragedy, called Mausolus, written by Theodectes, obtained the crown; and in the rhetorical competition the great Isocrates was beaten by his pupil Theopompus. It is very likely that the distribution of the sculptural work for

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the monument was likewise subject to a competition similar to that which we remember to have taken place with respect to the monument of Wellington. As great artists have at all times been frequently venal, it came to pass that an oriental *regulus*, by sheer power of money, without a title for character or national merit, had his tomb built and adorned by the noblest hands. Destiny, however, has here for once shown justice. As monuments of the greatest triumphs of freedom, the temples of Egina, of Theseus, and of Pallas at Athens, still speak to the hearts of the brave; but the Mausoleum has vanished, even to the lowest layer of its foundations; and old Diogenes, in that imaginary conversation of the shadows, has been justified by time in his boast that his own monument in the hearts of men will be finer and more lasting than the marble tomb of the Carian nawaub.

Some doubt attaches to *the names of the artists* employed at the Mausoleum. We will quote two witnesses of antiquity, whose descriptions are absolutely needful to us if we mean to reconstruct in our imagination this whole marvel of architecture.

One of them is Pliny (xxxvi. 5): "Scopas had coeval competitors in Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Leochares, who ought to be named together, as they jointly sculptured for Mausolus, the dynast of Caria, who died in the second year of the 106th Olympiad. To these artists it is mainly due that this work was counted among the seven wonders. It stretches on the north and south side 63 feet, being shorter on the front side, and its whole circuit being 411 feet. It rises to the height of 25 cubits, and is surrounded by 36 columns. This is called the pteron (which means the colonnade). To the east Scopas sculptured, to the north Bryaxis, to the south Timotheus, to the west Leochares. Before they had finished, Queen Artemisia died, who had this work built in memory of her husband. They, however, would not leave off before having finished, as they considered it a monument of their own renown and art; and to this very day their hands vie with each other. They were, moreover, joined by a fifth artist. For above the pteron a pyramid rose to the same height as the lower part, tapering to the point of a *meta* by 24 steps. On its top stands a quadriga of marble, made by *Pythis*, which, when added, will make the entire height of the work 140 feet."

Our second witness is Vitruvius. In the introduction to the seventh book of his Architecture, where he speaks of the literature of this science, he says: "A book on the Mausoleum was published by Satyrus and Pythius, whom Fortune herself presented with the highest and greatest gift; for their plan has been supported by the excellent work of men whose skill will

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for all time to come earn the noblest and undying praise. On the single fronts, single artists, rivalling each other, have undertaken single parts to adorn and embellish them—Leochares, Bryaxis, Scopas, *Praxiteles;* some also say Timotheus; and their excellent artistic perfection has raised the fame of this work to that of one of the seven marvels."

We know nothing of Satyrus, the first of the two architects; though perhaps another Satyrus, who, under Ptolemy Philadelphus, built a new town, may have been a relation of his. The name of the second differs in the manuscripts, so we cannot speak of him with absolute certainty. It is, however, more than probable that he is identical with the famous architect of the temple of Priene, whom we have already mentioned. That temple, as will be seen from the drawings in the first volume of the *Ionian Antiquities*, published by the Dilettanti Society, has points of most striking similarity to the architectural portions of the Mausoleum. The time also corresponds, since it is known from an inscription that Alexander dedicated the just-finished temple, an event which took place hardly more than ten years after the Mausoleum was finished. Then Vitruvius states that the architect of Priene published a volume on his work, and so did the builder of the Mausoleum. Finally, we may suppose that the care of so complicated and difficult a construction would be trusted to the most scientific architect at hand; and this, Pythius undoubtedly was. With these considerations in view, the difference in the two names (which we find written as *Phiteus, Pithios, Pythios, Pythius*) is scarcely sufficient to controvert the identity of both men.

Four of the six sculptors mentioned by the above writers came from Athens; of two of them (viz. Pythis and Timotheus) the native country is unknown. Leochares, more than ten years before the commencement of the Mausoleum, enjoyed celebrity; since Plato, in a letter to the younger Dionysius, mentions that he himself bought from him, as from a young and good artist, an image of Apollo. His principal work was much admired even during the imperial era: it was "Ganymede carried to the heavens by Jupiter in the form of an eagle." Besides his reliefs on the Mausoleum, he also wrought the colossal statue of Mars, in the temple of that divinity on the acropolis of Halicarnassus; and even after the time of Alexander we find him in full activity. Bryaxis, like him, was a young man, as he too was afterwards employed in works illustrative of the Macedonian period. Scopas, on the contrary, when working at the Mausoleum, was very old, as Pliny fixes the date of his principal successes considerably earlier. To us he is the most interesting of all, as hitherto

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no work of his has been fully ascertained as an original, although antiquity placed his amongst the very first names. His "Mænad holding the hind quarter of a slaughtered buck or goat in one hand and brandishing the knife in the other" has been repeated in several reliefs, two of which are in the British Museum; of his "Niobe" it is more than doubtful whether the group still existing is really the original; "Venus of Milo," the most beautiful of all the well-preserved female statues of antiquity, is an original unquestionably; but we can only guess, not prove, her to be a work of Scopas. If, therefore, we could confidently assert that originals from his hand have been preserved amid the rubbish of the Mausoleum, this would be an invaluable addition to the history of art.

Pythis, the sculptor of the colossal quadriga surmounting the pyramid, was hitherto a mere name in the catalogue of Grecian artists: now, judging by unexceptionable works from his hand, he is placed at once amongst the stars of the first magnitude.

Finally, as to Praxiteles. Did he, or did he not, work for the Mausoleum? It is not in his favour that Pliny does not even mention him; and it is no less suspicious that Vitruvius after him names a fifth artist,—viz. Timotheus,—whom Pliny, with great decision, puts in the place of Praxiteles. Yet both authors assert, that of the four sides of the building each was undertaken by one artist; which leaves no room for a fifth. Praxiteles was a name of such note, that people, knowing the Mausoleum had been built in his time, could not fancy his hand to have been unemployed in it, as many connoisseurs in Rome ascribed to him the group of Niobe, and other works, which different (and better) authorities attributed to Scopas. Now the sculptures of the Mausoleum do not fall within the limits of the tasks that Praxiteles selected; and being an artist at the time of immense and early-acquired fame, he had plenty of orders, and no reason for undertaking works not congenial to his mind. His single figures of Apollo and Venus, his Cupids and Satyrs, represent the highest and most graceful finish of individual human types; any thing colossal he avoided, and kept his creations within the small compass of the human form, or even below it. Neither were battles, wild movement, dramatic agitation, within the sphere of his talent; he never represented an athlete, and but once a Hercules. His task it was to embody the sweet repose of youth and beauty, either smiling in the sense of happiness, or anticipating happiness in waking dreams. Such a mind found no field for its activity in the subjects of the Mausoleum, neither in the portrait-statues ten feet high, nor in the frieze, with its wild and rude

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Amazonian battles, in angry action and overwhelming motion. The very height at which they were seen by the spectator must have deterred an artist who strove after the most delicate finish, and whose works required a close inspection; and accordingly we find that his "Venus of Cnidus" stood in a small sanctuary, where the visitor first saw her in front, and was then led by the priestess to the back entrance, in order to enjoy the other view. We may add another point, though it is a strictly technical one. The frieze of the Mausoleum inclines strongly to that measurement of the human proportions which became the fashion in Alexander's time:- a fashion which makes the heads very thin, the bodies very slender, and the extremities tapering. This is not bad for the purpose of a grander effect; but it is in sharp contrast to the spirit of Praxiteles, who by the study of the most surpassing models had accustomed himself to the strictest observation of the real proportions, and would never have sacrificed his leading principle for the sake of producing any striking effect.

Thus we feel justified in clinging to Pliny: the pteron was adorned by Leochares, Bryaxis, Timotheus, and Scopas; and *to the latter fell the eastern side.*

The most difficult question connected with the Mausoleum is *the construction of the building.* An eye accustomed to the proportions of the Grecian temple is bewildered by the strange form of a pyramid, rising in steps, and surmounting a rectangular building with columns. Nor can it be denied that in all attempts to draw the Mausoleum, either from the descriptions of the ancients or from its real remains, this pyramid will be found repugnant to occidental taste. Yet it is quite conformed to the spirit of the East. Asia Minor, along its coasts, was a Greek country; the interior remained Semitic, Phrygian, Carian, or Lycian; and in the whole East, beyond the pale of Greek influence, the pyramid is a primeval and a sacred feature. From Egypt to Babylon, from the pagodas of Hindostan to the tombs of the Lydian kings, this form rules the architecture of Asia. All Phrygia is full of such tombs; the high barrow erected by King Gyges over the ashes of his mistress, a monument of such elevation that its point could be seen from any part of Lydia, is of the same shape. Quite in the neighbourhood of Halicarnassus, at Mylasa (the first residence of Mausolus), we meet with a building where twelve Greek columns boldly support a lofty pyramid rising in steps. Even 200 years afterwards, when Simon Maccabæus erected a monument at Modein in honour of his parents and brothers, he adopted the same plan: a tomb surrounded by monolithic columns and cased in white marble, from which seven pyra-

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mids rose adorned with trophies and ships. Nay, the taste of Italy itself at last yielded to this outlandish form. When the Emperor Hadrian, whose buildings, indeed, imitated every foreign model, planned his own monument, he fell back on the most celebrated model, and Castle S. Angelo in Rome still preserves in its outline the basement of this imperial pyramid. Even the name of this building proves its being an imitation; as Pausanias, who wrote soon after the completion of this monument, relates that all splendid tombs were called Mausolea, after their common type at Halicarnassus.

A difficulty felt by all editors of Pliny is his *measurements of the single parts in the building.* He gives to the pteron 25 cubits, or 37½ feet, which was also the height of the pyramid, including the marble quadriga. Now these two together would be 75 feet; yet the same writer fixes the whole height of the Mausoleum at 140 feet. Thus it is evident that he omits a third dimension, or a third part of the building; a mistake which can only be corrected by the evidence now obtained from the real remains.

The proportions of length and width are even more startling. Pliny states the pteron to have been 63 feet in length; the two sides in front and behind, however, to the west and east, were somewhat shorter. Thus the whole circuit would, at all events, remain under 250 feet; but Pliny winds up by stating that it was 411 feet. This difficulty may, indeed, be got rid of if we refer the smaller measures to the interior kernel of solid masonry (which in a temple would be called the cella); this being surrounded by 36 columns, the large circuit of 411 feet seems to belong to the circumference of the colonnade. The distance between columns and cella would in this way come to about 25 feet, which is not out of keeping with the usual construction of a Greek temple.

At all events, the construction of this building has proved marvellously solid, as there is satisfactory evidence of its having been in existence for at least 1500 years. In the fourth century after its erection, Vitruvius and Pliny described it. 150 years after Christ, Lucian praises the groups of horses and men, as closely imitated from nature, and carved in the finest stone, such as one would hardly find even in a temple. In the fourth century A.D., Gregory bishop of Nazianzus, in the tenth, Constantinus Porphyrogennetus, in the eleventh, Eudocia,—mention it; the latter authoress, however, states that it was built in a pond. The last witness among the Byzantines is Eustathius, who in the twelfth century can still use the significant words: "The Mausoleum has been, *and still remains, a marvel.*"

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On this coast of Asia Minor the duration of a monument so artificially constructed, and piled up to such a height, is almost in itself a miracle, as there is no spot in the old world more exposed to the most violent earthquakes. In the immediate vicinity of Halicarnassus, the Rhodian Colossus, which was erected one generation after the Mausoleum, was hurled down after fifty-three years' standing. Another most horrible convulsion of the earth shook the same island from March to December 1481; and at this moment Rhodes, after the last catastrophe of 1856, is a complete ruin. What is more strange, to the north of Halicarnassus another circle of concussion comprises the whole of Bithynia. At Broussa, the mosques erected by the first Ottoman sultans, though only 600 years of age, were completely scattered by the earthquake of 1855. On this point, however, we obtain from another ancient writer a piece of information which is interesting in more than one way. Like those spots in Peru which the natives call *bridges*, because they always remain unshaken although situated between two circles of concussion, the peninsula of Halicarnassus, for at least 2000 years, seems to have been completely exempt from this scourge. At the time of Tiberius (so Tacitus, *Annals*, iv. 55, writes), eleven cities of Asia Minor competed for the honour of a new temple, one of which, Halicarnassus, boasted of a temple that had stood on the native rock of their place for 1200 years without ever having been shaken by an earthquake. The very position of the Mausoleum, which likewise stood on a platform cut out of the natural rock, gave it a greater safety; for it has been noted that houses on a rocky ground are safer from shocks than any edifice constructed on a soft soil. At last, however, a catastrophe came for this, as for all other works of the hand of man. If we may believe, from the words of Eustathius, that at his time (1175) the Mausoleum was still erect, then within the next two centuries some natural accident must have hurled down the quadriga and the statue of Mausolus, in order to preserve them from destruction for our generation. For it was shortly afterwards, about the beginning of the 15th century, that the contests of the Knights of St. John with the Turks commenced in these parts, which turned Halicarnassus into a fortress of that order, and the Mausoleum into building stones.

"At the downfall of the Roman empire," says Claude Guichard in the year 1581, "after so many powerful, rich, and populous towns had been sacked and destroyed by the inroads of the Mohammedans and Persians, the splendid old city of Halicarnassus was also laid in ruins, and changed into a small village or hamlet; depending on the mercy of the corsairs and

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pirates; which exists up to this time under the name of *Mesy*. When the Knights of St. John of Jerusalem retreated to Rhodes, they found this spot (which you see first on sailing from the island to the main) to be excellent for defence and most commodious for commanding Asia, drawing supplies from all those countries and preventing the inroads of pirates from Turkey and Egypt. So they built on the right (*i. e.* eastern) side of the harbour, where formerly the Temple of Venus and Mercury had stood, a castle still existing, which they fortified and called *the Tower of St. Peter*. Although the opposite point offered a stronger position, they were, I hold, enticed to construct the fortress on the other side by the convenience of the fine crystal fountain Salmacis, that streamed forth in this place."

From another writer, who saw those parts as an eye-witness, we learn a great deal more about the foundation of this castle. The Knights of St. John occupied Rhodes in 1309; and just at that time their power was greatly increased by their inheriting many of the large estates of the Knight-Templars, which extended over all realms of Christendom. Among the so-called *tongues* or nations in the Order, the German tongue always held a distinguished position. As the so-called Turk-thrasher (Turcomastix), which means general of the cavalry, was invariably an Englishman, so the Great Bailli was always a German knight. The bailli had the superintendence of all the fortifications of the order; and thus the construction of the new castle at Halicarnassus was intrusted to a German.

The celebrated Jacobus Fontanus, in his book on the Rhodian war, written immediately after the last siege of the island by the Turks and its evacuation by the Knights (this event took place January 1, 1523, and the book was published at Rome, 1524), narrates as follows: "During the siege, when soldiers and provisions began to fail in the town, reinforcements and provender were brought by sailors from the surrounding islands, and from the fortresses of Lindus, Mauolitus, Feraclum, and *Petrea*, the last of which a German knight, Henry *Schlegelholt*, commenced to build from the ruins of Halicarnassus and the pyramids of the tomb of Mausolus (which was very celebrated among the seven wonders of the world), about the time when Tamerlane attacked Asia, and laid in irons the Turkish sultan Bajazeth, who beforehand, in the famous battle of Nicopolis, had beaten the Hungarians and Duke John of Burgundy." The battle of Ancyra, in which Tamerlane conquered Bajazeth, was fought in 1402; so the fortress of St. Peter must have been built in the first years of the 15th century. The family of Schlegelholt seems to have been in

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close connection with the order; as, during the same century, from 1459-1466, the office of great prior for Germany was held by another knight, *Johann von Schlegelholz.** The name of Petrea (or, as the original edition of Fontanus has it, *Arx petrea*) is the Latin form for the Italian *Torre di San Pietro;* and it is very likely that the present name of *Budrum*, by which the town as well as the fortress is now called, originated in a spoilt pronunciation of the same name. The mediæval denomination of Mesy seems totally to have disappeared.

The site of Halicarnassus was, in the year 1472, visited by an expedition from Venice, under the admiral Pietro Mocenigo; and under the walls of the town they had a skirmish with the surrounding Turkish villages. The Castle of St. Peter was at that time a strong fortress; and as the Christians maintained no other fortress on the continent of Asia, it was to this place that all runaway Christian slaves tried to escape. If we believe the Dalmatian Coriolan Cepio, who accompanied and described the expedition, the inhabitants of Halicarnassus would turn out of the town-gates more than fifty hounds every night, to protect themselves from the encircling enemies; and these animals were stated to be so sagacious that they would tear to pieces any approaching Turk, whilst they received the Christians very blandly, and conducted them to the city-gates. Cepio, who in many other instances shows himself a keen observer, visited also the Mausoleum, the remnants of which he found still discernible amidst the ruins of the ancient town.

Now, however, we approach the time when the threatening of the last siege of Rhodes by Sultan Soliman obliged the knights to strain every nerve. The year 1522 saw the final destruction of the Mausoleum and the downfall of the order.

Claude Guichard, LL.D., from Lyons, published in that place, in 1581, a book of much learning, under the title, *Funérailles et diverses manières d'enseuelir des Rommains, Grecs et autres Nations, tant anciennes que modernes*, Lyon, 1581; in which he gives the following graphic description of the discovery of the grave of Mausolus, which forms a proper sequel to our above quotation from the same book: "In 1522, when Sultan Soliman made ready for the attack on Rhodes, the master of the order, knowing the importance of this place (Halicarnassus), and that the Turks would not fail, if possible, to occupy it at once, sent some knights thither to repair it and to arrange all things necessary to beat off the enemy; amongst whom was the commander De la Tourrette, of Lyons, who subsequently was present at the conquest of Rhodes,

* Cf. *Falkenstein*, Geschichte des Johanniter-Orders, ii. 132.

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and came to France, where he related the following story to Monsieur d'Alechamps, a person sufficiently known by his learned writings, whose name I merely give that people may know whence I have got so memorable an event. [D'Alechamps is a well-known editor of Pliny.] On their arrival at Mesy, the knights immediately set about the fortification of the castle; and finding neither in the neighbourhood nor in any commodious place any better stones for burning lime than certain steps of white marble, rising in the shape of a flight of stairs from amidst a field close to the harbour, where once the great square of Halicarnassus had been, they had them broken down and used for that purpose. Finding the stone suitable, the small wall above ground having been finished, they went on digging, with a view of finding more. In this they were very successful; for they soon found that the building extended deeper and wider, and it afterwards furnished them with stones not only for the kiln, but even for building. Four or five days after this, having uncovered a large portion, they one afternoon found an opening, as if you were to descend by it into a cave; so they took candles and scrambled down, where they found a beautiful four-cornered hall, decorated all round with marble columns, whose bases, caps, architraves, friezes, and cornices were all carved and moulded in half-relief. The interstices betwixt the columns were cased with stripes, bands, or veneers of many-coloured marble, moulded with ornament and sculpture in harmony with the remainder of the work, and beautifully relieved on the white ground of the wall; where you saw nothing but carved histories, and all sorts of battles in half-relief. After having first admired this, and estimated in their imagination the remarkable features of the work, *they broke and destroyed it for the same purpose as they had used the remainder.* Besides this apartment, they afterwards found a very low entrance, leading to another in the way of an antechamber; here was a sarcophagus *with its vase* and stamp (*tymbre*, which in heraldry means a certain portion of a coat-of-arms) of white marble, very beautiful and shining marvellously, which, as they had no time, and the sign for the retreat had already been sounded, they did not uncover. On their return the following morning, they found the tomb rifled and the ground all around strewn with a large quantity of small bits of gold cloth and scales of gold (*paillettes*, small circular plates perforated by one hole, through which the thread goes for using them in embroidery). Thus they guessed that the corsairs, who were then skimming all that coast, having got a clue to this discovery, got up to it during the night, and lifted the cover; and people believe that they found in this place a

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vast amount of riches and treasure. Thus this splendid monument, which was considered one of the seven wonders of the world, after having escaped the fury of the barbarians and stood erect, or at least hidden in the ruins of Halicarnassus, for a period of 2247 years [this calculation is wrong, and ought to be 1875], was discovered and used for the repair of the Castle of St. Peter by the Knights of Rhodes, who were, however, soon afterwards expelled from this place by the Turks, and subsequently from all Asia."

This is the story. Once more, after nineteen centuries, human eyes saw this splendour; they gazed at it during half an hour's leisure, and then sent it to the kiln. Certainly, manifold as is the energy of man, individuals are limited by one-sided purposes. These knights knew but one object in life—that of chasing the Turk. This object was no doubt worthy of gallant men; and they adhered to it like true heroes. What was Mausolus to them? what to them was all this old heathenish magnificence?

Barbarous as this destruction was, there must have remained in the hearts at least of some of these warriors a feeling of beauty. It was either then, or perhaps at the first construction of the castle, that some slabs of the frieze were saved by immuring them, by way of ornament, in the walls of the fortress. But we must not suppose them to have been identical with the reliefs from the interior of the tomb, which Guichard mentions as having been destroyed; a single look at the friezes now in our Museum proves them to have been intended *for outside sculptures*. Most of them from that time adorned the inner ward of St. Peter's castle; two were placed on the outside of the principal tower, which rises boldly from the sea. Besides the tablets, several busts of lions were used for the same purpose; and in this state the sculptures passed into the hands of the Turks, when Rhodes and all the territory of the order was evacuated. Their jealous fears seldom allowed modern travellers to see the slabs in the ward; those on the outside, however, were still seen *in situ* by Professor Ludwig Ross, from Athens, in 1844, when he visited the Greek islands along this coast. To obtain a view of them, he had himself rowed below the great tower; at a considerable height four slabs were fixed, surmounted by two fine lions' heads; and from another side of the tower two other lions looked over the sea. Ross then solicited the Prussian government to take steps for securing these antiquities; but they had already changed hands. Sir Stratford Canning, now Lord Stratford de Redcliffe, obtained them from the sultan, and presented them to

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the English nation. In 1846 eleven slabs from the frieze were detached from the walls of Budrum castle, and placed in the British Museum. As one may conceive, they had suffered most fearfully, and the heads of the figures were almost all wanting.

There being at the time of the order a very spirited intercourse between Italy and those much-contested shores, we must not wonder that at least one single slab of the same frieze should have strayed to Genoa, where it is now in the pavilion of the Villa Negroni. The practised eye of a German antiquarian lady, Mme. Mertens Schaffhausen, of Bonn, discovered the identity of this tablet with those in our Museum; and a cast of it, now deposited here by the side of the other originals, puts that identity out of doubt. The Genoese fleets, for war and commerce, perpetually visited the Eastern seas; and in Italy, about the year 1500, people valued antiquities very highly.

After the tomb had been rifled in 1522, the site of the Mausoleum remained unexplored; and there were even doubts as to the exact place where the ruins should be sought for. Budrum is a Turkish town; all the space between the port and the volcanic hills to the north is occupied by modern houses, surrounded by extensive gardens or fields. The walls, both of the houses and gardens, are full of large blocks of marble; the fields are mostly planted with figs. The surface of the soil, moreover, has been signally changed by natural agencies; the rain brought down large masses of detritus from the northern hills, filling up the lower parts of the city. It is only by a few feet that the large terraces, on which the principal structures rested, raise their natural walls of rock or their artificial ashlar constructions above the levelling alluvium. In one place, the excavations reached the antique pavement only after removing a depth of twenty feet of mould. Thus the speculations on the site of the Mausoleum might easily run wild. Captain Spratt, who many years ago devoted himself to the investigation of the place, supposed the Mausoleum to have stood on a platform due north from the castle, a little east of the harbour. Ross, on the contrary, decided for a higher situation on a platform just north of the harbour, between the two volcanic hills on which the ancient citadels had stood; the more so, as on the surface Ionic columns in fragments were still lying. Both scholars were mistaken; Spratt's platform once bore another palatial building, and Ross's platform the Temple of Mars. The Mausoleum had a lower position, quite below the southern declivity of the last-mentioned platform. This place hardly any body could have guessed, as no other part had



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been to the same degree obliterated by alluvial deposits; the whole circumference was so completely filled up that no eye could discern a platform or terrace within it. Yet the ancient topographers indicated no other place; the Mausoleum, so we hear, stood between the harbour and the Temple of Mars. Mr. Charles Newton, therefore, faithfully clinging to the veracity of the "old ones," just because he had not been led astray by ocular inspection, fixed the spot with perfect exactitude *as many as ten years ago;* and as he himself, in his last despatches to Lord Stratford de Redcliffe and the ministers, not once mentions this merit of his own scholarship, we must be allowed to state it here, and to add that his paper on the Mausoleum, published in the *Classical Museum* of 1848, is *a true masterpiece of complete, careful, and cautious investigation*, to which all subsequent writers on this subject will owe the better half of their argument. Certainly there was no man better qualified than Charles Newton for conducting these excavations, which he at last commenced eighteen months ago, being at present her Majesty's vice-consul at Mitylene. The glorious results of his labours are now before us in the sculptures partly exhibiting in the Museum, and described in two parliamentary papers, communicated to both Houses in the spring of 1858, and containing Mr. Newton's despatches and accounts of the progress of his discoveries.

The Government supported their vice-consul in a noble and liberal spirit. Three of her Majesty's ships, the *Gorgon*, *Desperate*, and *Supply*, were employed for carrying over provisions and bringing the fragments to England; their crews did the main work of the excavation. The expenses were considerable; a number of Turkish houses were to be bought and pulled down, and in some places, where this could not be done, mines were driven below the fields of the proprietors. Not only the covetousness, but also the prejudices of a Moslemic population were to be conquered; but at last the sailors employed in digging and the Turks at Budrum lived together on very friendly terms.

We shall but briefly touch upon all such discoveries on the site of the ancient city as have nothing to do with the Mausoleum, though they are of high interest, as proofs of the richness of Asia Minor in antiquities. They were obtained on occasion of the many experiments to find the site of the Mausoleum. Amongst them we notice an incredible number of small terracotta figures, from five to eight inches in height. Numbers of them were quite uniform; so that they appear formed in a mould. Close to them a heap of unglazed Roman lamps were found lying. The little figures were found in lots, the equal

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ones together, as would be the case in a factory or a shop. More than 200 of them are now in the cellars of the British Museum. Although they belong to the Roman period, and are not remarkable for beauty, at all events their large numbers are startling. To the same period, viz. the time after Hadrian, belongs a building of a late and inferior Doric style, which Professor Ross had already attributed to an era posterior to the Mausoleum. It has been completely excavated by Mr. Newton; and its rich mosaic pavements, extending over an area of more than 118 feet in length and 89 feet in width, prove it to have been a Roman villa or mansion. Many rooms had suffered, so their mosaics were only preserved in coloured photographs; but such pavements as were still complete were removed and sent to England. Amongst them is a whole room, forty feet in length and twelve in width. They likewise are deposited in single boxes, as they arrived, in the cellars of the Museum, awaiting a grant of Parliament for the construction of a new building to exhibit them. Most of these mosaics imitate the well-known Roman patterns; but there are a vast number of images inserted between the borders. As far as we could see them in their present state, they are by no means superior in design or workmanship. A few rooms, however, are stated to have been paved with older Greek patterns; so it seems that the Roman villa was partially engrafted on the foundations of an older structure, and that all rooms still in good preservation then remained untouched.

Below this Roman pavement, in a place where it was broken through, *a dancing female figure* was found, broken in two pieces, which, along with a quantity of rubbish, had only been employed by the Roman architect for filling the substratum of the pavement. It is, however, a pretty work, although quite different in its style from the sculptures of the Mausoleum. The statue is only life-size, and represents a young girl dancing. The bosom is left free by the upper garment, which round the neck has a strange and outlandish cut. Both arms were stretched away from the body; the right foot steps forward, the left follows, hovering in the air. The dress flutters round the ankles in a large and heavy mass of folds, badly conceived and badly designed. Yet there is merit in it: the violent movement, the flying dress, the slender and juvenile form, at once recall to our mind the celebrated Naiads, or *danseuses*, from the monument of Harpagus, now in our Lycian room; though the latter are a great deal nobler and finer. At the moment we write this, the figure stands by the side of the colossal female figure from the Mausoleum, with its noble drapery and dignified repose; and comparing the two works, we shall easily understand

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how this native school of Lycia, to which the dancing girl belongs, must have sunk into contempt before the accomplished works of the Athenian foreigners.

On the 1st December 1856, Mr. Newton began digging on Spratt's platform. Here fine mosaic pavements of pure Hellenic taste were found, along with thin marble veneers, which had been used for casing the wall. This would agree with the description of the palace of Mausolus; but the latter edifice was situated close to the sea, most likely on the western point of the harbour, whilst this platform lies inland, and to the north-east of the port. We know besides, from inscriptions, that the Ptolemies of Egypt, who ruled Halicarnassus for a long time after the dismemberment of Alexander's empire, erected there several splendid buildings for the use and comfort of the public.

After Spratt's platform, the highest terrace of all, supposed by Ross to have been that of the Mausoleum, would have had its turn, had not its Turkish proprietors been so extravagant in their demands. Thus Newton, in January 1857, commenced digging on the southern foot of this terrace, in a place where Professor Donaldson many years ago had seen the remnants of a splendid Ionic structure. A little labour with the pickaxe and spade on this spot at last solved the question. This, as Newton had rightly guessed so many years before, was the right place. Fragments of the frieze, a colossal arm, and a lion just like those in the castle, left no doubt of it. Fragments of columns, having at the base a diameter of three feet nine inches, and round the neck three feet one inch, showed in their ornament a striking approach to those of the temple at Priene, built by the same architect. Soon followed the first truly important discovery, *a colossal equestrian statue of marble*, the horse rearing. The trunk of the latter is well preserved. The huge mass of marble, of course incapable of standing on the hind legs only, rested upon a marble pillar, whose traces are still visible under the belly of the animal; just as we see such pillars supporting the two colossal horses of Monte Cavallo in Rome. The head of the horse and the whole upper body of the rider have gone; the legs of the latter are covered with Persian trousers; yet it is not an Amazon but a man, as may be seen by the bony and sinewy left hand, which, pulling back the horse, makes him rear. Notwithstanding its awful mutilation, this group, as the horse has now again been placed in rearing attitude, breathes the warmest life. The epidermis of the sculpture is preserved almost without a parallel, and under the chest and belly of the horse every stroke of the chisel remains traceable.

The removal of the rubbish soon brought the diggers to the very *foundations of the building*. The natural rock had been

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quarried away by the ancient mason, so as to form a regular area and serve as a bed for laying the walls. An enormous regular square is carved into the rock, so as to be at present from two to sixteen feet below the level of the surrounding fields. In a few places, where the rock must have been deficient, it is replaced by colossal longitudinal blocks, completing the square. Nor did this terrace afford the means of shaping it completely to the same level. Some places, therefore, have a deeper level; but each level is kept strictly horizontal, and the lower levels are filled up with one or even more courses of flat paving-stones, one foot in thickness. A large number of these flags were removed for the building of the castle; but wherever they still remain, they are kept together by iron clamps. Below these gigantic foundations the rock is perforated by a large number of narrow passages, cut irregularly all around the building, and interrupted here and there by deep wells, being probably nothing but drains. Over the pavement masses of rubbish are lying, in which the fragments of sculpture were for the most part imbedded. Already on the 3d April 1857, after having cleared this platform, Mr. Newton was able to measure it. The western side was 110, the southern 126 feet in length; so that the whole circumference of the foundation-bed of the Mausoleum is 472 feet.

On the western side of this bed they found a *flight of twelve steps*, likewise carved out of the live rock, and leading down from the declivity of the theatre-hill to the Mausoleum. All the steps were concealed by a layer of earth, washed down in the course of centuries from the hills lying to the north-west. Between the foot of these stairs and the western edge of the Mausoleum several alabaster jars were found, such as the ancients used for nard and costly ointments, together with votive figurines of terra-cotta and bones of oxen, subjects connected with sacrifices offered up or deposited in honour of the deceased. The steps down the rock served, it would seem, to carry the royal corpse in funeral procession from the theatre-hill to his resting-place; for here, *on the western side of the Mausoleum, lay the main entrance to what we must properly call the tomb.* Here a *stone of gigantic proportions* is still kept in its place by unusual precautions. Mr. Newton attributes to it the tremendous weight of ten tons. It is furnished with grooves on its sides, which fit in projections of the neighbouring stones; and it seems to have been lowered by machinery to its place, and wedged in like a portcullis. Once in its place, they fixed it with bronze bolts, fitting in bronze sockets set in blocks of marble. Similar contrivances for securing from the robber the last resting-place of the dead are also met with in Egyptian

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tombs. Behind this stone, immediately over the foundations of the whole structure, was then the burial-chamber of the king; and the great stone, once lowered before it, for ever secluded his sarcophagus from the outer world. This would not exclude the possibility of a second access to it from the interior of the building, which perhaps was known only to a few relations of the departed; and some such mysterious passage may have been the way by which the Knights of Rhodes penetrated to the very coffin in the year 1522.

There are some other points of evidence for the situation of the chamber in this lowest part of the building. When in this place, it was to be guarded against destruction from the percolating rain; and just under the big stone a drain was discovered, which through a grate found *in situ* discharged into the main outlet of the water. This grate is now in the Museum; a bronze plate deepening in a sort of bowl, which, like a sieve, is pierced by small holes. Still more convincing is the circumstance, that just behind the stone was found the finest and most remarkable of all alabaster vases, broken in a few pieces only, with a double inscription, one in hieroglyphics, enclosed in the well-known oval ring that always encompasses the name of an Egyptian Pharaoh, the other in cuneiform characters. (This important relic is now exhibited in a glass-case of the bronze room, in the Museum.) The last of the two inscriptions contains three lines, engraved in very small characters, which, as Sir Henry Rawlinson reads it, are, *Khshayarsha-naga-wazarka*, "Xerxes the Great King." Now what has a vase of the time of Xerxes, which was then a hundred and fifty years old, to do with the tomb of the Carian dynast, unless we presume it to have been in that royal family a time-honoured "Luck of Edenhall;" perhaps a gift of that Xerxes to the elder Artemisia, who had saved his children after the frightful catastrophe of his fleet? And how could the widow of Mausolus have parted with such a treasure, unless it were for the purpose of comforting the departed soul of the beloved consort and brother by the most valuable of all gifts? It is strange, at all events, that the Knights of Rhodes are stated *to have seen a vase* standing by the marble sarcophagus; and is it not very likely that the robbers who followed their track, when rifling the tomb in a wild night of hurry and fear, should have overlooked or simply smashed this vessel, leaving it in its place as they saw that it contained no coins?*

* This vase is, however, not unique; there are two other vases with double inscriptions: one, the vase of the Comte de Caylus, of the same Xerxes, a trilingual cuneiform writing (Assyrian, Chaldean, Persian), accompanied by a translation in hieroglyphics, in which the Persian legend is exactly the same, "Xerxes

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The rocky bed of the Mausoleum, as we stated before, had been cleared of rubbish. Within the same, but mostly along the margin, *parts of friezes and colossal statues* were found. Thus it stands to reason that the Mausoleum itself, to the outside of which these sculptures were attached, must have been somewhat narrower on all sides than its bed, or else the images would have fallen outside of the latter. This circumstance might perhaps be made available for explaining the odd phrase of Eudocia, that the Mausoleum was built in a pond, which, in the way she expresses it, is indeed nonsense, for no water was ever intended to surround the structure; but her notice might be a conclusion from the state in which the Mausoleum really was at the time when she penned this sentence. All the drains below and around the building Mr. Newton found filled up with accumulated earth. As soon as this state of things commenced, the rain-water may have gathered in pools on the platform between the foot of the building and the margin of its foundation-bed, till at last the alluvium completely levelled these spots. So much is certain, that several statues from the east and south side must have lain in water for a long time, as their surface is scaling off very fast.

Most of the friezes newly obtained are in a much better state than the corresponding pieces from the castle of Budrum. Amongst them are four slabs, found lying in one line, *along the east front of the building*, and representing a continuous subject, so that two or three of them originally fitted together. So well are they preserved, that no doubt they were never moved again from their place after having tumbled down from the pteron. Now, as Pliny asserts with such distinctness *that on the east front Scopas* was the adorning artist, we have here an unexceptionable (and the first unexceptionable) work of that great master. The subject is, as on all the friezes, an Amazonomachia; but the figures far surpass all the others wrought by his competitors. We shall describe these slabs at the close of this essay.

All discoveries hitherto commented upon were made within the rocky bed. But a most unexpected piece of luck was still in store beyond its precincts. When Mr. Newton extended the excavations to the north, out of the square, he came upon a wall built of the finest ashlars of white marble, running just parallel to the northern edge of the bed. The same wall was

the Great King;" the other in the treasury of St. Mark's at Venice, an Egyptian vase of gray porphyry, containing again a legend in the three species of cuneiform writing, with the simple inscription, "Artaxerxes the Great King." "It is an interesting fact, that Sir Gardener Wilkinson, without any aid from the cuneiform translation, has already read the name Artaxerxes from the hieroglyphic inscription." Vaux, *Nineveh and Persepolis*, 3d edition, pp. 417, 418.

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afterwards laid open along the eastern side, and found to be an enclosure encompassing the whole structure, or what Hyginus had called its peribolos, stating the same to have been of 1300 feet in circumference. To later generations this wall, of course, offered a far easier quarry than the solid masonry of the main building, and that is the reason why this peribolos is in no place complete; it would seem, however, that its height was about ten feet.

Not satisfied with this, Mr. Newton went on even beyond the peribolos; and here, on a sudden, they came upon a large heap of finely cut flat blocks of white marble, interspersed with broken statues. Just at the place where this heap was lying, the peribolos had bulged outward, as from a violent shock. The flat blocks were at once recognised as steps of the pyramid, the statues as fragments of the big chariot-and-four which once crowned the top of the same. Here, close together, they laid bare *one colossal horse*, in two pieces (or, as is now evident, two pieces of two different horses); several hoofs; the head of the horse in two pieces, each of which still had the bronze bit and a piece of bronze trapping attached to it; fragments of the spikes of the wheels and of the pole of the chariot. The tail of the colossal horse was recovered a short time afterwards, being immured in the garden-wall of a Turkish house, close to the great heap of fragments.

Next to the chariot and horses they got *several lions*, almost complete and well preserved; and the trunk of a *colossal leopard*, from the shoulder to the tail, equal in size to the lions. This animal has on its right side a projecting piece of marble, by which it seems to have been joined to a group. The spots are marked in a strange way by lozenges formed by deep-cut lines intersecting each other, and it may be presumed that it was formerly speckled by means of real paint. Traces of red colour were still visible on the tongues both of the horse and one of the lions. Mr. Newton observes that the leopard is similar in treatment to the big horse, so as to justify the supposition that both are from the same hand. As neither these lions nor the leopard have as yet arrived at the Museum, we must leave this point in abeyance.

At last *two colossal human figures*—a female standing, in splendid drapery, without head or arms; and a head of a man, quite perfect, but separated from the occiput, which also, in the nostrils and corners of the eye, still showed traces of paint. Every body would at once have guessed this to be the head of Mausolus, belonging to his colossus on the quadriga; and so it really turned out.

In order, however, to prove that other fragments besides

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those of the uppermost group had been hurled outside the peribolos, it is right to state that, near the same place, some column capitals and several ornamented lions' heads were found; the latter not belonging to whole figures, but being the usual ornaments of the cornice in the Corinthian, and sometimes the Ionic order. Now these were all parts of the pteron, not of the pyramid; and yet they had come down on the outer side of the marble enclosure.

Some of these fragments lay no less than forty-four feet from the northern edge of the foundation-bed; and what is stranger still, *on the opposite* or *southern side*, at the distance of thirty-two feet from the edge, large pieces of one of the wheels were found; horses and wheel, that once nearly touched each other, now being separated by a space of 150 feet! Thus we see that a rocking movement must have hurled down the quadriga, along with a large piece of the pyramid, to the north; there the weighty mass knocked against the marble peribolos, making it to bend and bulge, and was then imbedded on the outer side of it. One wheel kept in its place, but was then or subsequently dashed down along the southern slope of the pyramid. This event must have come to pass before the castle of Budrum was erected, anterior to 1400 B.C. A rich alluvium, which following generations quickly turned into fields and gardens, spread over the marble heap; and as surely nobody ever sought for treasures or stones beyond the peribolos, this heap remained unexplored to our time. Mr. Newton, deeply convinced of the importance of this particular discovery, gathered even the smallest splinter of marble, and sent them over in separate boxes. To this care we owe the almost miraculous success which attended the restoration of the principal and most important figure of the whole group; out of more than fifty pieces, the portrait-statue of Mausolus has been recomposed in a state nearly approaching completeness.

What, then, was the moving power that hurled the quadriga from its lofty situation, and scattered it to north and south? Either Neptune Ennosigaios or Jupiter Tonans punished the pride of the mortal. Mr. Newton suggests an earthquake; we should say that a stroke of lightning, to which no doubt the lofty pyramid was much exposed, might have produced the same result. On the 6th August 1809, in a house near Manchester, lightning removed a wall three feet thick and twelve feet high, between a cellar and a cistern, so that one portion was shifted four feet, the other nine feet, out of its proper situation; 500 cwt. of bricks had thus been moved: yet this was a solid structure, not a loose and lofty group of statues.

Returning once more from this event to the recital of

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Claude Guichard concerning the year 1522, it will be seen from his words that then the better half of the pyramid was still standing; for when they began quarrying away the marble rising above the ground the steps grew wider, which can only refer to the pyramid, not to the cella of the pteron. At that time, then, the remainder of the pyramid disappeared; so it was surely fortunate that, before this systematic destruction began, the upper part of it was preserved. For it is this upper part which makes it possible to obtain a certain measurement of the pyramid's height, length, and width; and these dimensions again furnish us with a new rule for the reconstruction of the whole pile.*

All the blocks of the pyramid are of the same height of eleven and three-quarter inches; the width differs, some are two, others three feet; the length also differs, but mostly approaches four feet. One of the long sides in each block is completely polished, being the step itself; the adjoining long side is only half polished, the polished part being the tread of the step, whilst the rough portion served for laying on it the next step. Grooves cut in them with great neatness, in which projecting parts of the upper step fitted, secured the connection of the single steps; whilst the blocks lying side by side, and forming the same step, were tightly fixed together by means of copper bolts. A simple but very ingenious contrivance prevented the rain from penetrating between the edges. Now as some blocks had a width of two, others of three feet, the former formed a tread of twenty-one inches, the others of seventeen inches. The reason of this difference was, that two sides of the pyramid were a little shorter than the others; thus the steps on the longer sides mounted faster, and their treads were of course less wide. This is proved without a doubt, as several corner steps were found, where the tread is wider on one side than on the other. The steps being less than one foot in height, but twenty-one inches and seventeen inches in width, the pyramid rose far more gradually than a common flight of stairs; on a sure-footed animal it was possible to ride up to the top. At all events, one might ascend it on foot with perfect ease and safety; and it is very likely that, by means of stairs in the interior of the pteron, people reached the foot of the pyramid, and then mounted up to the platform, so as to view the group at the top quite closely.

Now if we could fix what the length and width of this

* For the following details, concerning the dimensions, we are mainly indebted to Lieutenant R. M. Smith, whose letter from Budrum, June 1, 1857, is printed in the first parliamentary paper on the Mausoleum. His drawing of the restored Mausoleum is artistically deficient, but the mathematical part most ingenious.

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platform, and again what the height of the quadriga was, the three dimensions of the pyramid would be calculable to an inch.

The big horse in the Museum is ten feet long; and from the size of the wheel from the chariot, we may conclude the whole group to have had a length of twenty feet. Adding two feet on each side, so that the room might not be painfully narrow, the length of the platform comes to twenty-four feet. As the horses in similar antique groups stand all in one row, eighteen feet will not be too much for the width of the platform. The height of the group we know with certainty, since the statue of Mausolus has been put together by the artists in the Museum. The wheel having a diameter of seven feet seven inches, the feet of Mausolus standing upon the axis were three feet eight inches from the ground, allowing a little for the thickness of the bottom of the carriage. The figure is about three inches below ten feet; but ten inches must be added for the marble basis on which the whole group stood, and of which a piece is preserved attached to a hoof. This gives to the quadriga a height of fourteen feet three inches above the point of the pyramid.

The treads on both the narrow sides of the pyramid being twenty-one inches, this gives on either side, when multiplied by the number of twenty-four steps, a length of forty-two feet, or together eighty-four feet. Adding to this the length of the platform on which the quadriga stood, being twenty-four feet, we see the length of the pyramid to have been 108 feet. The same calculation applied to the width of the steps on the long sides (which is seventeen inches), with the addition of the platform's width (which is eighteen feet), makes the width of the pyramid eighty-six feet. An addition of the four sides of the pyramid gives for its lowest step, wherewith it rested on the pteron, a circumference of 388 feet. Now for the height. Each step being eleven and three-quarter inches in height, we have for twenty-four steps a total elevation of twenty-three and a half feet, and with the addition of the quadriga, the height of which we found to be fourteen feet three inches, we obtain a total elevation of thirty-seven feet nine inches; which in a most remarkable way agrees to Pliny's most decided assertion, that pyramid and quadriga together were twenty-five cubits, or thirty-seven feet six inches in elevation.

This number assists us likewise in fixing the height of the pteron, as the latter part of the building, according to Pliny, rose to the same height. Already ten years ago our great and learned architect Mr. Richard Cockerel had come to the same result (as will be seen from his letter to Mr. Newton, in the above

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essay of the latter, in the *Classical Museum* of 1848), by calculating from the size of the frieze the dimensions of the Ionic order, to which it belonged. As we are at present provided with architectural fragments from every part of the building, we can reconstruct all its details; and here the calculation comes again to the same point, viz. that the pteron, from the foot of the column to the cornice, had an elevation of 37½ feet.

Both dimensions together are thus about 75 feet; but as Pliny states the whole height of the Mausoleum to have been 140 feet, there remains a third dimension of 65 feet to be found out. This space, no doubt, was occupied by a massive basement of solid masonry; for such basements recur quite regularly in Ionic constructions of Asia Minor, especially when they are intended for monuments. The elegance and delicacy of the Ionic order seems to demand such a substruction, that the light column may not appear to rest only on the natural ground: we find it in the monuments at Xanthus and Mylasa, and in the Ionic temple of Wingless Victory at Athens; even the monument of Lysicrates, in the same place, with its elegant Corinthian columns, shows a similar tripartition, though differently applied—a solid substructure, then a (round) cella with elegant Corinthian columns, at last the basis for the tripod. Applied to tombs, this system was also recommendable for safety; for just as was the case at Mylasa, so was likewise in the Mausoleum the burial-chamber situated in this impenetrable basement, and by no means, as people ordinarily think, in the cella of the pteron. The basement consisted of large blocks of green stone, but was most likely cased with white marble.

On this basement stood the pteron, rising with 36 columns from its upper edge; and over the entablature of these columns the lowest step of the pyramid rested. The pyramid, as we have shown, had a circumference of 388 feet. Suppose the columns of the pteron to have stood 3 feet inwards from the upper edge of the basement, the circumference of the latter would have been 412 feet; which again corroborates Pliny's assertion that the whole circuit of the Mausoleum came to 411 feet.

It is hard to believe that a Hellenic architect should have left such a huge block of stone as this basement must have been without any sculptural ornaments. From this consideration, it has become a prevailing supposition that the celebrated frieze with the battle of Amazons surrounded this basement. This is impossible. There must, at all events, have been a frieze above the columns of the pteron. That spot, where

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sculpture is most beautifully encompassed by the frame of architrave and cornice, so that the ancient architects called it the *zophoros*, or image-bearer, must have been sculptured in a building which in all other parts exhibited such a profusion of images. Besides, as pieces of every architectural part have been found, how could this frieze, which had a length of nearly 400 feet, totally disappear? Supposing even it had consisted of blank marble tablets, we should have found some of them. The dimension of the frieze with the battle of Amazons, as Mr. Cockerel has shown, agrees most accurately with the total height of the Ionic order in the pteron. True, these reliefs were then about 100 feet in the air; but they remained visible from below, as they were painted, which will be seen in the inner side of a shield on one of the newly discovered slabs, where a red colour is still traceable.

Thus, denying this frieze to have surrounded the basement, we nevertheless maintain that a second frieze, of larger dimensions, belonged to the basement, of which also fragments, with horsemen, war-scenes, and chariot-races, were discovered. These fragments are not numerous; for it stands to reason that this lower frieze suffered more than the upper one. The destruction of the monument, for obtaining stones, may have commenced earlier than we think; and people with such intentions will have begun at the most convenient place, taking first the marble casing of the substructure, whilst the high frieze of the pteron was protected as long as the whole building kept together.

We mentioned a number of colossal statues, either sitting or standing, which were found all round the building. To place them is not difficult: they stood on the upper edge of the basement, between the columns of the pteron; an arrangement repeated, along with a second frieze, in the monument of Harpagus from Xanthus. The height of the Mausoleum statues, from 8 to 12 feet, bears a fair proportion to the length of the columns surrounding them, which was little more than 20 feet. But it is more difficult to place the numerous lions. Their workmanship is good, but bears more the stamp of the handicraftsman than the artist; and their very numbers prove that they served as an ornament, not as individual parts of groups. Mr. Cockerel favoured the Royal Academy's exhibition of 1858 with an imaginative representation of the Mausoleum. His general arrangement has not been borne out by the discoveries made known through the letters of Mr. Newton; but in his detail, as we might expect from Mr. Cockerel's fine taste, there were many beautiful hints. He arranges the lions on small pedestals, half project-

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ing from a kind of balustrade or attic, which in his drawing surrounds the foot of the pyramid and surmounts the entablature of the pteron. Some of the lions, however, and the colossal leopard, as they were found amongst the ruins of the pyramid, and different in treatment from the remainder, seem to belong to the grand crowning group, and may, as royal companions, have stood by the side of Mausolus' car, as we find them in Egyptian art by the side of images of Pharaohs.

Thus there is only one of the constructive questions remaining: *How could the pyramid rest with safety on the pteron?* The latter, when we distribute the 36 columns in equal distance around the width of the substructure, had 11 columns on either of the long sides, 9 columns in the fronts. These columns, in single rows, surrounded the solid cella; and to the latter Pliny's figure seems to relate, that the length was 63 feet, the width somewhat smaller. Thus the heaviest central part of the pyramid, together with the crowning group, rested quite safely on the solid cella, and through it on the massive basement; whilst the columns and the ceiling of the space between them and the cella had to bear only the lowest steps of the pyramid. But how such a ceiling between columns and cella was secured from the pressure of a weight which even under this supposition remains considerable, must for ever remain a matter of speculation. Lieutenant Smith, considering the somewhat similar construction of the monument at Mylasa, supposes a support by means of a pointed vault (a wagon vault, pointed at the top), which, indeed, takes away a great portion of the weight, as the last steps of the pyramid would have, as it were, a hollow behind them. We must leave it to practical architects to decide whether or not this construction could have been safe. Considering, however, the architect of the Mausoleum to have been a man of extensive knowledge, which undoubtedly was the case with Pythius, the supposition is by no means improbable that the whole pyramid, together with the cella, was hollow, and constructed upon the principle of a sugar-loaf vaulting, like the treasure-house of Atreus at Mycene, and the so-called Pelasgian buildings in Italy.

Thus, raising the splendid pile once more before our inner eye, we see a height not much exceeding the length. Within a marble wall, surrounding a wide area, on the colossal blocks of the foundation-bed, rises the immense rectangle of the basement, in size and proportions like a small palace, but massive, compact, planted with perpendicular walls upon the living rock, like a block that continues it: only round the upper edge, under a projecting cornice, a painted frieze of white

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marble speaks of action and combat. From this basement the slender Ionic columns shoot up, the flutings deepened by colour; the caps, cornices, cymations, and flat stripes of the entablature covered with light ornament in blue and red, green and gold. Between the columns, titanic female forms, folded in rich and elaborate drapery; riders, in rich Persian attire, tearing back their rearing horses from the deadly leap: these too in full rich colours, as though they lived and walked down the lofty colonnade, and paused to look out between the shafts to the northern hills, to the sunny port in the south. Above the columns, on the crown of the cornice, the royal animals, with open mouths, their tongues outstretched, looking far out to the country, in various attitudes, just as the traveller still sees them standing on the heaps of Babylon's ruin. Hereupon the pyramid, not steep or tower-like, as former draughtsmen conceived it, but flat, rising with steps hardly perceptible from below, much in the shape of a roof. At last the crown of all, the ruler himself, steady, calm, upright, in a dignified Grecian garb, his head uncovered and slightly raised, with a friendly expression; and, quite as steady, bridled in by his quiet strength, the standing horses; leopard and lion, like royal bloodhounds, near the wheels of the war-chariot. Thus, under the sun of Ionia, below the blue sky of the Mediterranean, floating in the open air, shining in white marble, but approaching nature by milder tints, stood the glorious group on the top of its artificial mountain.

It is painful to descend from the imagination of what once this work has been to the poor broken fragments now exhibited, without order and connection, in a humble glass shed within the outer colonnade of the British Museum. As a great many of the sculptures are still unpacked, we shall, in the remainder of our essay, not even aim at completeness, but give a description of the most prominent pieces only.

Just in passing, let it be once more stated *that all the architectural and sculptural parts of the Mausoleum were painted*, whilst at the same time they afford a new explanation for the great number of monumental statues in the European collections that actually show no colour. Mr. Newton expressly states that one sitting figure, from the eastern side, had her garments all covered with two tints; which, however, rapidly faded away on being exposed to the air. This figure had been lying in very wet soil, and its surface had a tendency to scale off.

Amongst the numerous *lions*, there are six, besides the fore part of a leopard, that were taken out of the castle-walls in March 1857. The knights had used the busts only; but

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Newton found five hind parts in the Mausoleum, besides numberless pieces of legs, tails, and claws. Thus it happened so strangely that some of these beasts, after a separation of four centuries, regained their hind quarters; and they look quite pleased with this good luck of theirs, for their faces, though very natural, are mild and gentle in expression. Some complete lions, however, were found in the Mausoleum, one of which has a Γ, the other a Δ, engraved on the shoulder. The larger lions and the colossal leopard, belonging to the uppermost group, have not yet arrived.

Proceeding to the human figures, a signal difference of style strikes us on comparing the friezes with the round statues. The *slabs from the upper frieze*, which had been detached from the walls of the castle in 1846, stood in the British Museum for many a year on the ground, below the frieze of Phigalea, in the Phigalean room. Thus you looked on them from on high, by which they lost the better half of their effect, as they were intended to be seen from a great depth. At present they are united to the newly-found tablets of the same frieze; and as they now stand in the line of the human eye, it is astonishing to see how much they have gained. The subject, as every body knows, is a fight of Grecian heroes, in helmets, but otherwise naked, with Amazons on horseback, in their light and short military tunics. That legend was not only flattering to the Greek mind, as one of so many mythical victories of Europe over Asia, but it was no less connected with the national memories of Caria. The same Amazonian battle-axe which Hercules had taken from their queen Hippolyta, he afterwards gave to Omphale, queen of Lydia; and from the Lydians it was taken in battle by the Carians. For this reason its well-known form occurs over the gates of Mylasa and on coins of Mausolus. The whole style of this upper frieze, for proportion and movement, shows evidence that its makers calculated on its being seen from a great distance, as it was placed rather more than 100 feet above the ground. Seen from that distance below, the human form will appear considerably foreshortened; and for this reason all the men are extremely slim, arms and legs tapering very much; and the effect of the composition is enhanced by the position of the bodies, which, advancing or reclining in violent motion, cut the tablets diagonally. The battle-scenes are very various and very wild, all attitudes passionate, and bordering on the theatrical. The effect of colour was likewise not despised: red paint is traceable on a shield; the horses have a small round hole in the cheek for fixing the bronze bits and reins; similar holes appear in the loins of the warriors, intended to

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hold metal belts, and the blades in their hands were in several instances made of brass and really projecting out of the holes in the hilts. On the whole, however, these friezes do not fulfil the promise given by the fame of their artists, as in style and execution they approach the frieze from the monument of Lysicrates at Athens, which was executed shortly afterwards (334), and is considered as an instance of the decline of Athenian art.

Much higher, however, than the slabs known from 1846 rank *the new ones from the eastern side*, which with good reason we attribute to Scopas. Warriors and Amazons on them are of the same size as on the former ones, only the horses are slightly larger. The execution is finer, though hardly more powerful, as will be seen by comparing two mounted Amazons now exhibited close together, although belonging to different masters. They are very instructive, standing as they at present do side by side, and being moreover in nearly the same attitude. There are four of these new tablets: first, this mounted Amazon, whose antagonist is now destroyed. Second, an Amazon on a rearing horse, but herself as straight in the stirrups as a pillar, hits an enemy, who is again invisible; a youth, stricken to the knees, his helmet gone, tries to shield himself from an Amazon dealing him a death-blow. Third, continuation of No. 2, a glorious group; a bearded Greek, with a brute face, attacks with lance or sword a standing Amazon, who, bending backwards, brandishes the battle-axe in both hands for a most determined stroke. Her face is grand, flashing with the most beautiful animation. We see her from behind; her short Spartan tunic, only held by a girdle round the waist, has slipped, and, by a turn of artistic effect equally new and bold, we see her bosom, neck, and thighs quite uncovered. Her right leg, which you see from behind entirely, stretches the knee deep into the background of the group; and the heel comes boldly out, protruding in such strong relief that between her foot and the ground the leg of a warrior intervenes without touching her ankle. For this is a great characteristic in the whole frieze, that entire parts of the bodies,—heads, legs, hands,—come out of the level quite detached and worked round; although we must confess that the same characteristic has been to a great extent the cause of the fearful mutilation. On the same slab stands a Greek, intending to kill an Amazon fallen in a supine position. Finally the fourth slab, again a continuation of No. 3: on a horse, running wild, and madly galloping to the right, with extended nostrils and uplifted head, an Amazon has jumped, and sits on the horse, looking towards the tail, fighting backwards



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in Parthian fashion: but she can hardly be drawing a bow, as the right arm extends, whilst the left hand comes close to the body. In the middle, a Grecian, in a fine helmet, bending back very anxiously, as a fierce Amazon, on foot, rushing on from the right hand, with flying cloak, seizes his shield with her left hand, and tries to lift it, in order the more formidably to hurl her tomahawk (by means of the stroke which a fencing-master would call a tierce) against the right temple of her antagonist: a movement, indeed, very complicated, but wonderfully comprehensible. The axe itself is indicated in the marble; but the handle was of brass and detached from the background, for the axe has evidently a hole in which it must have fitted.

It seems a characteristic—or, may we say, a weakness—of Scopas, that his figures are too much occupied with their dress. In his group of "Niobe and her Children," the garments held for protection over the heads of the figures recur rather frequently. Even his Mænads, although the type of such a figure ought to be carelessness as to outward appearance, *e. g.* his "Mænad with the quarter of a slaughtered Goat," and the one drawn by Flaxman in his *Lectures on Sculpture*, hold their dress so as to form an elegant drapery with it. In his very "Apollo Musagetes," the Roman poet Propertius was struck by the long feminine garment. Supposing the "Venus of Milo" to be his work, even she displays a little of this propensity: her drapery is laid round the hips so that it would just slide down, did not the left thigh, with a slight inward bend, give some support to it. Can it be by mere chance that in these friezes from the Mausoleum the old artist fell upon that strange shifting of the tunic which afforded to him a motive at once quite new and very bold?

The stone of these friezes appears of larger grain and more bluish than the shining white marble of the large sculptures. The number of figures along all the four sides must have been enormous: whole basketfuls of broken arms and legs, more than twelve heads, and many half figures, that were sent over by Mr. Newton, still give melancholy evidence of how much is lost to us for ever. The frieze is 2 feet 5½ inches in height; so the figures are about one-third of life-size.

A special interest is commanded by the *few remnants of the lower frieze* which surrounded the basement. Four fragments of it are now exhibiting in the colonnade of the Museum, two with combats (as it seems), two with female figures racing on chariots; some more pieces we noticed among the marbles in the cellars of the Museum. Let us remember that this frieze, being much lower than the frieze of the pteron, could be seen much better; and there can be no doubt that it was much finer

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than the other, although of course it suffered much more. It is wrought in a low relief, just for this reason, that it came closer to the eye. One tablet, representing a female bending over the edge of the car, with four horses at headlong speed, is by far the finest of all reliefs from the Mausoleum; the drapery, the head, the delicate ear, are not chiselled, but really engraved, like a cameo. This frieze has a height of three feet and some inches, and its figures are half life-size.

There is in the round statues nothing of the outstretched proportions of the figures in the frieze; on the contrary, they are in the purest proportions of the Athenian school, as full and blooming in form as the Caryatides of the Erechtheum. So we must not maintain that the Mausoleum shows the influence of the somewhat later fashion of stretching the human figure and diminishing the size of the head. This was a novelty introduced in round statues by Euphranor and Lysippus, for the purpose of rendering their images more stately. In the round figures of the Mausoleum we find no trace of this fashion; and thus we must conclude that in the frieze the proportions were thus stretched merely because it was in so lofty a position.

Amongst these round figures, the *rider on horseback*, in Persian trousers, is a figure of wonderful animation; also the horse, if it were complete, would show a most remarkable and artificial movement. It is just tumbling over its left side; the right hind-leg seems to have hovered in the air. Only the left hind-foot was still firmly planted on the ground; but as the rider pulls the animal's neck powerfully backwards, it tries to keep its footing, and rears with such an effort that, notwithstanding the different move of the hind legs, the left hand rises higher than the right. The fore legs are broken off near the chest; but are likely to be restored, as large fragments are preserved. The creases of the skin and the veins on the belly are carefully executed, the muscles treated very broadly. The rider's hand is coarse, bony, and distinct, so as to show every vein; his dress, as far as it remains, excellent of execution. Mr. Newton asserts that the Greek letter Σ is marked on the croupe of the horse, but we were not able to discover it.

There are several female torsos: one a *sitting female* of colossal proportions, by Scopas, as it was found on the eastern front. It represents a lady enthroned on a chair with a cushion, and is probably intended therefore for Artemisia. The garment is covered with two tints, one approaching ochre. That it was ochre, however, we should think doubtful, as it spreads not only over the surface, but over the fractures also; but the blue is unquestionable, since we see it cover the dress on the lap of

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the figure in masses so large that it would easily admit of a chemical analysis. This blue colour indicates the royal purple, a tinge which in antiquity tended to the violet and even to the dark blue. The drapery is uncommonly full; but down the back its folds are rough and unsightly, showing that this part was never intended to be seen: the handling approaches that of the colossal statue of Bacchus from the monument of Thrasyllus, now in the British Museum. A cloak falls with great bulk down from the right shoulder, leaving the whole arm uncovered; then coming up again below the fore arm, it spreads in large deeply-cut folds over the lap. Like the arm, the leg is below the knee naked, which seems very strange in a female figure thus sitting in state. Head and hands are wanting, which of course detracts much from the truly grand effect which this figure must once have produced.

There is also a *female head*, only a little above life-size, with pretty features; the hair is strangely arranged, surrounding the head in three circles formed of round and crisp curls. It has suffered much from fire, since a Turk had immured it in the chimney of his house; but there is the fragment of another female head, which seems to be an exact repetition both as regards the features and the arrangement. A fine *bearded male head*, well preserved, but only life-size, has been temporarily deposited, together with the above-mentioned alabaster vase, in a glass-case in the bronze room. The number of fragments still lying in the cellars of the Museum is immense—heads, colossal hands of great beauty, and fragments of drapery. The broken tails of lions alone fill a whole box. Having cast a rapid glance over them, we believe that we may calculate all these fragments at more than 2000 pieces.

From the large heap of marble found along with the upper steps of the pyramid on the northern side of the peribolos three colossal figures have been restored: a female standing, one of the horses, and the portrait-statue of Mausolus. *The female figure* is the finest of them, though the head is lost; there are but few draped statues within the whole range of Grecian art that will stand the comparison with it. The lady was completely robed; only the arms and the fine right foot, which is preserved, were naked. The under dress, in many small folds, is visible only round the ankles and over the bosom, as the cloak covers the whole back and the large part of the front, held by the uplifted left arm; the right arm bent downwards along the thigh. The form is grand and queenly, the dress in the purest style, reminding you of the "Pallas" of Velletri. This statue lay close to that of Mausolus. Could it have stood by his side on the chariot? It might then be Artemisia. Certainly, according to

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Greek notions, a woman could not have participated in such warlike honours; but the Carian queen, who followed Mausolus not only as his widow but by her birthright, whose rule was martial and victorious like that of her husband-brother, why should she not share his war-chariot? Moreover, as she died but two years after him, it cannot have been during her lifetime that the pyramid and chariot were finished; after her death, however, why should the fair conqueror of Rhodes not have been deemed worthy of such an apotheosis? Yet we will not deny that this figure is almost more colossal than Mausolus himself. This would lead to the belief that she represented a deity accompanying her favourite to the battle. However, it is neither a Victory nor a Minerva; and Juno has nothing to do with battles.

Now as to *the colossal horse from the quadriga.* Mr. Newton supposed the two great fragments to be pieces of one and the same animal; but they undoubtedly belong to two horses, as they are not exactly equal in size. The fore part of a larger horse is broken at the withers, and this animal probably was made of one block of marble; but the hind quarters of the other horse had been joined by its artist already to a lost fore part by metal clamps, of which the sockets are still traceable in this piece, but not in the corresponding fore part of the other horse. This hind part had likewise, like the rearing horse of the equestrian statue, an artificial support under the belly. Two hoofs still extant belong to the bigger animal, but the tail to the smaller; the tail is much broken, as it had been immured in a Turkish garden-wall. The large fore part belonged to a horse standing on the right side of the pole; for the body, as is also seen in the movement of the head, bends slightly to the left. So it seems that two horses of larger size stood on either side of the pole, two slightly smaller ones on the outer sides. Resting on this evidence, the two pieces in the Museum have indeed been combined so as to form one body, but a gap is left uncemented between them. What is wanting of the legs, they are now restoring in plaster. The chest shows a band, which is attached to another running over the withers: so it is undoubtedly a chariot horse, which may also be gathered by its breed; without being heavy, it is fuller in the limbs than most riding horses in Grecian sculpture. The bronze bit, with a piece of the trapping of the same metal and a fine *rosette*, is still between its teeth; so we may suppose that the reins likewise were made of brass. Comparing the head with the celebrated horse-heads from the Parthenon, the difference is striking: those from the Parthenon are ideal, that from the Mausoleum imitates nature. Instead of the large, flat, and as it were skull-like levels on the

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head of the Athenian horse, that of Pythis has the round outlines of life. Again, when we draw a parallel with the colossal horses from Monte Cavallo, which belong to the somewhat later Macedonian period, their movement is stronger, their striving after effect more violent, but in faithfulness to nature the horse of Pythis beats them. The treatment is withal very broad and masterly; the execution of the surface of the marble, as was quite convenient for statues seen at the height of 140 feet, is less polished and elaborate than in the human statues destined to be seen from a less distance.

Finally, the *statue of Mausolus himself*, in tunic and cloak, standing upright in a quiet and dignified position, has been reconstructed out of upwards of fifty pieces, and is now complete, excepting the hind part of the head, the arms, and one foot. The bearing of the arms, however, may be fully ascertained. Down the right hip the garment lies round the body in uninterrupted folds. The right arm was uplifted, and held the reins not without some effort; for the body rests on the right leg, and the left knee bends a little. A cloak of a heavy stuff (a *ἱμάτιον*) is fixed over the left shoulder; descending from the back to the right hip, it covers the chest and abdomen like a Scotch plaid, and is gathered under the left arm, which seems to have held it tight to the body; at last the cloak falls down the left hip, its end being indicated by a small knob. The piece of drapery, as a whole, with its bold broad folds, challenges nature herself.

This statue combines with admirable skill an ideal tendency with the truthfulness of a portrait. It is a handsome and intelligent countenance, but not distinguished; no doubt a true portrait. The hair rises from the middle of the forehead, as we see it in the heads of Jupiter; but the forehead itself remains low withal. The long curls, coming down in such profusion that no ear is visible, have lost their lower points. A beard, complete, but cropped very short, shades the cheeks and chin; only the moustache is full and uncut. As this statue was wrought about the year 350, it is perhaps the oldest of Greek portrait-statues extant. Standing in a fearless attitude upon the giddy top of the quadriga, the man must have appeared exactly as he is characterised in the proud words lent to him by Lucian,—"Handsome and tall I was in life, and valiant in battle." Not great in mind and character, and exercising no influence that lasted through centuries, his name has yet become immortal through the love of a woman.

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## Art. IV.—WOMAN.

*Industrial and Social Position of Women in the Middle and Lower Ranks.* London: Chapman and Hall, 1857.

*The Influence of Women on the Progress of Knowledge.* By Henry Thomas Buckle. "Fraser's Magazine," April 1858. London: J. W. Parker and Son.

*The Englishwoman's Journal.* London, 1858.

*Remarks on the Education of Girls.* By Bessie Rayner Parkes. Third edition. London: John Chapman, 1856.

*Woman and her Wishes:* an Essay inscribed to the Massachusetts Constitutional Convention. By Thomas Wentworth Higginson. London: John Chapman, 1854.

*The Right of Women to exercise the Elective Franchise.* By Justitia. London: John Chapman, 1855.

The influence of women on modern European society, Mr. Buckle tells us, has, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. We presume the influence of men has also, on the whole, been extremely beneficial. Yet it would seem odd to urge this. What is the origin of this curious habit, by which we so often speak and think of women as something outside of general humanity, or at least a lesser distinguishable part, whose relation to the whole may be made the subject of estimate? Are they not in reality human society as much as men are? If one looks at the subject with a fresh sudden glance, it seems as strange to speak of women exercising a beneficial influence on society as of the branches and leaves exercising a beneficial influence on the tree. Yet a mode of speech so universal, and of antiquity so undated, must have some true basis. "Man" cannot mean both men and women for nothing; and mean it in all times and all languages. Does this expression imply that the nature of the man comprehends, includes within it, that of the woman? Not this probably; but it does imply that society ever since the world began has received its characteristic nature and distinctive impress, not from the women, but from the men who helped to compose it. It does imply, and the world's history confirms it, that the collective body of men are in their nature more strong, more vigorous, more comprehensive, more complete in themselves, than the collective body of women. It is of no use screaming about it; the irrefragable fact remains. It is idle to say it is all owing to the defective education you give us. Why not have secured a higher education? It is no answer to cry, it all depends on your advantage in mere physical strength; for to say so admits the fact, and gives an inadequate reason for it.

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Why tell us of Semiramis and Maria Theresa, of Vittoria Colonna and Mrs. Browning, of Mrs. Somerville and Miss Martineau, down to Brynhilda who tied up King Gunther and Captain Betsey who commands the Scotch brig Cleotus? These great names, which shoot so high, serve but to measure the average growth. Against the great fact of subordination of place in the world's history, however, is to be placed another fact not less marked and important, that the upward progress of the race has always been accompanied by a commensurate increase in the influence of women. The fact to which Mr. Buckle calls attention, that in the palmiest days of Athens the influence of women was at a minimum, is strictly in accordance with the purely intellectual, and therefore narrow, though brilliant civilisation to which alone the Greek mind attained. It serves to show how large a part of intellectual cultivation may be independent of the woman, and how incomplete in such independence are its loftiest achievements. Mr. Buckle, with his narrow theory of civilisation, rests the matter too purely on considerations of intellectual conformation; yet it can scarcely be denied that the influence of women is less at the present day than it was before the advent of what may be called the scientific age, that our material civilisation is the result of effort and mental activity of a more specially masculine kind. Both our forms of thought and our habits of industrial life have become too narrow and engrossing: and this defect may fairly be attributed (in some degree at least) to the fact that the quick advance and strong leaning in one direction of the men's minds has separated them by a sort of chasm from the women; and depriving them of the softening and enlarging influence of the closer companionship of the latter, has left these too with inadequate resources for the full development of their faculties and natures.

It is the women themselves who have first become conscious of this; who have felt their wants and their comparative isolation. They have been moved, indeed, by a practical pinch. A denser population, a keener competition for the means of livelihood, thence marriages later and proportionably fewer; the disuse, through superior manufacturing facilities, of a large mass of domestic industry,—have at once limited their home avocations and cast them more upon their own resources. They cry for larger opportunities of employment, for means of subsistence less precarious than those they now possess: but they ask also for an enlarged education, for freer scope for their powers, and for a closer interest and sympathy in the intellectual pursuits and practical concerns of men.

It has been pointed out by the author of *The Industrial Condition of Women*, that this gap prevails more in the middle,

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especially the manufacturing and commercial classes, than in the higher or lower ones; and this is consistent with the hypothesis of its being connected with the rapid development of what may be called our material industry.

The defects of our present social condition with respect to the education and position of women, are real and important; the suggestion of remedies most difficult. The question is so complex, casts its fine and intertangled roots so deep into the groundwork of all our political, social, and domestic *status;* the elements it deals with are so fundamental, and the region is one in which it is so impossible to prophesy the results or limit the consequences of the changes,—that to approach it at all is disheartening to any mind capable of perceiving the mere outline of its bearings; and thoroughly to investigate it would require a comprehensiveness of grasp, a delicacy, and a patience in the intellect attempting it, which is rarely granted to the children of men. The collision of many minds, and still more the experience wrung from many misdirected efforts, will doubtless eventually educe a more or less complete and successful solution of the problem. Meanwhile it is not surprising that most minds shrink from it; and that men especially, not perceiving how deeply their own interests are engaged, and urged by no immediate practical stimulant, for the most part push the whole question impatiently aside, and, with a dim impression that their domestic comforts are endangered, hold by the old maxim, *quieta non movere.*

> "For points obscure are of small use to learn,
> But common quiet is mankind's concern."

They tremble at the bare suggestion, that the delicacy, purity, and self-forgetfulness which shine about them, and restore and console them in their coarse and sharp conflicts with the world and circumstance, are about to be lost to them. When they are told that women are like men, they know too surely that it is otherwise, and feel deeply that nothing more fatal could happen than that they should become so. The wiser women, too, see the extent and difficulty of the subject, and prefer to occupy themselves with practical effort directed to the outlying portions of it which lie within their reach. Thus the matter, as is usual with a new and complex subject of reform, falls into the hands of the more shallow and *doctrinaire* minds of either sex; wild projects and untenable theories are vented, and met on the other side by undiscriminating sarcasm and ridicule.

It seems strange at first sight that women themselves, and their warmest advocates of modern days, should rather choose to urge the contest for extended freedom and a larger scope in the management of the world's affairs from the basis of the false idea

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of woman's equality with and similarity to man, instead of the inexpugnable position of her real nature, and the claims which it gives her and the duties it demands from her. The reason, however, is pretty obvious. The advance from the latter position would be too slow: progress thence must be made not by the demand of assent to sweeping assertions and all-embracing principles, but step by step, as practical wants, proved advantages, and safe means prepare and open the way. It is far more tempting to be a brilliant intellectual pioneer, levelling the hills and making straight the ways, than one of those quiet engineers of the world's progress who make roads bit by bit, as the occasion for them arrives, and never care to lay them down until there is a certainty that they will be used, and profitably used. The rights-of-woman question is in much the same position now that the rights-of-man question was in the days of Tom Paine. Society reconstructed on the basis of the rights of woman as urged in their full extent, would be in a yet worse position than if we framed new schemes of government on the theory of the natural equality of men.

It is a pleasant exercise of the imagination to rearrange the world on an hypothesis of what woman would be if her course of training and mode of life were entirely altered. The effect of this some bold assertors maintain would be so complete, that (except during her confinements,—if she should foolishly expose herself to such an impediment to her usefulness) she would be in every respect identical with man. Others hold that she would be distinguished from him by retaining all her own superiority, while she absorbed all his special attributes. She would be more chaste, more refined, more virtuous, more religious; not less bold, persevering, thoughtful, and comprehensive. These are engaging speculations, and we will not be rash enough to discuss what the future may have in store:

> "Heaven from all creatures hides the book of Fate,
> All but the page prescribed,—their present state."

All we wish to call attention to is the fact, that the main object for our attention is women as they are, not women as they are not.

That hitherto women have ever been different from men, has not been very seriously disputed; and the vast number of instances in which their several characters approach, intermingle, and even interchange, has not been held either by profound thinkers or agricultural labourers to efface, or even to obscure, the permanent distinctions of sex:

> "If black and white blend, soften and unite
> A thousand ways, is there no black and white?"

Probably the agricultural labourer has the best of it in the clearness of his conviction as to the reality of the distinction: the

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thinker, in trying to eliminate what is common, and appreciate the exact nature of the differences, gets hopelessly bewildered among the grays, and loses all clear perception of the two original colours. Meanwhile the labourer knows from daily experience that he is not the same sort of creature as his wife.

Are the minds of women, however, different from those of men? The indignation with which this is so often denied seems to indicate a deeply fixed impression that the male type of mind, or what passes for such, is the higher in order and the most to be desired. We are not quite sure that this is so; and, on the other hand, we are pretty confident that there are real and deep-seated distinctions between the two classes of minds. Mr. Buckle says women have more deductive intellects than men. Whether they more often reason deductively than inductively depends a good deal on the vexed question whether it is by induction they get their general ideas. But few will be disposed to deny that they resort to general ideas more readily and generally than men do, and lean upon them with greater confidence.

The most obvious characteristics of the feminine intellect are delicacy of perceptive power and rapidity of movement. A woman sees a thousand things which escape a man. Physically even she is quicker sighted. A girl is a better bird-nester than a boy: a woman marks a thing which passes over a man's eye too rapidly for him to perceive it. Mentally she takes in many more impressions in the same time than a man does. A woman will have mastered the minutest details in another woman's dress, and noted all the evidences of character in her face, before a man who has been equally occupied in examining her knows the details of her features. And the "fine and nimble minds," as Mr. Buckle eloquently calls them, of the other sex, not only note rapidly, but with not less swiftness of movement they work out results. Mr. Buckle is no doubt right in the kind of influence he ascribes to the intellect of women, and has done them no more than justice in the wide scope he has given to its range, and the high place he has assigned to its importance. It may be questioned, however, whether he is very correct in saying that the value of the female intellect to the advancement of knowledge springs from its deductive character. It is not as deductive reasoners that women have advanced the conquests of thought. They have never signalised themselves by a methodic and skilfully executed inroad on the surrounding realms of ignorance such as those of Newton or Liebig. Of the three constituent processes which Mr. Mill describes as making up the deductive method, it is in its contributions to the first (if that be a process) that the female mind is best calculated to be of service. It is valuable not so much in conducting deductive operations as in

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furnishing and suggesting the materials for deductive thought. It is an inexhaustible fountain of those general ideas (whether derived from induction or not) on which deductive reasoning is based; but it rarely employs itself in an exhaustive inquiry as to the operation or consequences of that general idea. Its habit is to use it for the elucidation of some particular simple case within it, and then to cast it aside. A woman's mind is probably not less occupied in induction than in deduction. It is constantly ascending with rapidity from few facts to a general idea, and coming down on a particular. A man's mind ascends slowly through many particulars; but having gained the broader platform, he endeavours to master all that can be seen from it. The question of the extent of women's inductive exercise of mind depends upon the vexed question how far the ideas they strike out with so much fecundity are the result of unconscious induction or simple insight: but either they have a marvellous lightning-like faculty of induction, or a perhaps still more inexplicable one of direct mental insight. Whatever range, however, we may ascribe to this latter faculty, it still remains certain that women are incessant and rapid generalisers, and also often hasty and rash ones. The nature of their imagination tends in the same direction. It is not perhaps so comprehensive as that of man; it has not the same power of at once presenting a subject vividly, and holding it steadily and continuously before the mind; it is not perhaps so searching: but it is much quicker in its movements, and in much more constant operation; it is far more of an every-day working faculty, and far more universally used by women than by men as a ministrant in the operation of thought. Hitherto, however, the former have rarely, if ever, struck out by its aid any of those brilliant theories by which men of genius seize a truth yet hidden from and undreamt of by common minds, and cut with one fine bold stroke many a Gordian knot of knowledge. They use it to inquire what they are to do to-day and to-morrow,—to read the hearts and to calculate the actions of those around them.

If we were called upon to indicate the most marked and deep-seated distinction between the minds of men and women, we should say that the minds of men rested in generals and were stored with particulars, and that the minds of women rested in particulars and were prolific in general ideas. Men, it is said, are occupied with facts, and so they are; but it is the characteristic of the highest and most typically masculine intellects always to be pressing through facts on to the principle which binds them together, and to base their lives and practice on the results thus attained. Women, it is said, are always rushing into general ideas; so they are; but it is as a way to particular facts, and they

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move from and are guided by the special relations thus educed. The women, we repeat, base themselves on the general ideas, but move from the deduced fact; the men base themselves on the facts, and move from the deduced principle.

And the mind of a woman is more fluid, as it were, than that of a man; it moves more easily, and its operations have a less cohesive and permanent character. A woman thinks transiently, and in a hand-to-mouth sort of way. She makes a new observation and a new deduction for each case, and constantly also a new general idea. A man, less quick and less fertile, accumulates facts, collects them in classes, and combines them by principles; a woman's mind is a running stream, ever emptying itself and ever freshly supplied. She takes a bucketful when she wants it. A man's mind is a reservoir arranged to work a water-wheel. Women are scarcely less steady and persevering than men in the pursuit of practical ends: they are more full of resources and expedients; they have a greater appreciation of, and a far greater power of wielding, small and indirect influences—they have tact; but they do not discuss practical matters efficiently when met together; they become discursive, set larks and run hares; each is occupied with her own idea, and several speak together. They do the work excellently: they do not shine in the committee-room.

Connected with these distinctions is the fact that the knowledge of women is for the most part direct, unreferred, and unclassified; they differ from men in having far more varied, subtle, and numerous inlets to knowledge; and they rely upon these, and do not care to remember and arrange previous experience, as a man does. A lady will look a servant who comes to be hired in the face, and say he is not honest. She cannot tell you why she thinks so. She says she does not like his expression, she *feels* he is not honest,—no consideration would induce her to take him into her service. He has the best of characters, and you engage him: he robs you,—you may be quite sure he will do that. Years after another man comes: the same lady looks him in the face, and says he too is not honest; she says so again fresh from her mere insight, but you also say he is not honest. You say, I remember I had a servant with just the same look about him three years ago, and he robbed me. This is one great distinction of the female intellect; it walks directly and unconsciously, by more delicate insight and a more refined and more trusted intuition, to an end to which men's minds grope carefully and ploddingly along. Women have exercised a most beneficial influence in softening the hard and untruthful outline which knowledge is apt to assume in the hands of direct scientific observers and experimenters: they have prevented the casting aside of a

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mass of most valuable truth, which is too fine to be caught in the material sieve, and eludes the closest questioning of the microscope and the test-glass; which is allied with our passions, our feelings, and especially holds the fine boundary-line where mind and matter, sense and spirit, wave their floating and indistinguishable boundaries, and exercise their complex action and reaction. Women, acting faithfully on their intuitions in such things, and justified by the event, teach men also to rely upon them in their lives, to give them place in their philosophy; and incalculably widening, ennobling, and refining is the influence they have thus had upon what the world calls its knowledge. But their influence, like their knowledge, has been direct, immediate, applied to particular cases; and it has never, therefore, been very generally recognised, or moved in us the gratitude that is due from us.

The characteristics of the moral and spiritual nature of women are closely allied with those of their intellect. Their superiority in all that depends on intuition; their higher apprehension of and fuller life in personal relations, as distinguished both from material things and abstract ideas; their deeper power of influencing and greater dependence on individuals, as contrasted with a wider power exercised over numbers,—are too obvious not to have been often made the subject of remark.

It is an idle question which is the higher in creation when each is in an equal degree supplemental to the other; but if the point must be mooted, perhaps the following consideration may indicate the true solution:

If we glance through the various divisions of the animal kingdom, we shall find that the most perfect forms of each division are not those through which it passes into the class next above it. It is not the horse or the foxhound which treads on the heels of man, but the baboon; it is not the rose or the oak which stands on the verge of vegetable and animal life, but the fern or the sea-weed. Something is lost of the typical completeness of each class as it approaches the verge of that above it. The same is true of man; it is not necessarily the most healthy and highly developed specimen which is nearest a higher order of beings; and in the distinction of sexes, if man be the more perfect creature, woman is nearer to the angels. Woman is higher than man in her nature; she is less noble in the degree of self-control and independent responsibility imposed upon her. To man, with instincts less pure, intuitions less deep, sensibilities less fine, and a heart less faithful and unselfish, has been given a weightier charge—to be more entirely under his own control, to be more completely master of himself. Often has human existence been compared to the wide ocean, over which each winged

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ship of individual life struggles forward through storm and sunshine. Man sets the sail and leans over the wheel, bends his eye on the compass and the chart, questions the heavens of his place, and considers with anxious revolving mind what port it were best to seek and what course to make; asks even whether there be an ultimate haven and a pathway across the deep; and, bent on knowing rather than trusting, questions the silent unresponsive stars, and casts his lead in the fathomless ocean. But woman bears a loadstone in her breast, and, standing on the prow, gazes forward over the waves, and is drawn heavenward by some strong attraction. Devious gusts of passion blow her astray; and losing once her track, sudden and utter shipwreck on sunken rocks or sand too often awaits her; but originally she has but to be true to her highest instincts, and needs not nor cares to distract her mind with questionings of the event. Her nature is higher than man's; but man is set higher above his nature. To speak thus is of course to express, in unmodified language, the extreme tendencies of either sex. We do not mean that men have no instincts, or women no consciences, only that each is stronger and fuller in one direction than the other. And the differences between male and female consciences illustrate the same thing. The sense of duty, the instinct of right, has in itself no discriminating power; it simply asserts in its very action, whenever called into exercise, a higher claim to the obedience of the will than any other of our moving impulses. But it does not itself decide on a course of action, any more than hunger tells us what to eat. Conscience is the reason brought to bear on the sense of duty, rather say it is the verdict of the reason (using the word in its large sense) enforced by the sense of duty. In men destitute of judgment and force of character we sometimes see strange vagaries of the instinct of duty; and in women, in whom the reason is less comprehensive and less distinctly supreme over the impulses, the conscience is not less binding, but it is certainly less consistent than in men. It yields to personal considerations, it falls under the sway of the affections. You may see one woman morbidly conscientious in the discharge of some remote duty; and not only neglecting, as a man often does, others more near and more important, but incapable of being convinced that they are duties. You may see another in her ordinary intercourse with those around her utterly disregard all the claims of sincerity; yet there shall be some one whom she loves to whom she is as clear as day, and in intercourse with whom she would not only not conceal, but think it wicked to conceal or distort the least circumstance. Where women do feel a duty, however, they are generally more exact and scrupulous in the performance of it than men. Their sins are for the most part sins against higher impulses, the simple

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permission of a lower impulse to outweigh a higher one where the collision is so simple that the judgment has no place. A man feels more deeply a sin against his deliberate convictions; he throws the sins of impulse aside more lightly, especially if the temptation has been strong and sudden; but they weigh heavier on a woman, and they degrade her the more because her character does depend more on the unbroken strength of her higher impulses. Again, compassion to the individual is the woman's virtue, justice to all the man's. But there is no need to point out the familiar operation of the more instinctive nature of woman finding its life among personal relations; suffice it that out of these spring her gracious prerogative and happiest attribute—the power to live in others, through the affections to enjoy self-sacrifice, and, high above these, the faculty through love to discern and rest upon a personal God. We do not say that the influence of women has kept personal religion alive in the world; yet the truth lies not far from this; and certainly there are thousands of men who owe it to her alone that they have ever soared above a cold and stoical conscientiousness. This is a higher office than preaching, or legislating, or "inculcating ideas," or rivalling men in any of the more general but less profound influences they exercise over their fellows. In religious life, as elsewhere, the highest of all is not that which is specially masculine or feminine, but which unites the best of both, which is based on the most conscious and deliberate self-surrender of the will to the highest claims,—which vivifies conscience by love, and loves God because he is good.

There is a vast deal which women have taught men, and men have then taught the world; and which the men alone have had the credit for, because the woman's share is untraceable. But, cry some of our modern ladies, this is exactly what we wish to avoid; we can teach the world directly, and we *insist* on being allowed to do so. If our sphere has been hitherto more personal, it is because you have forced seclusion and restriction upon us. Educate us like yourselves, and we shall be competent to fill the same place as you do, and discharge the same duties. With extreme deference, we do not think this is quite so; we cannot believe, what is nowadays so broadly asserted, that the difference between the male and female intellect is due entirely to difference of education and circumstance, and that women, placed under the same conditions as men, would become men except in the bare physical distinctions of sex. If the education and lives of women have been so utterly obliterative of such important qualities, it seems strange they should have retained what they have got. No influences have succeeded in making them stupid, in destroying the spring and vivacity of their minds, their readi-

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ness, their facility, their abundant resource. Yet their education has been little, if at all, directed to foster these qualities more than those of reflection and comprehensive thought. Reverse the question. Do not men in innumerable instances develop the characteristic masculine intellect in all its force, totally irrespective of any training whatever: and is it supposed that any care, however sedulous, would make the mass of men rivals of the mass of women in those qualities which we have indicated as specially belonging to the latter? But it is fighting with shadows to combat such an assertion. The evidence of facts against it is scattered, minute, appealing in varied form to individual minds and experiences; but it is overwhelming to all but the most prejudiced minds. On the other hand, none will deny that much is due to education; nor can any limits be assigned *à priori* to the intellectual achievements of which a judicious training might make the female mind capable. We only say that men with equal advantages will go further in their own direction. The same pains bestowed on an average boy and girl, will not make the girl so patient and accurate an investigator as the boy; but neither will it give the boy so quick and suggestive a mind as that of the girl. There can be no doubt, however, that our modern system of female education does great injustice and injury to the subjects of it; part of education at least ought to be directed to preserving the balance of faculties. In saying this, we do not urge, as some have done, that its office is to create and maintain an equilibrium of powers, and that those which are naturally the most strong should be allowed to rest in the vain endeavour to place the weaker ones on a level with them; that because a boy has a taste for languages you should confine him to mathematics, or because he is a soldier by nature try to make him a clergyman by profession: the true rule probably is, to give by education the strongest propulsion in the direction in which a man naturally leans, provided it be a desirable one, and at the same time sedulously to guard against absolute deficiency in any other direction; to preserve an impetus, and to guard against an overbalance. We shall make nothing of attempting to make men of women; but there remains much to be done in opposition to a system which hems them so closely within certain limits of range, and urges them so exclusively along the distinctively feminine path. All honour to those who, without losing sight of insurmountable and ineffaceable distinctions, bend their practical efforts to giving a broader and completer character to the education of girls, and insist that they shall not be debarred from studies, and, above all, from modes of study, which strengthen and invigorate the reflective powers.

Those modern Amazons who insist upon setting up their sex



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as a separate class of beings, naturally at enmity with man, and by him unjustly subjugated and ignorantly tyrannised over, are fond of speaking of us as if we either followed a Machiavellian policy in keeping our wives and daughters ignorant, or as if as a matter of taste we preferred to associate with ignorant females that we may rejoice in our superiority. This is a mistake. No doubt Lieutenant Smith, skilled only in horses, does dislike a young lady to mention Dante; and Jones, who has contracted all he once knew into a familiarity with the prices and quality of cotton, trembles to be asked what Kepler's laws are; but it is an error to suppose that educated men prefer the society of uninformed women. Perhaps, indeed, there is no intellectual exercise so delightful, or so highly appreciated on either side, as the interchange of ideas between cultivated minds of the different sexes. From a female mind on a level with his own a man gathers much more that is new and interesting to him than from conversation with a fellow-man; he sees a new side of old ideas, and is presented with a thousand delicate suggestions beyond the reach of his own faculties; nay, often when his mind is saturated with knowledge which yet forms a turbid incoherent mass, the touch of a woman's mind, some hint—vague perhaps, but far-reaching—will make it shoot into sudden crystalline harmony. It is idle to say that men, whenever they are worthy of it, do not appreciate this sort of intercourse, that they do not consider it one of the highest pleasures of their lives. But they hate, and most justly hate, women who parade their knowledge and their cleverness for the gratification of their own vanity, who are so narrow-minded that they can talk nothing but information, and so indifferent to the sufferings of others as to obtrude it on them without regard to the occasion. Bores are selfish, callous, pachydermatous animals; and these qualities are peculiarly disagreeable in women. This is a class all agree to avoid; but that intellectual culture of the very highest order to which they can attain is not as good and as desirable for women as it is for men, none but those who are either narrow-minded, or themselves ignorant, will care to deny. Of course the pursuit of intellectual excellence must not in women interfere with higher and nearer duties; but neither must it do so in men; and the only real difference which exists is, that the natural pursuits of men make a severe training of the intellect and a complete stocking of the mind more universally and necessarily a duty with them than with women. Do any women complain of this? Much more justly might men regret that the arrangements of society and the necessities of life leave them so much less opportunity than women for the cultivation of the heart. The greatest deficiency in female education is, and ever has been,

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the absence of means for forming trained habits of thought; and it is impossible to say how much of the rash and desultory reasoning of women, and their want of amenableness to logical proof, is the result of their defective education. An opinion of female tact, insight into character, and instincts of management formed in the harems of the East, would not differ widely from one formed in the drawing-rooms of London; but the estimates of intellectual capacity made in the two places would vary as if made of two different kinds of creatures. The highest development of the human mind lies on the verge between the sexes; and though the main distinctions are permanent, it can scarcely be doubted that in the progress of civilisation they will be ever growing less marked and prominent: only we are apt to make the great mistake that all the improvement is to be in one direction, that the minds of women are always to be elevated and strengthened by making them more like those of men; whereas the fact is, that a great deal remains to be done for the intellects of men by making them more like those of women.

What is most needed in female education is not so much a change in the subjects towards which it is directed, at least in its better forms, as a change in its whole method. Men are taught books too much, and things too little; but women infinitely more so. The notion is still common that the most important part of knowledge consists in knowing what other men have said about things; to be familiar not with what is, but with what is printed. But girls are never taken past this step. The idea is never suggested to them that there are subjects of inquiry in the world, things about which the truth is to be found out, actual existences of which correct ideas are to be formed by the imagination and memory and reasoning powers. They are encouraged in the idea that history is what Mr. Hume has said, instead of being led to look back into the actual past, and to gather from every possible source an insight into its forms and conditions: they think geography lies in Butler's Atlas, and consists in being able to name rivers, or put your finger on a town in the map, instead of scanning the real physical contour and character of a country: they are left unacquainted with the most attractive aspects of science, or taught only a few particulars by rote: they can name the parts of a flower, and talk of calyx and corolla; but are they taught to study botany in their gardens, and to examine for themselves how plants live and grow? In astronomy a few perhaps can tell you the distance of the sun, or explain how the moon is eclipsed; but where will you find one, without some special advantages, who has looked on the heavens themselves, is familiar with the apparent motions of the sun and stars, and has some idea of the sort of reasoning by which the mighty results of the science have

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been obtained? If women (and men too) were taught to look straight at the subjects of inquiry, and not exclusively at their reflections in books,—if they studied less, and inquired more,—their minds would be in a very different state from what they are, their attention would be far more deeply engaged, the interest aroused would be much more profound and lively, and we should have fewer complaints of vacuous hours and destitution of mental occupation. It is much to be regretted that, for the most part, the education of girls ceases just at the time when the intellect is most alive and impressions the most deep and lasting; when the whole mind, first conscious of its real powers, is eager to test them, and presses with freshness and vigour into the realms of thought. Then we say, you have learned music and French; it is now time you should practise dancing and dinner-parties. Most of them cheerfully acquiesce in this new course of instruction, others of a higher bent grasp at some degree of wider cultivation. The aids for attaining it are certainly greater than they were, but they are still defective and very limited in their operation: it is only extraordinary minds which, when thrown on their own resources, have the perseverance and energy necessary for self-education, and it is next to impossible that any should perceive the necessity for, and observe the conditions of, strict intellectual training. Something has been done to remedy this defect by the higher ladies' colleges, which, if they be worked with a patience and wisdom worthy of the idea in which they originated, will prove the most remarkable and valuable educational feature of these times, and the highest possible boon to the women of the middle classes.

Another advantage of studying realities, and emancipating ourselves to some degree from the enervating prostration before print now so universal, would be, that individual minds having something of their own, there would be something to impart and gain in the intercourse between mind and mind. Conversation still exists, but only among those who have experience or ideas of their own. What is the use of hearing a person's disconnected and confused recollections of what you can buy all clear for a shilling? We think it easier to get information from a book than from a neighbour; but if the neighbour has information of his own it is different. Common subjects of intellectual interest make far better subject-matter for conversation and mental intercourse than reading a book together. The "art of conversation," we all know, has perished,—that is an old story; but all oral interchange of idea seems likely to go after it. We amuse ourselves with the pains taken to converse well by our forefathers, and think we have improved on all that; but the fact is, we have improved it away altogether; and after asking where you drove

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to-day, and what that fellow got for poaching, we "join the ladies." If we say any thing there, we ask them if they have seen A lately, or if they know B. But we need not say any thing. We knew a gentleman in past days who, when the company were gone, would draw his chair to the fire, and say, "Now let's be jolly, and not talk." Nowadays he might have been jolly all the evening. If a man will ask for our ideas on a subject, we put him off as briefly as possible: we have them, but we cannot be bored to explain them; it is a process we are not accustomed to. Even the young ladies are becoming brusque and monosyllabic. They say "ha, ha!" like the horse in the book of Job, and go on dancing. More is lost in this way—in readiness, accuracy, and what we may call general handiness of mind—than we think for. We have many more avenues to knowledge open to us than our fathers had; but the floating mass of thought and general activity of mind in modern society is certainly less proportionately to the ground which our research has covered than it was in the reign of George III. Both men and women of that day obtained much more intellectual exercise out of far more limited materials than we now possess. The ladies of that day had narrower educations, and were more engrossed in household details, than those of our own; but they had more activity of mind in proportion to their acquirements, and freer intellectual intercourse with men. We dare say nothing of our wives; but we cannot help thinking our mothers were more agreeable, more social, and enjoyed a more lively and genuine interchange of thought with the young fellows of their day, than our daughters do. Charming clever women, thank Heaven, still exist; but there was something very delightful about our grandmothers. Witness gentle Anne Elliot, and sensible spirited Elizabeth Bennett. One thing we may notice; there seems to have been a better balance than we now see between the mind and the feelings. Women indulge their feelings too much. They always were in danger of that; but now they ponder upon them. In the absence of external subjects of real interest, they employ their thoughts on their feelings, which are of real interest. They turn their nice observation and their imagination to the contemplation of the aspect and working of character viewed almost exclusively in this aspect. The justly-celebrated efforts of modern female novelists are all studies and representations of passions and sentiments. Characters are drawn and distinguished with exquisite discrimination and felicity, but only one side of human nature is developed. Above all, there is in many writers an exacerbation of moral sentiment, against which there must be a reaction, and which we fear will end in a return to the perusal of Dr. Franklin.

The theory of female education is somewhat perplexing, to

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say nothing of the practice. On the one hand is the idea, now somewhat worn out, that girls should be taught only what will make them useful in their homes, and agreeable to their husbands. The other extreme is represented, if not in its best, yet in its most exaggerated form, by Miss Bessie Rayner Parkes. She is extremely desirous that all young women should be taught every thing, and that immediately. She is urgent about it. "It appears most necessary," she says, "to open all subjects of thought to young women, and to facilitate their pursuit of all and any even to the farthest limits." There is often a confusion between learning and teaching. It is quite true that we have no right, even if we had the power, to limit by any arbitrary standard the mental activity and studious research of women; still more do we do them injustice if we attempt to cramp their stature with the idea of forming them so as to minister most perfectly to the supposed wishes and happiness of man. This is but a refined remnant of the institution of female slavery. The idea is as false as it is unjust that the best interests of the sexes are not compatible with one another, and of equal importance. The highest possible cultivation of the faculties of women ought clearly to be subjected to no artificial hindrances, either of law or conventional restraint. But education is a complex matter. We not only educe the powers, as Miss Parkes tells us, we direct them to ends; and, to a certain extent, we not only develop, we mould the character. If we find a little girl given to telling fibs, we do not foster that tendency; if we find her always poring over her books, or gossiping with Anna Maria in the corner about possible lovers, we send, or ought to send, her out to play. And if we attempt to mould character, and to educate the various powers, we must be guided by some notion of the conditions in which the former is to be placed, and the objects to which the latter are to be directed. And here arises a strong divergence of opinion. We say the sphere of woman is home, and her influence personal. Man, we say, finds his activity in the world, and moves minds in masses and from a distance. But while we acknowledge that it is good for men to cultivate the home affections, and draw closer his personal relations with others, we do not so readily acknowledge that it is well for women to have a sufficient field for their energies, and to exercise comprehensiveness of mind. This is a truth which would be more readily admitted if it were not so constantly distorted; if the claim made were for an extension of the woman's field, rather than one to usurp the field of man. When we see women urging their right to be attorneys, legislators, and militiamen, we sometimes wonder that the other sex are so patient of their deprivations, and so slow to urge claims which are surely as

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much founded in justice. Why have we not "Man's Right to the Nursery," by a Lieutenant in her Majesty's Foot-guards; or "A Claim to Lie-in," by a Templar? An Esquimaux gentleman once suckled a baby; it is but habit and neglected education which debars us all of this privilege.

The truth is obvious enough: women, as a class, can no more become men than men can become women. Doubtless there is for both sexes a common ground of thought and intellectual activity, a common ground of moral sentiment, and a common ground of practical work. It is there that human nature assumes its most perfect aspect; and the upward progress of mankind will probably continue to be marked, as it has hitherto been, by an increasing assimilation between the characters of the sexes and a closer approach to identity in their pursuits. But because the happiest land lies on the confines, it is the more necessary that the one should not pass over to the other. And there is no bitterer satire passed, or graver injustice done to women, than by those of their own sex who assume so passionately that every thing that is masculine must be desirable for women, and better than what they have of their own; and who quit the pleasant glories of their own seats, to sally out and snatch the most rugged and outlying bits of the territory of their neighbour man. Women must be true to their own high qualities and important duties, if they are to draw men up to themselves in those many points in which we are inferior to them; and men must cease egotistically to assume that they hold an incontestably higher place, and learn that it will benefit themselves in many respects to become more of women, and that the more they approach women on the higher side of their characters, the less danger there will be of their becoming effeminate, *i. e.* approaching them in their weaknesses. "Men," says a Westminster reviewer, "cannot retain manliness unless women acquire it." It is true, feeble women make feeble men, and *vice versâ;* but it is not true that the reverse of a feeble woman is a manly woman. A manly woman is a very feeble man, a feeble man is a manly woman. But a strong man is a strong man, and a strong woman is—strange as it may sound to the reviewer—a strong woman, and not the less a true woman, and very different from what we call a strong-minded one. A great deal of the false extreme to which the claim for women of male functions is pushed arises from its having sprung from the real wants of a certain class, and having been argued too exclusively from the position and point of view of its members. It is the common, though unexpressed, assumption of this body of female-right vindicators, that unmarried women and unprotected females constitute the sex; and that to meet their wants they have a

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right to demand that the arrangements of society shall be upset and remodelled. They have a right, and a very fair right, to demand that room shall be made for them in our social organisation, and may justly, to some extent, complain that, under our present arrangements, the avenues to occupation and the gaining of an independent livelihood are too much choked against them; but they have no right whatever to judge of the nature of all women, and the field of circumstance best adapted to them, according to the wants and ideas of this section of them. It should be remembered that of women these are the least truly women, and that it is most misleading to assume them as representatives of their sex. There are two ways in which women and men approach and modify one another. The one is where they are drawn together by the affections, where mutual sympathies, moral and intellectual, are aroused: "Les goûts se communiquent, les sentimens se repandent, les idées deviennent communes, les facultés intellectuelles se modèlent mutuellement." Yet so far are they from being merged in one another by this union, that each sex acquires from it its most complete and characteristic development; each gains from the other, and strengthens what it has best of its own; they approach not by abnegations, but by additions, each from the other, of what is necessary to raise either man or woman to the fullness of the perfect creature. Tennyson has said it the best:

> "For woman is not undevelopt man,
> But diverse: could we make her as the man,
> Sweet Love were slain: his dearest bond is this,
> Not like to like, but like in difference.
> Yet in the long years liker must they grow;
> The man be more of woman, she of man;
> He gain in sweetness and in moral height,
> Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the world;
> She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care,
> Nor lose the childlike in the larger mind;
> Till at last she set herself to man,
> Like perfect music unto noble words."

The other mode of approach is the reverse of this, where men brought up apart from women, and women debarred more or less from the society of men, lose not only the benefit of what each can give the other, but something of the truest characteristics of their own sex, which are not developed in their fullness and beauty except when the affections and sympathies, aroused by free intercourse, have their full play. These men and women approach on a sort of neutral ground. Such women are more of men than the others; but it is because they are less of women: the two grow like one another by respective loss, not by respective gain. Many things which these more neutral women may dare

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and do without injury, are not fitted for more real women. Many circumstances which will suit the one will not suit the other. If society can be arranged,—and doubtless, as far as the defectiveness of human arrangements will allow, it both can and ought to be,—so as to give free scope to both, this is what is most of all things to be desired; but if the two come into competition, it is clear which ought to receive the advantage. Yet almost invariably it is the position of the neutral class which is specially had in view, and to whose supposed wants changes are to be adapted. We do not say this is exclusively so, but we do say that the great mass of thought and disputation on this subject is imbued with this idea, and that many arguments professing to be adapted to the wants and position of all women are in reality only applicable to this portion of them; and often it is plainly said, "we do not care for wives and mothers—they are well provided for, they have husbands and children;" but husbands and fathers take an interest in this class of women, and they will naturally continue to look at the question almost too exclusively from this side. The real difficulty is, as to the influence to be brought to bear upon young women whose destiny in life is as yet undecided, of whom none can tell whether they are to encounter those perils of matrimony over which decadescent virgins sigh so affectingly, or are to enjoy what has been indulgently or ironically called the state of single blessedness. Are women to be brought up to be wives or unmarried independent women, or can an education be devised which will adapt them equally well to be either? If there can, this is the thing to be aimed at; but is this the thing which the more enlightened reprovers of what are pleasantly called female wrongs do aim at? Doubtless the education of girls has hitherto fallen short of both these aims, and confined itself in great measure to teaching them, not things most advantageous to themselves either in the married or unmarried state, but things adapted to get them married. Still the whole mass of social opinion about women, the conventional influences which surround and mould them, are mainly adapted to their position as wives and mothers. We are by no means disposed to deny that both the direct training of girls and the environment of opinion in which they live, might advantageously be in some degree altered so as to leave them with fuller resources to meet the demands and face the privations of unmarried life. But an excess in this direction is most of all things to be deprecated; and there is undoubtedly a growing body of opinion which favours this excess. It is constantly asserted, or implied, that all women ought to be educated as if they were men and were going to live as men, nay more, that the life of man is necessary to their complete education; you must, it is said, shut no avenue of knowledge to

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women, and debar them from no occupation through any false fear of soiling their purity or hardening their nature. Now if the woman is to be educated to fight the battle of life in the same ranks and under the same discipline as the man, she must no doubt learn early to fit herself for the roughnesses of the campaign; but if to the normal condition of a woman's life the freshest bloom of delicacy, the grace and depth of unvulgarised emotions, and a nature unhardened by the keen pursuit of selfish interests, are not only the highest crown, but the most necessary conditions of her highest function and influence, is it wise to endanger these at the outset? Two replies are made. It is said, woman is an earthly creature; and it is idle to strive after supermundane purity. Most true, only let us have a *quid pro quo*. If women are to be exposed to a larger extent than hitherto to the ruder and coarser influences of life, let us take what care we can that they lose no more than is necessary, and nothing without an adequate countervailing benefit. Again it is said, if woman be that pure and lofty being you describe her and would fain have her remain, raised by a holier and finer nature above the man, she may be fearlessly exposed to the same influences as he is, and will pass unsullied through them. But this is by no means so certain as it is assumed to be. Doubtless the innate delicacy and modesty of women is greater than that of men,—from this axiom we all start; but experience seems to prove that their finer bloom is more easily rubbed off. The stronger nature of man is better fitted for the ruder trials it has to undergo; contamination neither stains it so deeply nor leaves so permanent a mark. He is, as we have said, less dependent in his nature than woman, and daily we see men retrieving themselves from impressions and habits which must permanently have degraded a woman. Of course the man suffers loss; he can never be what he might have been had he been true to himself and placed under happier conditions; but undoubtedly he has more power of casting his slough than the woman has; and things which rub off his rough outside, sink into and decay the softer nature of a woman.

Let us not be misunderstood. We are not speaking of the contact of a higher nature with extraneous misery or debasement. When the divine affection of pity, or the yet higher resolve of duty, inspired by Christian charity and Christian patriotism, lead the way, Florence Nightingale and her band of nurses may walk with ministering hands through the loathsome hospitals of war, or Elizabeth Fry visit to redeem the vicious and polluted inmates of the prison; and a stain shall no more touch them than water cling to polished steel. It is of the evils of a competitive struggle we speak, with its temptations to selfish-

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ness, to dishonesty, to untruthfulness, its not easy reconcilement with modesty and self-forgetfulness; it is of the dangers which must necessarily, and undoubtedly do, hang about many of the avenues of knowledge. Ought women rashly to expose themselves to these? And there is danger that they venture rashly; extremes have a charm for them. There are signs enough of this in what advanced women write on education. They don't like the commonplace difficulties of the beginning, the patient training of intellect, which is what they most want. They prefer something easy and *outré*. Miss Parkes does so. We have cited her before as the advocate of teaching all things; we may cite her again to show that she really means to exclude all discrimination. She does, indeed, give Euclid a condescending half-contemptuous nod of approbation in passing. It is not, however, mathematics that she urges as a discipline for the tender and discursive intellect of young girls, nor the exact study of one of the completer languages, nor the methodic pursuit of some branch of natural science (indeed, these things do seem poor beside all knowledge); but she thinks that the subject of the relation of the sexes, which we are told includes in it "the passional influences of women," should certainly engage the attention of young women, and that it ought to be pursued with entire thoroughness; that granting this, it is preposterous to debar girls from "Chaucer and Dryden, Ben Jonson and Fielding," and they must be well grounded in "George Sand." We cannot help saying this is not only nonsense, but nonsense of a very unpleasant sort. It is difficult to say why Dryden and Jonson are named, except from a sort of wanton love of pushing the theory beyond all the limits assigned by decency and common sense. There is nothing in either of these authors that bears on the relations of the sexes, except perhaps some of the most unmitigatedly indecent parts of their plays; and to read these parts for the sake of the knowledge to be derived from them, would be as if a well-dressed woman should insist on wading up a sewer to secure a pin. Knowledge may be bought too dear, and we daily and most justly sacrifice the acquisition of it to higher considerations. Still it may be true that no research should be denied to a woman who is genuinely drawn towards it, self-responsible alone, and of mature mind. It may be true that the pure thirst for knowledge may carry her safe through even such a path; but the idea of *teaching* young girls to study the sexual relations with these works for text-books is excusable only under the assumption that the lady is a theorist who has not realised the working of her vague ideas. Practically her recommendation is not a very dangerous one. Few people would send their daughters to attend the lectures of the Professor of the Passional Influences who proposes to

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read George Sand with his pupils; instinct and experience have alike made plain the ruinous effect, to boys and girls alike, of stimulating feelings through the imagination before they have met a legitimate natural development and practical object.

Difficult as well as dangerous knowledge has a charm for Miss Parkes; any thing that is not simple and dull. "There is," she tells us, "one branch of education so important in itself, so admirable as a method of exact training, and so calculated to supply that lack of interest in large subjects for which women have been hitherto reproached, that it must receive specific mention,—it is the study of the Science of Social and Political Economy." We are desired to "take the three reasons for the pursuit of this study by women separately: Firstly, it is most important to that sex who are expected more and more to undertake the application of detailed relief for social ills. . . . . Secondly, another important reason consists in its excellence as a means of training the mind to attain power as an instrument, for which we so often hear the less daily applicable science of mathematics commended. . . . . Thirdly, this study is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the minds of young people. . . . . Once imbued with the theoretical principles of social welfare, women would soon learn to feel an active interest in the special application of those principles daily treated of in the public papers," &c. Much more of the same sort. Miss Parkes, however, is not responsible at first hand for the idea of teaching social science to the young. To us it seems a caricature of beginning at the end. That science which is of all others the most complex, the most difficult, and the least ascertained, is recommended as a whetstone to the intellects of boys and girls. The real fact is, that you may get them to learn its more obvious principles by rote, but that not one in a hundred of mature minds is competent to appreciate even its difficulties and shortcomings. To recommend it as a training for young people, is as if the ascent of Mont Blanc should be recommended for teaching babies to walk. First, it is important to children who will be expected to walk up-hill; secondly, it is excellent as a means of training the legs as an instrument of progression; thirdly, it is perhaps the most thorough help in developing the bodies of little people. We are not saying that women ought not to study political economy and social science, that they are incapable of comprehending it as far as it is settled, and of furnishing new ideas for its greater fixity and extension; we do not say that minds, though young, should not, if already trained to steady thought, occupy themselves with its difficult problems: we only say that it is of all things the most preposterous to attempt to use it for either sex as an instrument for

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early training of the intellect instead of such things as arithmetic and geometry. The preponderating place assigned to it, and the idea of its serving as a substitute for mathematics, indicate truly the feminine tendency to give the slip to those duller things in which girls really most want training, and to substitute for them something which shall be immediately interesting and admit of endless discussion.

It is not our object here to enter upon the question of non-domestic employment for women in its economical bearings. It is enough to say in passing, that the objection based on the tendency of their interference to lower the wages of male labour is untenable. The social and educational influences of such employment has, however, received an elaborate treatment in one of the books before us; and may properly give occasion for a few remarks in pursuance of what we have said above. The author is in earnest; but is too apt to think that this entitles him to be prosy and interminable. He sometimes over-states his facts, and often over-strains his arguments; but he has patiently and carefully gathered his subject-matter together, and treats it with vigour and not without occasional eloquence. Many of his observations commend themselves by their truth and appropriateness; but we cannot help thinking that his main views are pushed to an extreme which deprives them of truth and value. He complains, and justly, of the distinction which so early takes place between the studies of boys and girls, of social conventions which limit their free intercourse, of the ever-widening divergence of intellectual culture, especially in the middle classes, and of the too-frequent perishing of all mental sympathy and intercourse of thought through pure inanition or want of common grounds of interest. But he is not less eloquent in his description of the evil than he is confident in his proposal of a remedy. The women must join the men in their work. Men and women of the higher classes, says our author, lead a life of leisure, and sympathise on the common ground of their amusements; men and women of the lower classes meet on the ground of their common labour. The men of the middle classes stand apart from the women; they are wrapped up in industry; all their ideas and their whole life are bound up in it; and before the women can enter into their feelings and share their thoughts, they too must be absorbed in industrial occupation. For this purpose it is that woman is to be educated, that she is to study science, that she is to mingle in the struggle of life; that she may be able to talk shop to her husband; that she may share the narrow-mindedness from which in reality it is her sphere to elevate him. His idea is that this is an industrial age, and that until the women are industrial too

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they will have no sufficient common interests with the men. He thinks if women thronged the markets and the exchanges, overlooked the mills, navigated the ships, they would have something to talk about to their brothers and husbands, and that men and women would cease to occupy different corners of the room at evening parties. He thinks public spirit would increase; and that there would be fewer bankruptcies if ladies made up their husbands' ledgers. If young people would discuss the price of stocks and the prospects of the iron-trade, there would be less idle flirtation, and proposals for marriage would be based upon more solid grounds of preference than "a fascinating manner or a taking look," which he assumes to be their sole foundation as things are now arranged.

Man, we are told, comes in jaded and harassed with the cares of the day, and wearied by incessant occupation in practical affairs. What does he want? Rest. Yes; but rather intellectual relaxation. Strange remedy, to provide him a wife and daughters who shall be able to discuss with him the chances of Great-Westerns recovering, or calculate the price at which it is safe to invest in leasehold houses: there being ladies too who, it is to be remembered, ought to come in equally jaded with himself.

Strange compliment to the woman is the tacit assumption which prevails throughout the book, and which we have before censured for its injustice, that the most flattering tribute to her capacity is to assume that she can do all that man can; and that the very highest elevation of her destiny is to be permitted to share in his functions, and to go down and partake the vicissitudes of his worldly career. Is this her place and her function? Is this sort of common labour the true ground of union? It is true, many men of the middle class are entirely devoted to "industrial occupation," by which the writer simply means the industrious pursuit of wealth; true that their whole activity, physical and mental, is apt to become absorbed in this occupation, and that they allow themselves no room for relaxation of mind, scarcely even for rest. The writer states it still more strongly, more strongly perhaps than is true: but it is true that there is a tendency to excessive engrossment in "business;" and this not only among those with whom it is a real and necessary struggle for existence, but among others with whom it is only the gratification of ambition or the adherence to habit. And it is, we are told, because the women do not join in all this that there is a want of sympathy between them and the men, isolation, and so on. But, we may be allowed to ask, is this a state of things in itself desirable; or is it a danger, to contend against which we should jealously preserve every influence we possess? Is it not

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rather to be wished that men should aim at a scope of thought beyond the details of their daily avocations; that they should be familiar with higher interests, and think them worth some sacrifice of small ambitions; and that they should seek their relaxation from the unavoidable labour of earning a livelihood, not in talking over their pursuits, or in a state of mental stupefaction like that of an over-gorged boa-constrictor, but in a change of mental pursuits which may give increased width and power to the mind, and may at once refresh and animate? If it be unwise for a lawyer to associate only with lawyers, priests with priests, and women with women,—if college dons grow dull and narrow, and tradesmen ineffectually muddle their brains in their clubs,—then it surely must be unwise to carry into our homes the atmosphere of our shops.

Then the old idea is still true, that it is just in her position, aloof in some degree from the sweat and turmoil of life, from the harassing and exhausting struggles of daily bread-winning, that the woman finds her truest sphere. The deeper the man is drawn into the strife, the more important it is that the woman should stand outside it: then, when the day's work is over, she helps him to rise into a higher atmosphere; then it should be his endeavour to draw near to her. But to profit fully by the opportunities which intercourse with women affords for clearing our mental weather and elevating and refining our tone of thought, we must strive on our side to approach them, to gain something of their facility of apprehension, their power of holding the thought lightly in hand, of using the intellect readily and gracefully, and on subjects close at hand and not necessarily either immediately useful or immensely important; we must get rid of the notion that they are always wrong when they move too fast for us, and that they were created to be defeated in argument and to be reproached for not seeing they are defeated. We must cease to claim a superiority for having once known and since forgotten Greek and Latin, and learn how much food for discussion and intellectual intercourse is to be found in the literature of modern Europe. Women perhaps study accomplishments too much; men—Englishmen at least—certainly study them too little. It is all very well for Thompson to think he is solid, and above that sort of thing; the wife of his bosom knows and assiduously conceals the real fact that he is stupid and unequal to it. Brown is a reserved Briton; that is, he is totally incapable of conversation. Most Englishmen are disgracefully ignorant of music. It is not because they have no time that married women give up "playing;" it is because their husbands are quite unable to appreciate it, and take no real pleasure in it.

The fact is, that in the industrial classes of the middle rank

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education is equally defective among the men as among the women; and it is the want of cultivation and width of mind on both sides which narrows their intercourse. It is urged, however, that the men have an education in their industrial lives, that their thoughts and ideas must be rooted in their practical occupations, and that it is only through these that they will or can ascend up to a wider range; and that the women should have the same experience, and walk step for step with them. The former part of the proposition may be true, and doubtless often is true, of self-raised circumstance-taught men; but it decidedly *ought* not to be true of men who have, or possibly can have, secured to them the advantage of external education. Such men ought to possess and tenaciously to keep their hold upon intellectual resources and interests apart from the groove of their daily occupations, and perhaps as widely as possible contrasted with these; and it is in the society of women (not necessarily, as it is too apt to be presumed, those of their own family) that they will most naturally seek and most effectually find support and assistance. Nor is it necessary even for the discussion of business itself, when occasion calls for it, that a sensible woman should ever have been familiar with its details; still less is this necessary to the exchange of thought on questions of social economy or politics, in which, though women will rarely broach wide views of their own, they will often suggest considerations which will very much widen the views of men. It is said that the habitual intervention of women in business would soften its asperities and raise its morality. We don't the least believe this. *A priori*, we should say that the disposition of women to give too high a place to the personal interests with which matters are interwoven, and to attach an exaggerated importance to the aspects of things immediately before them, would make them less scrupulous in pushing advantages, and less constantly open to the claims of justice and the interests of long-sighted prudence. And does not experience prove the same thing? Do not business-women as a rule exaggerate the defects of business-men? Are not fishwomen worse than fishmen,—female lodging-house keepers worse than male ones? Widows are bad; but if you would not be stripped alive, avoid a female orphan. Is not what is called a clever woman of business the most difficult and most disagreeable person to deal with in the whole world? Is not the whole position of antagonistic relations and contest for advantage with the other sex the most perilous to delicacy and simple-mindedness into which a woman can enter? The scolding of the house is bad, but that of the market is worse; the coquetry of the ball-room is more fashionable than desirable, but what shall we say of the coquetry of a bargain and sale?—

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Fanny using her fine eyes to sell sea-island cotton to advantage, or Georgy offering you a very white hand to seal terms which, but for the sake of pressing it, you would never dream of accepting! A well-principled upholder of the rights of woman says of course, Fie! such things are impossible. We grieve to say they are not; and what is proposed is not only that elderly creatures with peaked noses and coal-scuttle bonnets should join in the struggle, but that the world of industry should be equally open to, and frequented by, all women as it is by all men, with one single exception, made by the less thorough-going advocates of the change,—the case of mothers with large families of small children and no nursemaids.

We are strongly of opinion, then, that there are many phases of the life of industry totally unfitted for women to enter on; and that, so far from its being to be desired that she should mingle in and understand by experience the difficulties with which many men have to contend, it is to be wished that her atmosphere should be as serene and her growth as unwarped as the conditions of humanity will allow. On the other hand, we yet more strongly deprecate any thing in the nature of a cloisteral seclusion or an enforced idleness. We believe practical life, employment in affairs of some kind or other, to be essential to the healthy condition and just development of every individual, male or female; and we do believe that the number of unmarried women in modern society requires a wider field of industry than the middle classes at least have hitherto had opened to them. To discuss what this field is to be, would be a long and not very profitable task. It is a question which will decide itself. The advantages seem to point in the direction of some of the many branches of manufacturing occupation, especially those which can be carried on at home, and with the least exposure and publicity. For we do assert, and most strongly, that there is a multitude of avocations which, in the present condition of the world, are totally unfitted for woman; and that it will require a nice discrimination and cautious judgment to select those in which she is most competent to succeed, and which are most in consonance with her nature as it is, not as it is presumed it may become, and with what, notwithstanding Amazonian sneers, we still with Mr. Tennyson believe to subsist,—her "distinctive womanhood."

They are happiest, and will ever remain so, who can find a place for their activity in administering, or helping to administer, a household; and we do not hesitate to say, in spite of the most enlightened remonstrance, not only that this occupation is more healthy and natural to a woman, but that it is in reality a broader field, calls forth more faculties, and exercises and disci-



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plines them more perfectly, than ninety-nine out of a hundred of the industrial avocations out of doors. It is only in the higher branches of superintendence and conduct of business that any thing like it can be obtained. Women are in a position to suffer much less than men by the excessive division of labour and the narrowing influence it tends to exert. The greater part of them have a sphere in their own homes which calls for more varied faculties and higher powers than the unvaried task of the factory or the workshop. Every woman must govern more or less in her own house, or ought to do so; and to govern is not an easy thing, nor are servants and children the easiest things to govern. But the nature of women specially adapts them to govern; not, indeed, by a wise and far-sighted application of general ideas, but by choice of able ministers or immediate contact with the persons governed. Many women, even those whose minds are entirely uncultivated, show a power and a breadth of capacity in administering their households, and controlling into harmony difficult tempers and unruly wills, which few men could rival.

Something we had proposed to have said on the "political rights of women;" but have left ourselves too little either of time or space. Yet we will not conceal our conviction, that if there be two functions for which women are less specially fitted than any others, they are those of the judge and the legislator. If women are indeed only men a little weaker in the body, as "Justitia" maintains in a dogmatic little pamphlet on this subject adorned with a singular apparatus of false logic, then we can understand their entering into direct competition with us, and that the right to vote and legislate is one they may justly claim. If, however, they be really different, and adapted to a sphere of life and action mingling indeed with ours but essentially differing from it, then the question is a more difficult one. It depends upon whether the exercise of such functions would aid the woman's more complete development, and be consistent with the best interests of the whole society. The argument on these questions cannot be compressed into very short space. All we can say is, that women seem to us to have more to lose than to gain by entering in their own right into the political arena; and that, constituted as they now are, and before they have passed through the great transformation they promise us, a large admission of the female element into legislation would probably carry further than any society has yet experienced the special evils of democratic government,—its hasty impulsiveness, its rash action, its discords, its unscrupulousness, and its instability. And yet who shall be bold enough to say that the English constitution shall not, with its slow all-assimilating power, find some safe practical method of including by degrees a portion of direct feminine action? As

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far as representation goes, it is certain that women possess, from their personal relations permeating all classes, an absolute security that their ideas and wishes shall be taken into account. If in some respects they continue in a position of social disadvantage, it is because they have themselves chosen to acquiesce in it and fostered the conventional tone of thought and feeling in which it is based. The sincere desires of any large number of the real women in the country necessarily secure immediate attention, and certainly exercise at least their full share of influence over the action of the men. For women to say they are unrepresented, is as if the sugar in the tea should complain that it was not tasted.

Our observations have been directed not to any attempt to discuss the particular claims made for extension of the sphere of women's action; but to draw attention to the false ideas on which such claims are based by what may be called the more neuter members of the sex and their adherents. Two of these ideas may be selected as most commonly put forward, most evil in their results, and most intrinsically untrue. These are, the idea that women are to be considered as forming a distinct class in society, which ought to possess a distinctive class action and a peculiar class position; and the idea that if they are not men, it is only by some great injustice which demands instant remedy, and that the object of their highest ambition should be a successful rivalry in the masculine career.

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## Art. V.—RUSSIAN LITERATURE AND ALEXANDER PUSHKIN.

*Sotchinenia A. Pushkina, isdanie Anenkova.* (*The Works of A. Pushkin, edited by Anenkov.*) 7 vols. St. Petersburg, 1854-1857.

*Gedichte von Alexander Pushkin, übersetzt von Friedrich Bodenstedt.* (*The Poems of Alexander Pushkin, translated into German by F. Bodenstedt.*) Berlin, 1854.

*Du Développement des Idées révolutionnaires en Russie.* Par Alexander Herzen. Deuxième édition. Londres, 1853.

The time has now certainly arrived for the English public to become better acquainted with Russian literature and its most prominent representatives. During the reign of Nicholas, the Russian empire was so entirely shut out from the Western world, that its presence was scarcely recognized in Europe save

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by the constant pressure of its foreign policy. It was little known how far the development of an inner intellectual life amongst the Russians had proceeded. But a few years have elapsed since two or three books on Russia, and a few translations of original Russian works, told us for the first time that such a literature existed. Since that period, or in other words since the death of Nicholas, Russia has made rapid progress; and her institutions, habits, and peculiarities begin to be almost as familiar to us as those of any other European state. Her literature alone is still almost unknown to us. Very excellent translations of some of its masterpieces have been rendered into German, others into French, and some few into English. The world, however, and particularly the English public, require a more detailed knowledge of the authors themselves, of their chief intellectual characteristics, of the position they occupy in the estimation of their country, of the nature of their works, and of the links which connect them with the history of their people.

The development of modern Russian literature dates from the second half of the last century; and in the period that has elapsed between that time and the first half of the present century, we may distinguish three different stages. The first stage is marked by the separation of the Russian book-language from the clerical Sclavonian idiom. The chief promoter of this important work was Lomonossoff, a man of almost universal genius. It is due mainly to his efforts that the exclusively learned character of the language, and the multitude of foreign expressions introduced by the foreign culture of the eighteenth century, were assimilated with a more national element, and harmonised into a language in which, for the first time, the Russians learned to enjoy their native idiom. Even this, however, was not exactly the living language, not properly and typically Russian; and the Russian literature of the eighteenth century was still the monopoly of a few cultivated men, and had not yet acquired a marked influence upon society. It was reserved for Karamsin to reconcile the two till then hostile elements found in the books and in the popular tongue. His writings mark the second period in the development of Russian literature, particularly his grand work, in twelve volumes, on Russian history, which, beside this influence on the form of the Russian language, had also the intrinsic merit of drawing the attention of the people to the history of their country. Yet even in this second stage literature was still exclusively dependent on the throne; Russian poetry sang the glory of the Russian monarchs, and the cultivated social circles, more or less closely connected with the court, alone enjoyed it. The year 1812 changed not only the surface of society,

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but introduced new elements of action, feeling, and expression into the very depths of the national life. The national enthusiasm which in that year inspired despotism and serfdom with equal ardour against the common foe, which found its most appropriate expression in the flames of Moscow, and was strong enough to pursue the invader to his own hearth even after it had secured its immediate aim,—altered the condition of every class except that of the poor peasant, who returned to his slavery under the knout. Every other section of society had undergone a great change; new aspirations, new ideas were fermenting in the minds of the Russian youth. Secret societies with liberal tendencies, and, in the end, the conspiracy of 1825, were the result. Literature could not remain uninfluenced by the fresh current of ideas thus introduced; and we see it, in fact, henceforth develop itself upon a new and a larger basis.

So far as we know, the literature of no other country has ever evinced so strong a desire for a strictly national expression, so great an anxiety to catch and preserve local tones and local forms,—in short, to become a literature of characteristic national tendencies,—as the Russian. This does not at first sight seem in accordance with the fact that Russian society chiefly received its culture from that of Western Europe. But it is easily explained when we remember that literature was the only asylum in which the awakening passion for national independence and personal freedom could find refuge: every other outlet for such feelings was closed, and even this was limited in the narrowest way by a severe censorship. A censorship, however, it was possible to evade by a thousand disguises, which enabled poets, in whose minds the grievances and wants of the people were reflected, to find for them a more or less adequate expression. Hence the predominant feature of bitter satire and irony which in literature always characterises epochs of political oppression, and which is significant of the revenge that genius takes on the brute force under which it groans. Hence too the tone of melancholy which pervades almost all the productions of Russian literature. At the beginning of the third epoch, to which we have alluded, we meet with the man who is even now, we may say, the poet of the Russian people, the most universal and at the same time the most national of its writers—*Pushkin.* It is of him that his countryman, A. Herzen, says: "As soon as he appeared, he became necessary; as though Russian literature could never again dispense with him. The other Russian poets are read and admired; Pushkin is in the hands of every civilised Russian, who reads him again and again all his life long. His poetry does not come from him as an essay, a study, or an exercise; it is his vocation, and it is with him an art that has reached maturity. The civilised

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part of the Russian nation found in him, for the first time, the gift of poetical expression."

Alexander Sergejewitsh Pushkin was born on the 26th of May 1799. He was the descendant of an ancient family, whose name figures in the history of his country; and he himself introduces it among the *dramatis personæ* of a historical play. On his mother's side he was the descendant of a Moor, by name Hannibal, whom Peter the Great had bought when a young boy and trained for the army, in which he finally became a general. A daughter of this Hannibal married the great-grandfather of the poet. In Pushkin's face—if, at least, we may judge from the evidence of a bust—there is a distinct trace of this Moorish descent, which gives to the noble head a very peculiar character.

During his early education in his father's house, we are told that he showed capabilities of the first order. In 1811 he entered the Lyceum at Tsarskoe-selo. Here his application to the regular sciences was not very great, but he was distinguished by his general ability and his excellent memory. Dupont says, in his account of the life of Pushkin:

"All his comrades, even those who cared little for literature, loved him for the vivacity, openness, and frankness of his character, and for the acknowledged superiority of his intellect. A chivalric honour from early youth predominated in all his actions, and continued to do so up to the day of his death, in spite of all the changes and trials to which he was exposed in life. Nature had given him, besides poetical talent, an acute intellect and a rare memory. A lecture, a conversation, a remarkable observation, once heard, was for ever engraved upon his memory. Notwithstanding his carelessness and inattention, he derived more profit from the instruction of his masters than his more diligent comrades.

But his brilliant capacities, his elevated ideas of the duties of a citizen and the destination of men, could not preserve him from errors, which hindered his success as a poet. He gave himself up too easily to useless (not to say unworthy) distractions. He had not that habit of perseverance in labour, that concentrative power, nor the resolution to devote himself absolutely to a high and distant aim, by which the favourites of the Muses generally distinguish themselves from the multitude. He was too much governed by the moment, and lost his time too often in aimless pleasures."

How far the faults thus attributed to him are ascribable partly to a disposition observable in the national character, partly to his education,—which seems, after all, to have been rather superficial,—or how far they originated in his own nature, we will not venture to decide. Among his early poems, written while yet at the Lyceum, is one in French, in which the poet gives the following humorous description of himself:

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" Vous me demandez mon portrait,
Mais peint d'après nature;
Mon cher, il sera bientôt fait,
Quoique en miniature.

Je suis un jeune polisson
Encore dans les classes;
Point sot, je le dis sans façon
Et sans fades grimaces.

Or il ne fut de babillard,
Ni docteur en Sorbonne,
Plus ennuyeux et plus braîllard
Que moi-même en personne.

Ma taille à celle des plus longs
Ne peut être égalée;
J'ai le teint frais, les cheveux blonds
Et la tête bouclée.

J'aime le monde et son fracas,
Je hais la solitude;
J'abhorre et noises et débats
Et tant soit peu l'étude.

Spectacles, bals me plaisent fort
Et d'après ma pensée,
Je dirais ce que j'aime encore—
Si je n'étais au lycée.

Après, mon cher, il te suffit,
L'on peut me reconnaître.
Oui! tel que le bon Dieu me fit
Je veux toujours paraître.

Pour la malice un diablotin,
Vrai singe par la mine,
Perdant son grec et son latin—
Ma foi—voilà—Poushkine."

Certain it is that his poetical talent had already developed itself at this time with so much power, that Dershawin, a celebrated poet in the reign of Catharine II., who was among his teachers, at an examination, when Pushkin recited one of his own compositions, laid his hands with enthusiasm on the young poet's head and gave him his blessing. Pushkin has immortalised this scene in his grand poem, *Onegin*, by some verses, of which we attempt only a literal translation in prose: " In the happy days of youth, whilst I still sat in the Lyceum, and was far from fond of Cicero, but read with pleasure Apuleius, the Muse appeared from time to time in the court that was enlivened by fountains, or else transformed my room into her temple, and called forth into light all that stirred my heart, sang of the glory of old times, and transmuted into melodies all that lived, burned, and aspired in me. I met with the kindest sympathy, was encouraged by early praise and fame, and Dershawin, the aged singer, already near the grave, gave me his blessing." Among his other teachers at

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the Lyceum, Kunitzin and Shukowski, both eminent men in their time, exerted a great influence over him. The poet always spoke with admiration of the former; and the second was destined to be a witness of his death, and to survive his beloved pupil. After all, the time which he passed at the Lyceum seems to have been a very happy one for Pushkin, to which his mind often reverted with unalloyed pleasure.

When hardly eighteen years old (1817), Pushkin left the Lyceum, and entered the civil service. He obtained a situation in the department for foreign affairs, and found himself at once in what most men regarded as a most enviable position, amidst the gay and brilliant circles of the northern capital. An aristocrat by birth, already distinguished for his poetical endowments, and patronised by Dershawin and Shukowski, the most celebrated poets of the time, he found himself received on all sides with marks of distinction, and exciting the most flattering expectations. With respect to the reproach, before alluded to, that he yielded too much to the temptations and distractions of the society by which he was surrounded, he says, in his great poem, *Onegin:* "Passion became my only law in the tumult of the world; with others I shared my emotions, and led my Muse, light as she was, into noisy festivals and into the circle of guests too bold. She became, when she raged and laughed, the fear of the night-guard; she grew mad and noisy, like a bacchanal; she sang and rejoiced at the full glass, enraptured and enrapturing, so that all the youth were full of enthusiasm, and I, full of pride, delighted at the incense which was offered to her." It may be said, in his excuse, that he was then very young, and that he was full, not merely of the ardour of youth, but of a fiery poetic temperament. His poems written at that time sufficiently show, however, that deeper influences were even then at work in his inner mind, and that he knew the distinction between work and pleasure.

When one-and-twenty years old, Pushkin finished a larger poem, entitled *Ruslan and Ljudmila*, to which we shall hereafter refer. This poem, a real work of art, created a general sensation. The critics attacked it, because it was new to them and out of their line; the public devoured it with eager interest. It may be considered as the first great poetical work published in the Russian language. Shukowski, then the highest authority in æsthetic matters in Russia, sent the young poet, who was just about to leave St. Petersburg, his portrait, as a token of remembrance "from the conquered master to the conquering pupil." We have before mentioned that the minds of the cultivated youth of Russia were at that time in a state of ferment, and full of revolutionary tendencies. Pushkin of course felt the influence; and he owes his great popularity

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and sudden fame for the most part to the songs expressing his ardent love of liberty which he wrote at that time, and the greater number of which, even now, have never found their way into print. One of these, an *Ode to Liberty*, was seen by the emperor; in consequence of which Pushkin was exiled to Bessarabia, where he lived from 1820 till 1825. Herzen says of this epoch: "Separated from his friends, far from political agitation, in the centre of a magnificent but wild nature, Pushkin, preëminently a poet, gave himself up to his lyric genius. His lyric productions give us the phases of his life, his mental autobiography. Here are to be found the traces of every thing which moved his soul of fire; truth and error, the passing attractions of the moment, as well as the objects of profound and eternal affections."

Perhaps this sojourn was the turning-point of Pushkin's poetical career. Here, in the quiet and intimate communion with nature and the common people, his poetry necessarily lost the character of bacchanalian wildness and license which it had contracted in the *salons* of the fashionable world. Perhaps it was here, so near the classic soil, and amidst natural beauties which closely resembled those of Greece, that the element ripened in him which, in the later stages of his career, caused him to resemble Goethe even more than he resembled Byron.

Many poetical works, serious studies taken from history or from the people amongst whom he lived, filled up the time of his exile till 1826; when the Emperor Nicholas, on occasion of his coronation at Moscow, not only pardoned him, but received him most graciously. He then returned to St. Petersburg, where he no longer found the society he had left. His friends were partly in exile, their very names might not be uttered; the liberal party was kept down by a *régime* of terrorism. The emperor made him the most flattering advances; he was nominated historiographer of Peter I., with an annual salary of 6000 roubles, and subsequently the title of an imperial chamberlain was bestowed upon him. The alternative seems to have been that of sharing in some measure the fate of his former friends, had he rejected the imperial favour. He chose the latter. The suppressed revolutionary party, who had looked upon him as their poetical mouthpiece, and had, as such, prepared his first triumphs, now considered him as a traitor to the cause of liberty. Others thought that his poetical talent had at least suffered from contact with the court; because in the earlier part of this new epoch of his life he was more occupied with historical studies, and found little time for poetical productions. Herzen explains this fact in another way, by saying that Pushkin was exclusively patriotic, that he

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was neither a courtier nor an adherent of the government, but that the vast physical power of the State gratified in him that patriotic instinct which feels a sort of barbarous delight in seeing objections answered by bullets and cannon-balls. Whether this be true or not, it is a fact, that there are minds so preëminently poetical, whose specific work is so imperatively urged on them by their constitutional temperament, that they can undertake no other. It is probable that if Pushkin had remained at St. Petersburg during the events of the 14th of December 1825, he would, like many others, have been involved in sedition; and would perhaps have ended his days in Siberia, instead of inaugurating a new epoch of literature for his people. In his Caucasian exile, the poet had been exclusively developed in him; lonely hours had chastened his youthful ardour: he came back, and found a great historical event already in the past—the party to which he formerly belonged hopelessly crushed; on the other hand, a career opening upon him in which he might become the leader of his nation in the new world of thought and creative literature. He saw an immortal work before him; he felt himself capable of accomplishing it, and he chose his part. In this aspect of his life he resembles Goethe. How bitterly has Goethe been reproached, and how bitterly is he still reproached, for having preferred the task of the poet to that of the patriot! He too was conscious that he could guide his nation, but only in other fields than that of politics. He knew that he could create a new literature, that he could restore ancient types of beauty, that he could solve high critical problems. He chose the retirement of a poet's life in preference to the stormy world of political passion; and he bequeathed to his nation immortal monuments. He was preëminently the poet. So was Pushkin. And who will blame them for adhering to the only sphere of activity in which they were sure that they could excel?

In 1827, several poetical pieces were published from the pen of Pushkin, and the first-fruit of his historical labours, a history of the insurrection of Pugatsheff, also appeared. His mode of life at that time was nearly as follows: He rose very early, worked incessantly till two or three in the afternoon, then took exercise, either walking, riding, fencing, or gymnastics, of which he was very fond; dined, and afterwards spent the evening with friends, or went into society. Sometimes he broke the monotony of this life by a stay in the country, or at his favourite town of Moscow. He was particularly fond of autumn, which suited him best for poetical production, as in general he preferred gloomy and bad weather to a clear sky and full sunshine. He passed the season of autumn usually at his country-seat Michailowsk, in the

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province of Pskoff, and in the greatest solitude, with no other company than that of his old nurse, whom he regarded as a mother, and to whom he read his new works. Among his descriptions of nature, the representations of autumn are the most beautiful; as, for example, in *Onegin:* "How sadly the dawn of morning rises from out the cold mists! the wolf and his mate, lurking for prey, emerge from the thick bushes; the steed, feeling the enemy near, prances about, snorting and trembling for fear. The horseman prudently turns round his horse, and rides to the mountains. No longer is heard the horn of the shepherd leading the cows from the village; every body stays at home. The spinning-wheel rattles, the girls sing at their work with cheerful faces, the pine-torch flickers instead of the candle."

Pushkin had an excellent library at his country-seat, which he continually enriched with new treasures. In 1829, he published an historical poem, *Poltawa*, and a new edition of his smaller poems in two volumes. His dramatic composition, *Boris Godunoff*, was at the same time prepared for the press. He was very much annoyed by the mutilations which his works suffered from the censorship, and for a while almost entirely ceased from publishing; until, as it is said, the Emperor Nicholas, having heard the reason of the poet's silence, took it upon himself to exercise the censorship on his works, and was found less severe than his officers. In the same year, 1829, Pushkin followed the triumphant march of the Field-marshal Paskiewitsh to Erzeroum. He saw again those beautiful countries of the Caucasus, Georgia, and a part of Armenia, which he had known before, and wrote a masterly description in prose of this expedition.

The summer of 1830 he passed at his country-seat Boldino, in the province of Nishni-Novgorod, whither he retreated to arrange his private affairs, as he had made up his mind to marry. These occupations, however, did not affect his literary activity. He was, on the contrary, busier than ever. He finished the two last cantos of his greatest poem, *Onegin;* wrote a poetical tale, *The Little House at Kolomna*, a series of dramatic scenes, *The Avaricious Knight, Mozart and Salieri, A Festival at the Time of the Plague*, besides about thirty smaller poems and five tales in prose for the journal of a friend. In February 1831, his wedding took place at Moscow. In a letter he wrote shortly afterwards, he says, "I am married. My only wish is, that nothing in my life may now change. I am so little accustomed to this new position, that I feel as if in a new life. The remembrance of Delwig" [a friend recently dead] "is the only shadow in this existence of otherwise heavenly light." From Moscow he was intending to go back and pass

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the summer at Tsarskoe-selo; and, anticipating the pleasures of this sojourn, he writes to the same friend: "I shall then pass the summer and autumn in my enchanting solitude, not far from the capital, with the recollections of former and the enjoyment of present happiness, and surrounded by all the blessings of married life. I shall see you and Shukowski every week. St. Petersburg is so very near; living is cheap; I need not have a carriage. What is left me to wish for?" This summer, indeed, was one of the happiest in Pushkin's life; Shukowski also passed it in Tsarskoe-selo, and the two poets lived in the greatest harmony and mutual enjoyment of each other's works.

Several poems, and the beginning of Pushkin's *History of Peter the Great*, date from this time. Unfortunately, the latter was never finished. He worked at it till the time of his death; but the many minute details which such a work required tired him thoroughly out. His lively mind could not fix itself for any length of time on the same pursuit; he liked the study of history only so far as it fertilised and enriched his poetical genius. In the course of the year 1833, he again made a journey into the interior of Russia, to see the scene of the insurrection of Pugatsheff. As a literary result of this journey, he wrote the charming novel, *The Daughter of the Captain*. On his return, he took an active part in the publication of a periodical called *The Reading Library*, and in 1835 published a volume of new poems. Some of his most finished works—*The Brazen Horseman*, *The Stone Guest*, *The Sylph of the Stream*, *Galub*—appeared in 1836. Towards the end of this year he lost his mother; and when he followed her to her last resting-place in the convent of Swätigorski, he ordered, as if with some presentiment of the near approach of his own death, a burial-place to be reserved for him by her side.

On the 27th of January 1837, the unfortunate duel took place in which the hand of a foreigner (Von Dante, or more properly Van Heeckeren) put an end to the life of the greatest Russian poet in the prime of his manhood and the meridian of his genius. Pushkin's wife was the unhappy occasion of this duel; but the details of this sad affair are too little known for us to venture to pass any opinion on the subject, and we prefer, therefore, merely to present our readers with the account given by Shukowski of his lamented friend's last moments in a letter to the father of the poet:

"I have had no courage until now to write to you, my poor Sergei Swowitsh. What could I say, stunned as I was myself by the misfortune that has come down, like an avalanche, to crush us all? Our Pushkin is no more! It is but too true, impossible as it seems. The idea that he no longer exists can scarcely force itself into the current of our daily common thoughts; we cannot yet free ourselves from the

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habit of looking for him continually. It is still so natural to expect him at the usual hour; his voice seems constantly to mingle with our conversation; his childlike cheerful laugh seems still to be heard where we were daily used to hear it. Nothing is changed, there is no other mark of the sad loss; every thing takes its wonted course, is in its place; he alone is gone, gone for ever. It seems incredible. In an instant this strong life was extinguished; this fullness of genius and of brilliant hope had vanished. I say nothing of you, his afflicted father; I say nothing of us, his mourning friends; but Russia has lost her poet, her favourite poet. She has lost him at the very moment when he had attained his full maturity; the turning-point at which the mind takes leave of the turbid unruly forces of youth, and, guided by genius, gives itself up to the clearer creative power of manhood, which is as fresh as the former and more prolific, though not perhaps so exalted. Where is the Russian whose heart has not been bereaved of something dear to it by his death? The present glorious reign has lost its poet. He belonged to it, as did Dershawin to the glorious reign of Catharine, and Karamsin to that of Alexander. . . . .

At six o'clock in the afternoon Pushkin was brought home by Lieutenant-Colonel Dansas,* in the most terrible state. The valet-de-chambre carried him from the carriage up the staircase. 'Am I too heavy for you to carry?' asked Pushkin. He was brought into his cabinet; he asked for clean linen, changed his dress, and lay down on the sofa. Just as they carried him to bed, his wife, who knew nothing of what had happened, wanted to come in; but he exclaimed with a loud voice, 'Do not come in, I have some one with me.' He was afraid of frightening her. She did not come till he was in bed. The doctors were sent for. Arendt was not to be found. Scholz and Sadler came. Pushkin asked to be left alone with them. 'Is my case dangerous?' said he, tendering his hand to Scholz. They examined the wound, and Sadler hastened to fetch the necessary instruments. When alone with Scholz, Pushkin asked, 'What do you think of my state? Speak openly.' 'I cannot deny that there is danger.' 'Say rather that I must die.' 'I cannot conceal it; but we must first hear the opinion of Arendt and Salomon, for whom we have sent.' 'I thank you: you have acted like an honest man with me,' said Pushkin. He put his hand to his forehead, was silent for some moments, and added, 'I must arrange my affairs.' 'Would you not like to see some of your friends?' asked Scholz. 'Farewell, my friends!' said Pushkin, while his looks fell upon his library. Of what friends he took leave at that moment, if of the living or the dead, I know not. Shortly afterwards he asked, 'Do you think, then, I have not more than an hour to live?' 'Not at all; but I thought you would like to see some of your friends. Mr. Pletneff† is here.' 'Very well; but I should like to see Shukowski also. Give me a glass of water, I feel ill.'

Scholz felt his pulse; he found his hand cold, his pulse weak and

* His second in the fatal duel, and who had been his friend ever since his school-days.

† Professor at the University of St. Petersburg.

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quick. He went to fetch him something to drink. I was sent for. . . . . When Arendt came, he saw directly that there was no hope. They put ice on the sufferer's stomach, and gave him cooling drinks. These produced tranquillity. As Arendt was leaving him, Pushkin said, 'Ask the emperor to forgive me.' . . . . . His wife's state of mind is scarcely to be described. She glided like a shadow from time to time to the room where her dying husband lay. He could not see her, but each time he felt her presence. 'Is my wife here?' said he; 'let her go away.' He was afraid of allowing her to approach him, because he did not wish her to be a witness of his sufferings. 'How is my wife?' he once asked Spasky, the doctor who stayed with him during the night; 'the poor creature suffers innocently, alas, and the world will condemn her!' He bore his sufferings with astonishing fortitude, except two or three hours during the first night, when they passed all human endurance. 'I have been present at thirty battles,' said Dr. Arendt; 'I have seen a great many people die; but no one like him.' In the moments of his greatest physical suffering he did not scream, but only groaned, being afraid that his wife might hear him. When, towards the morning, his sufferings had a little subsided, he asked to see her.

I cannot describe this farewell scene. He next asked for his children. They were asleep, and were brought but yet half awake. He fixed his looks silently on each of them, laid his hand on their heads, blessed them with the sign of the cross, and ordered them to be taken away. 'Who is here?' he asked the doctors. They named me and Prince Wjäsemski. 'Call them,' said he with a faint voice. I approached him, took the hand, already growing cold, which he held out to me, and kissed it. I could not say a word. On his waving his hand, I stepped back. But he called me to him again. 'Tell the emperor,' said he, 'that I am sorry that I must die; I have been entirely his. Tell him that I wish him a long, long reign, and joy in his son and in Russia.'

He said these words in a low voice, with pauses, but quite intelligibly. He then took leave of Wjäsemski. At this moment Count Wielhorski arrived, approached him, and received a last clasp of the hand. It was obvious that the dying man was in haste to settle his account with the world, and that he already felt the presence of death. He twice felt his pulse himself, and said to Spasky, 'Death is coming.' When Turgenieff approached him, he looked at him twice with an expressive glance, as if wishing to say something; but only waved his hand and whispered, 'Karamsin!' She was immediately sent for, and soon arrived. He looked at her for a minute. When she stepped back from his bed, he called her and said, 'Bless me!' then he kissed her hand."

His sufferings still continued through the following night, but were somewhat ameliorated. He was as much master of himself as before, and helped to carry out the directions of the doctors; although he wished for death as a relief to sufferings

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so dreadful, and repeatedly said, "Please, quicker: is my last hour come? O, please quicker!" He heard with satisfaction how general was the sympathy people felt in his fate. It was like a national misfortune. Persons, known and unknown, thronged to the house to inquire how he was, and to express their deep concern. Every face showed grief, many wept. At last, about three o'clock in the afternoon (on the 29th of January 1837), he expired. Only for a few moments during the last struggle was the clearness of his mind obscured; but shortly before death his face became quite serene, he opened his eyes, and said: "It is over with life; breathing becomes difficult, it suffocates me." These were his last words. Shukowski adds:

"When all had left the room, I sat down and looked at his face. Never had I seen any thing like the expression left upon it in these first minutes after death. His head was a little inclined; his hands, a few moments ago moving as in cramp, lay now stretched out as if reposing after heavy labour. But the expression of his face I cannot describe. It was so new to me, and yet so well known; it was that neither of dream nor of sleep; it was not the intellectual expression which was formerly habitual to it, nor was it a merely poetical thought; but it seemed to be some deep and thrilling insight, which gave the characteristic expression now visible—the discovery of a divine secret, a state of profound spiritual content. Whilst I thus looked at him, I felt as if I ought to ask him, 'What is it that you see?' And what would have been his answer, could he have come back? These are the moments of life which deserve to be called great. I may say that in this one I saw the face of death itself,—the sublime, mysterious, unveiled face of death. What a stamp it had left on him! how the secrets of death and of his own inmost nature were written on these features! I assure you that I never before saw on his face any expression of such deep, solemn, sublime thought. Surely this thought must have pre-existed in his mind, and belonged to his noble nature; but it came out in this perfect purity only when, at the touch of death, all earthly things had vanished from him."

The two following days, while his coffin was yet unclosed, more than ten thousand persons came to take a last glance at him. On the 1st of February he was solemnly buried in the vault of a church at St. Petersburg, from which, a few days afterwards, the coffin was taken to the convent where his mother was buried, and where he had wished to repose likewise.

Having thus completed our hasty sketch of the exterior life of the Russian poet, we have now to look somewhat more minutely at the workings of his mind, and to give the reader a general idea of his most important works. His life as a poet presents three periods, distinguished from each other by the

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character of his poetical activity and the class of subjects on which he wrote. The first period begins with his poetical essays at the Lyceum, and ends with *Ruslan and Ljudmila;* its general character being that youthful wildness and excitement, of which, as we have seen, he was himself fully aware. The second period is characterised by a tone of disappointment, scepticism, and at the same time a leaning towards social revolutions; it begins with the *Prisoner in the Caucasus,* and terminates with *Eugene Onegin.* The third period finally shows us the accomplished artist, who has retired from the struggles of political life; and to it belong all the productions of his later years, among others the epic poem *Poltawa.* His education in the Lyceum was but superficial; it does not seem to have been worthy of his abilities, and it was only by the richness of his genius that he could in any way compensate for the deficiencies of his early training. His first models in poetry were Dershawin and Shukowski, whom he regarded as his teachers. He expressed his admiration for them in many verses, particularly in the *Recollections of Tsarskoe-selo;* but nevertheless he soon outstripped them. He afterwards felt the influence of Batushkoff and Kriloff, two other Russian authors of that age. From the first he adopted the plastic form of thought and verse which we inherit from the old classic poets; and adopted it with so much success, that, without being acquainted with the Greek language, he wrote several poems, *The Muse* and others, which are really Hellenic. From the second he borrowed the national element; and developed it so fully, that even at this early period he proved himself a thoroughly national poet in *The Drowned* and several other poems. Later he became the most national of the national school.

Russian influences, however, were not the only ones that wrought upon him. He himself, in his *Priests of Parnassus,* enumerates his favourite writers, chiefly from the French school of the eighteenth century, above all Voltaire and Parni. It can be easily understood how these authors must have worked upon the fiery imagination of the youth who, without having received any very careful moral education, found himself at his first entrance into the world in the midst of an idle and dissipated society. He acknowledged his debt to these poets in a number of poems, in which again he frequently surpassed his models, as, for instance, in his *Proserpine,* suggested by Parni's *Les Déguisements de Vénus,* but greatly surpassing it in beauty. All his poems written about that time have a tone of forced mirth and voluptuousness; and although he freed himself more and more from the influence which these writers exerted over him, its traces were long visible, and are even

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discernible in some of his later productions. The intellectual infection of the French school of the eighteenth century had at one time spread almost over the whole of Europe, and was especially prevalent in Russian society, Catharine II. herself being the personal friend of Voltaire and Diderot. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that even so original and independent a genius as that of Pushkin should have passed through a phase determined principally by the same school. He bade it farewell, however, in his first larger poem, *Ruslan and Ljudmila*, a tale in verse in the manner of Ariosto's *Orlando Furioso*. The subject is taken from the old traditional legends of Russia before Peter the Great. This poem produced a very strong effect, and dates an important crisis in Russian literature. By its bold neglect of the traditional rules it gave birth to a sharp contest between the young and old generation; and while it drew down on him the severest criticism of the elder school, it secured for him the most enthusiastic admiration of the young, and the flattering attention of all.

The French Revolution opens a wide and abrupt chasm between the writings of the eighteenth century and those which bear the traces of its influence. It was altogether a new human nature that showed itself after this second deluge had subsided, —a deluge not of water but of blood. The world seemed for a time plunged into the chaos of a new creation. The ruins of the old universe encumbered the progress of new ideas. The renewed life had not yet found a shape. Mankind hesitated between the irresistible longing for liberty and equality to which the revolution had given expression, and the recoil of terror which the dark deeds of the same revolution had produced. Hence the twofold character of the prominent writers of the new epoch, who hesitated between the traditions and the still mighty influences of a departing society which they despised and rejected, and the new tendencies which were as yet nowhere realised. Hence too the passionate gloom and the sad ironical undertone of their writings. We need not say that the chief representative of this epoch was Lord Byron, whose powerful genius paints for us this chaos of breaking and forming worlds, without giving any but the most distant glimpse of that new social order which was the desire of all nations. His influence was felt in almost every civilised country, in every literature, and by every prominent poet. Goethe, then already far advanced in the second stage of his career, was deeply impressed by Lord Byron's power, and paid an immortal tribute to his memory in the second part of *Faust;* where the character of Euphorion, if not exclusively intended to represent Lord Byron, was, as Goethe himself tells us, suggested by the bril-



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liant genius of the young English poet. How, then, can we wonder that Pushkin, at that time still in the impressible stage of immature genius, should have been so much influenced by Lord Byron that the second phase of his literary life may be said to have been entirely determined by him? His *Prisoner in the Caucasus* begins the series of poems written at that time. Several larger poems belong to it, as *The Fountain of Bachtshisarai, The Robber-Brothers, The Bohemians*, and others; all of which betray strong traces of an intimate acquaintance with Byron. They have a similar form; their heroes and heroines resemble those of Lord Byron's poems; the gloomy colouring, the mysterious connection between guilt and fate, are the same. Nevertheless we do not at all believe that Pushkin was a mere imitator of Byron. Even in the above-mentioned poems, which bear the strongest resemblance to their models, we find this marked difference, that Byron took his subjects from a foreign world, where the power of imagination had to supply the place of actual observation, while Pushkin took them from places and a society with which he was thoroughly familiar, and consequently was enabled to give them a distinctly local tone and colour. This is particularly striking in the *Bohemians*, where the "Tabor" and the restless life of the poetical vagrants are delineated with masterly effect. The realistic element which is prominent in Pushkin's heroes, offers a strong contrast to the idealistic vagueness with which the Manfreds, Conrads, Giaours, &c. of Byron are designed. This realistic element develops itself still more strikingly in Pushkin's later productions (as it seems, indeed, to be a chief feature of the Russian national character); and we think that in this the difference between Pushkin and Byron consists, far more than in the causes referred to by a Russian critic whom we now have before us. This critic affirms that Pushkin did not in the least understand the struggle, the grief, which desolated the heart of Byron, because Russian society had nothing in common with the deep social questions which tore to pieces the whole existence of civilised Europe; and that consequently the characters of his poems at that time were nothing but poor and faint copies from Byron. Let us hear what Herzen, undoubtedly the most skilful of Pushkin's critics, says about him in this respect:

"People have supposed that they see in Pushkin an imitator of Byron. The English poet has, in fact, exerted a great influence on the Russian poet. No one can form a close intimacy with a strong and sympathetic character, without retaining traces of its influence, and having his own mind ripened in its warmth. The confirmation of that which is hidden in the heart, the confirmation which is received in every echo from a mind which is dear to us, gives us new strength. But

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the difference between this natural influence and imitation is great. After the first poems of Pushkin, in which the influence of Byron was clearly pronounced, had appeared, he became in each new production more and more original; and though full of admiration for the great English poet, he was neither his dependent nor his parasite, neither *traduttore* nor *traditore*. Pushkin and Byron diverge widely towards the end of their career; and this for a very simple reason. Byron was thoroughly English, and Pushkin thoroughly Russian—a Russian of the epoch of St. Petersburg. He had experienced all the pain incident to high culture; but he had preserved a faith in the future which the poet of the West no longer possessed. Byron, with all his grand and free individuality, from isolating himself in his independence, and gradually wrapping himself up in pride and in a haughty and sceptical philosophy, became more and more gloomy and implacable. He saw no near future; oppressed by bitter thoughts, disgusted with the world, he devotes himself to a people of Slavo-Hellenic barbarians, whom he mistakes for the Greeks of the ancient world. Pushkin, on the contrary, becomes more and more calm; he dives into the study of Russian history, gathers materials for a monograph of Pugatsheff, composes a historical drama entitled *Boris Godunoff*, and has a firm faith in the happy future of Russia."

This period of Pushkin's poetical activity closed with *Eugene Onegin*, the greatest and most remarkable of his works. This poem satisfactorily proves that his imitation of Byron was merely a *phase* of his literary development, from which he stepped forth into entire artistic independence and nationality. The subject is briefly the following: Eugene Onegin is a young lion of the aristocratic Russian world; having received a very superficial education, living without an aim, without a worthy occupation, in the centre of an idle and dissipated society, having at an early age drained the cup of pleasure to the dregs, existence becomes a burden to him, and the very richness of his nature becomes his torture. He leaves a society which has nothing more to offer to him and which he despises, and retires to his country-seat. But here he finds it not much better, books and nature are equally tedious; at last he finds a friend, and this is the first charm in his life. Lenski is the very opposite of Onegin; yet quite young, a poet, just returned from a German university, revering Schiller and Goethe, believing in all that is good, noble, and great, having preserved the full purity and innocence of his heart. Pushkin says, "Stone and water, ice and flame, were more alike than these rare friends." In the neighbourhood a family resides in which are two daughters, Olga and Tatjane. Olga, a beautiful girl, fresh, amiable, but of no depth of character, is loved by Lenski, who sees in her the ideal of his own imagination, which, in fact, she is not. Tatjane, much deeper than her sister, a

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dreaming, only half-developed mind, full of the most amiable dispositions, but less brilliant in society than her sister, falls in love with Onegin. She sees the noble side of his nature, and her own pure heart makes him a hero. At last she ventures to reveal her feelings to him, in a way which shows her to be as inexperienced as she is lovable. He meets her with a cold sermon on morals, mortally offends his only friend by flirting with Olga without in the least loving her, kills Lenski, whom he loves, in a duel, and leaves the country. When at last he comes back, weary with his unprofitable life, he meets Tatjane in society. She is married to an old prince. The bud has now blossomed into a flower so rich and beautiful, that Onegin, for the first time in his life, loves earnestly, and feels that this at last would be happiness. But it is too late. Tatjane, with admirable dignity, confesses to him that she still loves him; but intimates that they are separated for ever. Thus the poem terminates. Herzen says of this poem, that it is Pushkin's most important work. He adds:

"Onegin is a Russian; he is nowhere else possible but in Russia, where he is indigenous, and you meet him every where. Onegin is an idler because he has never found any calling; he is superfluous in the sphere in which he lives, without having the energy of character to leave it. He is a man who tries life till death, and would fain try death, to see if it is not better than life. He has commenced every thing, without persevering in any; he has thought the more the less he has done; he is old at twenty, and, when beginning to be old, becomes young again through love. He has constantly, like all of us, expected something, because no one can be foolish enough to believe in the duration of the actual state of things in Russia;* but nothing has come, and life declines. The character of Onegin is so national, that you meet him in all the novels and poems which have had any fame in Russian literature; not because he has been copied, but because he is every where to be met with in Russia, even in one's own heart. . . . .

The young Russian meets no living interest in the world of servility and petty ambition. And yet it is this society in which he is condemned to live; for the *people* are still too far removed. Fashionable society is at least composed of beings as degraded as himself, while he has nothing in common with the people. The traditions of the upper and lower classes have been so completely severed by Peter I., that there is no human force capable of uniting them, at least at present. Nothing is left but isolation or struggle; and we have not sufficient moral strength either for the one or the other. Thus we become like Onegin if we do not perish in the public-houses or in the casemates of a fortress. In contrast to Onegin, Pushkin has drawn Wladimir Lenski, another victim of Russian life, the opposite of Onegin. This is acute by the side of

* This was written in the reign of Nicholas.

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chronic suffering. . . . . Pushkin has delineated the character of Lenski with that tenderness which men preserve for their youth, for the recollections of that time when they were so full of hope, of purity, of ignorance. Lenski is the last outcry of Onegin's conscience; for he is Onegin himself, his ideal of youth. The poet saw that such a man had nothing to do in Russia; he kills him by the hand of Onegin—of Onegin who loved him, and who, pointing at him, intended not to hurt him. Pushkin himself was frightened by this tragic end; he hastens to comfort the reader by describing the commonplace life which awaited the young poet."

From this point of view Onegin is an image of his nation and his time, an image in which the poet's own characteristics are blended with a general type of character; and this, besides its poetical value, gives this work a lasting historical significance. We find a similar significance in Goethe's *Faust*, in Byron's *Don Juan* and *Childe Harold;* and we find it again in a novel of George Sand's, *Horace*. These four creations show us the different historical developments of modern society within little more than half a century, each with a peculiar national colouring of its own.

Faust is the child of the "Sturm- und Drangperiode," the spirit of mankind awakening to a new intellectual life, and eager to gratify every restless craving of a vigorous but undisciplined national character. He is the spirit of the German people; which is apt to grasp far beyond its reach at a shadowy ideal, at an abstract perfection, while the present slips from its hands and leaves it to the torment of a life divided between lofty dreams and low realities. Childe Harold and Don Juan represent a somewhat later stage, as well as a different national phase of the same history,—the bitter disappointment, namely, caused by the shipwreck of those yearnings of which Faust was the representative. Through all, however, nobler elements may be seen,—admiration for the beautiful in art and nature, and a fundamental hatred of tyranny; while the peculiar English element shines forth in the proud and independent individuality which, in the face of the whole world, remains itself and unchanged. Onegin, again, is the contemporaneous character in Russia, what man must inevitably become under the most complete and energetic despotism of modern times. His political and social yearnings have been nipped in the bud; he knows only, by his own instincts, so much of a nobler existence as is necessary to make him the more miserable in his own; life to him is an immense void, and society an agglomeration of vicious and contemptible materials. He is Russian in his weak yielding to circumstances, and in his dread of the opinion of that same society which he so utterly despises. Horace, lastly, may,

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as a characteristic image of contemporaneous humanity, range with the first-named masterpieces. He stands, undoubtedly, on the last step of the scale we have been descending. He is the type of that *bourgeois* character which has comfortably settled down on the world which the "Himmelsstürmer" strove in vain to regenerate, which the Childe Harolds left in despair and disgust, and on which the Onegins die from weariness and *ennui*. He has no real passion, no real suffering, no real genius, no real aristocratic force. He makes himself beloved because it flatters his vanity to conquer; he breaks a loving heart with complete *sang froid;* he writes a volume which proves a hit and bestows upon him a passing fame, and he is satisfied; he thinks not of mankind, he thinks only of himself, and he aspires to nothing save imitating the aristocracy and being admitted to its charmed circle. He is French in his empty phraseology, in the complete want of an inner solid basis of character, while presenting so comprehensive an exterior.

But to return to our poet. We should overstep our limits were we to discuss even his larger compositions only; we can but touch slightly upon some of them; and we will now pass to his epic poem *Poltawa* and the historical drama *Boris Godunoff*, which both belong to the third period of his poetical activity, when he had reached the independence and creative freedom of mature genius. The first is a highly poetical representation of the time when his country began its great development under Peter I. Pushkin has chosen the epic form as being the most convenient for his purpose, although he did not intend to compose an epic poem after the manner of Homer. The prominent figures of the whole,—Peter I., the hetman of the Cossacks, Mazeppa, and Charles XII.,—are masterly designs; and the love of the young and beautiful Maria Kotshubei for the old Mazeppa is the connecting thread of the composition. There are situations of the highest poetical power; for instance, when the old Mazeppa,—the dreaded hero of the Ukraina, now about to betray his czar to Charles XII.,—steals sleepless away from the side of his sweet companion, and wanders in the neighbourhood of his castle, in the serene summer night of the Ukraina, his guilty conscience changing the peaceful beauty of nature all around him into awful phantoms; when suddenly a scream proceeds from the direction of the castle, and heightens his excitement almost to madness. The scream has come from the father of Maria, who is made prisoner by the hetman and tortured in the silence of night, while his child, unaware of what has befallen her father, sleeps softly in the palace of the murderer. But the culminating point of the poem is the description of the

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battle of Poltawa, when Peter's genius triumphs over his foes, and Mazeppa and Charles are obliged to flee.

The historical drama *Boris Godunoff* is ranked by some critics next to *Onegin*. It is indeed full of poetical beauties; but might rather be considered as a series of dramatic scenes than as a complete drama, and seems unfit for performance on the stage. The historical point of view is taken from the Russian history by Karamsin. Owing to the deficiencies of this book, and the inadequate knowledge of Russian history which had at that time been attained, Pushkin's historical conception of the principal characters—Godunoff and the false Demetrius—is wrong; but there are beautiful details of perfect national colouring, full of fidelity to ancient life, which give to this composition its chief value.

Far higher, as a dramatic work of art, do we place the *Stone Guest*, which we rank with *Onegin* as the two finest gems of Pushkin's poetry. The subject is, with some variation, the well-known story of the Stone Guest from Mozart's *Don Juan;* but how much more poetical! The characters of Don Juan, Laura, and Donna Anna are conceived with a profound knowledge of the human heart, and the delineation is perfect. The whole has a character of finished simplicity that may with perfect propriety be called classic.

Most perfect, from the poetical as well as the psychological point of view, is also the fragment *Mozart and Salieri*, where the contrast between the childlike carelessness of genius, which receives its inspirations freely and unsolicited, and the bitter anguish of mere intellect longing for the denied gift, is admirably delineated. Among the lyric poems of Pushkin, there are a great many of the utmost beauty. His talent was preëminently lyric, and by his lyric poems principally he gained the love of his nation.

In conclusion, we may repeat that Russia had in Pushkin a poet,—a truly national poet,—standing in an exactly similar relation to his country and to his people to that in which Byron and Goethe stood to theirs. All three moved in the highest, the most polished ranks of society; all three were eminently national; and yet none of the three were strictly to be called poets of the people. In their development, however, as we have already said, there is more similarity between Goethe and Pushkin than between Byron and either of the others. They both gradually forsake the sphere of political movement, and retire into a sphere of artistic self-culture, where they think and work above the tumult of the world. Byron strove to throw off the ties which bound him to his country, and plunged into the excitement of foreign politics. Pushkin, like Goethe, though

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escaping from politics, made it his first aim to be true to the genius of his own people.

We cannot better conclude this imperfect account of the great Russian poet than by a very literal rendering of his own proud epitaph on himself:

> "A monument to me leave I among my people,
> Not built by human hands, not overgrown by grass,
> But rising up more proud than that which does relate
> Napoleon's great deeds of glory.
>
> No, I shall not perish; that may ever fall to ashes
> Which is destruction's prey,—the body they inter;
> My spirit in my song shall be alive as long as
> On earth a single poet lives."

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## Art. VI.—THE GREAT REBELLION: MR. SANFORD AND MR. FORSTER.

*Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion.* By John Langton Sanford, of Lincoln's Inn, Barrister-at-Law. London: J. W. Parker. 1858.

*Historical and Biographical Essays.* By John Forster, Esq. 2 vols. Murray.

There is no period in modern history, or, perhaps it may be said more broadly, none in all history, which has so frequently been the subject of discussion as the English Revolution of 1640. Nor has its attraction for both writers and readers been without just grounds, or the interest in it weakened by repetition. For whether we look to the importance of the struggle at the moment, to its bearings upon our civil and religious polity ever since, or to its influence upon America and France in the last century, it is scarcely possible to estimate too highly either the causes or the consequences of the Great Rebellion. That controversy gathered up into its bosom, as into some capacious gulf, the main streams or the lesser tributaries of English liberty as it then existed, breathed new life into many of them, infused into them all a principle of order, and secured for this nation the right to be governed by such laws only as its representatives proposed or approved. Nor do its results or its interest stop here. For its *interest*, it was a contest decided at our own hearths and homes, fought, at first, with weapons we are familiar with—the precedents in our statute-books or appeals to the Great Charter; and when the gown yielded to

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the sword, fought upon grounds which any of us in a few hours may visit, with a livelier sense of reverence and reality than accompanies the tourist to Cannæ or Marathon. For its *results*, are they not written in the history of social and political progress at home during two centuries, and reflected also in the annals of the Great Republic beyond the Western waters, the seedling and offset of the principles of the Long Parliament? Two sweeping changes or consummations of eras have alone a claim to stand beside the English Revolution—the one converted the Commonwealth into the Empire of Rome, the other "with hideous ruin and combustion hurled" the sceptre and the mitre of France into an abyss from which hitherto there has been no return. Yet if we weigh well the circumstances of each of these catastrophes, we shall find that in moral grandeur the English Revolution transcends them both. Cæsar may rank with Cromwell in political genius, and in war be deemed "the elder and the better soldier;" but it would be in the highest measure absurd to prefer Cicero, Pompey, or Cato, to Pym, St. John, or Hampden. As preposterous would it be to exalt the Girondins above the leaders of the Long Parliament, or the fanaticism of the Mountain above the conservatism of the English Independents. Again, the metempsychosis of Rome infused no new vigour into Italy or its zones of provinces; and the demolition of the ancient *régime* in France was followed by wars that, however splendid for their scale or their victories, were little less disastrous to civilisation generally, and in the end to the French people, than to the empires which these wars humbled or obliterated. Of the English Revolution alone can it be said, that at home it regenerated the nation, propelled it abroad with a force unknown before, curbed the dangerous privileges of the Crown without encroaching upon its honour and dignity, and fostered the hardy and inquiring spirit of the people without evoking from it that dangerous element which in other nations, at similar crises, has so often furnished an argument, or at least an excuse, for despotism in the end. It is seldom, therefore, that a book, if of any worth whatever, upon this theme fails to instruct or interest the reader; nor should we envy that person's judgment who should think or profess that he thought enough had been said upon it, so long as new materials are to be discovered, or new combinations of former materials possible. The works which we now proceed to give some account of prove that new shafts may still be sunk in this apparently inexhaustible mine; that sources of information or illustration yet remain to be disclosed; and that again we may be duly summoned to hear argued the cause of the Commonwealth *versus* the Stuart kings.

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Mr. Forster's reputation in many paths of literature is established; and the accomplished historian of the statesmen of the Commonwealth and biographer of Goldsmith is sure of attracting notice to any work inscribed with his name. In a degree not inferior to Mr. Hallam or Mr. Carlyle, he has been the vindicator of Hampden, Eliot, Marten, and Pym from all who in their own day or subsequently have sought to represent them as vulgar rebels and agitators. The historical portion of his recently published *Essays* is a befitting supplement to his earlier labours in the same field. His account of that memorable state-paper entitled "the Grand Remonstrance" is partly of the nature of a palimpsest, the recovery and restoration of a document beyond price to all students of our constitutional history; and partly the first full and satisfactory comment upon its text that has enriched our literature. The essays on "the Plantagenets and Tudors," and "the Civil Wars and Oliver Cromwell," though replete with learning and written with much vigour and elegance, we must reluctantly pass over, since they embrace a circumference far beyond our present limits.

Mr. Sanford is a later, but not less worthy, candidate for historical reputation in the same field. His work he modestly terms *Studies and Illustrations of the Great Rebellion;* but his narrative, though fragmentary in form, contains a sounder and more lucid account of that memorable event than will be found in narratives more ambitious. His account of the fortunes of his book deserves in some respects a place among the curiosities of literature, if not, indeed, among the calamities of authors. Originally the author's design was to write a "Life of Cromwell;" and with that end in view, he collected from all obvious and some unexplored sources the Protector's letters, arranging them in the order of time, and illustrating them with such commentary as they seemed to require. This project was brought to an end in 1845, by the appearance of Mr. Carlyle's *Letters and Speeches of Cromwell;* and Mr. Sanford then shaped his earlier design to other issues. The perusal of D'Ewes' Ms. Journal of the Long Parliament, preserved in the library of the British Museum, convinced him that the lives of Pym, Hampden, and many others required re-writing quite as much as Cromwell's; and nothing disheartened, he entered upon this more extensive field of investigation. In the University of the Ptolemies at Alexandria there was a sound and ripe scholar, whom the wits of that royal foundation nicknamed Chronos, or Time; not by reason of his taking time by the forelock, but just the reverse, because he was on no occasion "up to time." Professor Chronos had always a book in hand; but his

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particular infelicity was, that some brother-scholar or professor invariably forestalled him by publishing on the same subject before his manuscript was ready for the copyist. Mr. Sanford, had he been an ancient Greek instead of a living Briton, might, for any luck he has met with in his literary career at present, have been similarly surnamed. For again, after infinite pains and searching for manuscripts, in the Bodleian Library, the Record Tower of Dublin Castle, and other treasure-houses of rolls and rescripts, he is anticipated in some degree by Mr. Forster's *Historical Essays*, published in the present year. There is, says the wise man, a time for all things—a time to fold the hands, and a time to hit out; a time for publishers to be deaf as adders, and a time for readers and compositors to look alive. Wisely as regarded himself, fortunately for his readers, Mr. Sanford decided that, in justice to himself, he would no longer delay placing before the public some portion of his labours, and thus guard against being a third time pushed from his stool. The public, he says, must decide whether or not the remainder of his work shall follow in due time the present sample of it. If what is still reserved resemble what is now produced, we trust that Mr. Sanford will derive from the reception accorded by the public to his present volume encouragement to proceed. His materials are excellent; his arrangement of them is clear; his style vigorous and graceful; in every one of his *Studies* industry and impartiality are conspicuous: and although, from the causes we have alluded to, his work is less complete than its author designed it to be, he has at least produced an admirable companion volume to all previous narratives of the Great Rebellion.

Mr. Sanford's *Studies* are partly historical and partly biographical. Under the former head he has reviewed the political condition of England under the Tudors, awarding due praise to that vigorous race of sovereigns, who knew—a lesson which the Stuarts never learned—when to be firm and when to yield, and who, though jealous of interference and arbitrary in their tempers, were not guilty of such petty statecraft as James taught, or such duplicity as Charles practised. Many might justly hate, none could justly despise, either the seventh or eighth of the English Henrys, or their stout-hearted scion Elizabeth. If they claimed and took the lion's share, they maintained the lion's port; and while their strong grasp secured peace at home, they made their realm to be every where feared and honoured abroad. Mr. Sanford next contemplates *Puritanism*, under its religious and social aspects; and in the chapter on *Parliamentary Royalism*, reviews the party-leaders and party-tactics from the first meeting of the Long Parlia-

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ment to the breaking out of the civil war. His third and fourth chapters are occupied with biographical sketches of the first years of King Charles and the early life of Oliver Cromwell,—periods of the utmost value as respects the appreciation of their subsequent careers; while his sixth is devoted to the two great champions of prerogative and privilege respectively —Strafford and Pym. The military history of the time is surveyed in the sections entitled the "Earl of Essex," and "Long-Marston Moor." On that crowning catastrophe the curtain falls for the present.

We cannot, perhaps, within the space allowed us afford those of our readers, who may not have Mr. Sanford's volume in their hands, an idea of its contents better than by following him along some of the paths which he has himself marked out. We must state, however, that in our opinion he has added greatly to the value of his researches by dwelling so fully upon the causes which embroiled Charles with his Parliament and people. It has been usual with the historians of this period to assume the winter of 1640 as the commencement of an epoch of change, instead of being, as Mr. Sanford clearly shows it to have been, the close of one series of events and the inauguration of another. The germs of such parliamentary government as then commenced had long been imbedded in the political soil of England. Sown by the Plantagenets, who sometimes needed the aid of their faithful Commons against their faithless or turbulent barons, the good seed had been watered by the Tudors, who, having estranged by their fiscal severity or their religious innovations a majority of the old and noble houses of the realm, had a still stronger necessity for the support of *novi homines*, of the rich burghers of the towns, of country gentlemen below the rank of noble, and even of the more opulent yeomen. A long peace, light taxation, and the progress of agriculture and commerce, had brought with them their usual accompaniment of wealth; and long before the close of Elizabeth's reign, if the Upper House counted more broad acres, the Lower House could tell down more broad pieces. They who entertain such angels as are stamped at the Royal Mint, are rarely deficient in good opinion of themselves; and though the Commons to the last justly accounted their queen a "most dread sovereign," they did not fail occasionally to tell her their real mind. In the matter of the monopolies, there was no mistaking the attitude of the Commons. High words and even tornado-oaths from the Crown will not avail against men whose pockets are being emptied; and Elizabeth, who never missed of the right word at the right moment, cancelled these obnoxious grants with a readiness that nearly

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restored her early popularity. But in that hour the Commons gained more than they asked, or were perhaps aware of; for then a power passed into their hands which would help them to gain better things than the abolition of patents for the sale of gold and silver thread or sweet wines. Peter Wentworth, and the little knot of men who voted with him, were the precursors of Hampden and Pym.

Had a sovereign at all resembling the great queen succeeded her, there might still have been collisions between Crown and Parliament until their respective functions were defined. For the time was come for the birth of a new estate in the realm; and not even a second Elizabeth could have postponed it for another century. But her actual successor was, perhaps, of all monarchs before or after him, with the solitary exception of King John, the one who was best calculated to provoke, consolidate, and turn against himself a parliamentary opposition. A sovereign may be hated without being despised. James managed to be both: he was hated by his Roman Catholic subjects, whom he alternately cajoled and insulted; by his Puritan subjects, whom he insulted without taking the trouble to cajole; by all who paid to virtue the tribute of decorum, and by all who desired to see the dignity of the nation reflected in the dignity of its sovereign. We desire to press lightly on James's failings, since in some respects he was the best of the English Stuarts. His childhood and early manhood were singularly infelicitous. His tutors made him a pedant; perhaps it was all they could do for him; but his guardians and the clergy taught him dissimulation, and with such success, that in his *Basilicon Doron* he ranks it among royal virtues, and specially recommends it to his son. Yet a less adroit dissembler than James probably never existed, at least never sat on a throne; unless it were Claudius Cæsar, whom he in many respects resembled. Both these sovereigns were learned men; both were good-natured; both remarkable for the awkwardness of their gait, speech, and dress; and both at the mercy of each handsome favourite or cunning freedman whom they fancied. But what a contrast was the halting, slobbering, timid, garrulous James to Elizabeth! We can hardly realise the disgust and disappointment of all Englishmen when they first set eyes on the ungainly successor of their stately queen. But we must not linger on the threshold of our subject longer than is actually necessary to exhibit the feelings which the conduct and demeanour of James awakened in all classes of his subjects, and which indirectly strengthened ther anks of parliamentary opposition. Even in the earlier years of his reign, disaffection found vent in persons the best trained by long practice to conceal their sentiments. "A few days back,"

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writes the French ambassador, "some one said to Cecil, he must find himself much relieved under this reign, in that he was no longer compelled to address his sovereign kneeling, as in the time of the deceased queen." Cecil replied, "Would to God that I yet spoke on my knees." It was no degradation, in his esteem, to bend the knee to genuine majesty; but it was derogatory even to sit or stand in the presence of a king who, while he unduly magnified his office in theory, degraded it in practice by habits and language hardly beseeming the loosest Paul's man or Templar of the day. We need not wonder at the growing opposition to the Crown within the walls of St. Stephen's, when throughout the country at large there was a growing impatience of the king's disorders.

But if these things were done with the green tree, it was worse with the dry. If such was the impression made by James upon the nation,—a nation, too, which had greeted him universally with cordiality and with hope,—a nation which felt that some recompense was due to him for the hard though necessary usage of his mother,—in the first years of his reign, these unfavourable feelings acquired a darker hue and a deeper hold as time proceeded and his ignobler qualities developed themselves. It was, perhaps, a small matter that his majesty was latterly seldom sober; that as he grew older his language became coarser and more obscene, his bondage to favourites more complete, his quarrels with his wife more notorious; that he was publicly assailed from the pulpit, and openly ridiculed on the stage. Mr. Sanford has collected the reports of foreign ambassadors at various periods of this reign; and all of them agree in saying that the king was braved and despised by the Parliament, and universally hated by the people. But it was not a small matter when an ambassador, with no English prejudices to gratify, writes home to this effect: "Audacious language, offensive pictures, calumnious pamphlets,—*these usual forerunners of a civil war* are common here, and are symptoms doubly strong of the bitter temper of men's minds." "I am, in truth, the most unlucky of all who have ever filled such posts as mine. They have facts to relate worthy of relation; I, such as appear unworthy of being committed to writing. My lot is fallen in a kingdom without order, sunken from its glory, and age-smitten by repose; on a king devoted to his own nothingness, and whose principle it is only so far to strive for the good of his subjects as may give him facilities for plunging deeper into vice of every kind. He will not look around, he will not look before; but, nothing troubled as to object and aim, seeks only to gain time. Is it not a judgment of God on the king and his people, that he who rules so many millions, suffers himself to

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be ordered and reprimanded by a man without merit or virtue? Must not such favourites, who sacrifice every thing to their interests, and loose every tie, bring on civil wars?"

The patience of a well-paid army, and of a populace liberally supplied with rations and amusement, has before now been worn out by the prodigality of favourites; and Nero perhaps owed his fall not less to the vices of Tigellinus than to his own crimes. We do not impute to James and Buckingham faults so abnormal as disgraced the last of the genuine Cæsars and his favourite. The vices of Whitehall were less scandalous than those of the Golden House on the Palatine. But Villiers and his patron had an enemy to contend with greater than either the senate, the legions, or people of Rome. Their proceedings were watched by an assembly daily growing more aware of its own powers, and of the responsibility imposed on it as the representative of a great nation. Even sovereigns the very reverse of James might, while the bounds of prerogative were undefined, have given offence to the newly-awakened jealousies of this body. Even Cecil and Walsingham might have tripped on the course along which Buckingham hurried recklessly. James, however, looking neither before nor after, and following that phantom of kingcraft he so lauded and loved, seemed placed on the throne for the express purpose of breeding a revolution. In his dealings with his Parliament he was at once insolent and irresolute, rash and timid, innovating and conceding. In theory more despotic than any of the Tudors had been, in practice he held his prerogatives laxly; but whether he yielded to the spirit of liberty, or blustered against it, he was equally unlucky. Strong good sense and attachment to precedents, rather than a genius for systematic legislation, have always been the characteristics of English law-makers. And this disposition the king was perpetually thwarting by abstract or inapplicable theories of right divine, drawn from the writings of the rabbis, the schoolmen, and the canonists. Probably to the sober sense of Englishmen the royal crotchets on civil and religious regimen were to the full as provoking as the royal loans and benevolences. Many a man will submit to part with his money who refuses to be *bored;* and James was an accomplished proficient in the art of tormenting. In his very first parliament he struck, by an inconsiderate and impertinent message, at the very root of parliamentary government. For the privileges of the House of Commons having become matter of discussion, in consequence of the election of Sir Francis Goodwin for Buckinghamshire while he was an outlaw, the Speaker delivered a message from the king in which he said that "he had no purpose to

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impeach their privileges; but since they derived all matters of privileges from him and by his grant, he expected they should not be turned against him; and that by the law the House ought not to meddle with returns, being all made into the Chancery, and to be corrected or reformed by that court only into which they are returned." For the pupil of that George Buchanan who wrote *De Jure Regni*, these are worshipful sentiments; and the Commons felt them to be so. Before they separated, they drew up "an apology to the king touching their privileges," which would have enlightened any understanding not preoccupied with fancies of kingcraft and right divine. It may be said, however, that the *novitas regni* affords some excuse for the king's error. But this royal message was only the first of a series of misapprehensions of the sort; and James reigned and died in ignorance of what it was permitted him by law to do, and of what the law required him to leave undone.

"Can it be contended," says Mr. Sanford, "after this declaration of rights, in the second year of the reign of James, that the Stuart line of princes entered on the government of this kingdom with an imperfect knowledge of their position as the heads of a limited monarchy; or that the rights, thus solemnly declared to be an inheritance derived from their ancestors, were two years before utterly unrecognised by the Constitution of this country? If the contrary of these propositions is the truth, how is it possible to deny that the subsequent proceedings of the Stuarts were parts of a deliberate attempt to subvert the Constitution of England; and that the resistance offered to them by the English nation, and especially by the English Puritans, was a strictly conservative movement, based on the undoubted laws of England, and having for its single object the preservation of that spirit of liberty and life embodied in their outward forms?"

The England of Henry VIII. stood on a level with the greatest of the continental monarchies; the England of Elizabeth held a foremost rank among them. How were this equality and this preëminence achieved? They cannot have been due to the extent of our colonies or our commerce in that age. We had not a foot of land in either the East or West Indies; and the exports and imports of Liverpool at this time surpass in value the collective merchandise that passed through the harbours of London, Bristol, Hull, Dover, and Lynn, in the sixteenth century. Neither was England considerable for its naval or military force in those days. For its navy it was dependent chiefly on the patriotic enthusiasm of the moment; while its feudal militia had been dissolved, and was not yet replaced by a standing army. Charles of Spain and Francis of France told their horse and foot by thousands at the time, when Henry VIII. possessed only fifty body-guards and a few hundred pike-

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men, dispersed on the Scotch border, in the Irish pale, and in the garrisons of Calais, Dover, Southampton, and the Tower. Scotland, until its crown was united with that of England, was a foreign, often a hostile power; Ireland a source of more weakness than strength: the surge of a long and bloody civil war had scarcely subsided when Henry mounted the throne; and when in due time his younger daughter succeeded to it, the realm was convulsed from Berwick to St. Michael's Mount by a scarcely less fierce religious strife. Yet France, Spain, and Germany called in the elder sovereign to arbitrate in their disputes; while Elizabeth stood proudly at the head of the Protestant interest, that is to say, really at the head of progress and civilisation in Europe.

The queen died; and until one worthy to be her successor filled her room,—an Oliver of Huntingdon or a William of Nassau,—England held scarcely a secondary place amid the states of Christendom. The foreign policy of James was diametrically opposite to that of Elizabeth. Instead of putting himself at the head of the Protestant alliance, he sought, by disgraceful concessions, to win the favour of Catholic Spain and Austria. It was chiefly owing to his pretended love of peace and his real love of despotism that the war of liberation in the Low Countries came to so imperfect a conclusion, that the civil and religious liberties of Bohemia were crushed, and that the tide of Romanism rolled back again over Europe as far as the shores of the Baltic. Again James was not without honest and clear-sighted advisers. Abbot archbishop of Canterbury, in a letter to Sir Robert Manton, the king's secretary, thus counselled his sovereign in the matter of the palatinate:

"That God had set up this prince (the Elector Palatine), his majesty's son-in-law, as a mark of honour throughout all Christendom, to propagate the Gospel and to protect the oppressed. That, for his own part, he dares not but give advice to follow where God leads, apprehending the work of God in this and that of Hungary. That he was satisfied in conscience that the Bohemians had just cause to reject that proud and bloody man, who had taken a course to make that kingdom not elective, in taking it by the donation of another. Therefore let not a noble son be forsaken for their sakes who regard nothing but their own ends. Our striking-in will comfort the Bohemians, honour the Palsgrave, strengthen the princes of the Union, draw on the United Provinces, stir up the King of Denmark and the palatine's two uncles, the Prince of Orange and the Duke of Bouillon, to cast in their shares. Therefore let all our spirits be gathered up to animate this business, that the world may take notice that we are awake when God calls."

But the archbishop poured his counsels into deaf ears. The



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battle of Prague was fought; the palatinate was ravaged by Spinola; the son-in-law of the English king was an exile, and almost a beggar; and the Protestant interest all over the Continent sank lower than it had ever been at any moment since the Confession of Augsburg. Nor, perhaps, is it too much to say, that to the royal peacemaker of England, Germany and the Low Countries owe much of the affliction they endured from the Thirty-Years War and the ambition of Louis XIV. He who permits when he can prevent an evil, is accessory to the commission of it; and James, if he could not have rendered Austria powerless for mischief, might have considerably curbed her powers of working it. For had he continued Elizabeth's policy to Holland and the Netherlands, the whole of these opulent and industrious provinces would have emancipated themselves from the yoke of Spain, and their war of liberation have been a total instead of a partial victory. Had he "struck-in and comforted" the Bohemians at the right moment, he would have raised in the south of Germany a barrier against the returning tide of Romanism little less firm than that of Holland and the Protestant Union in the North; and thus have anticipated the necessity for calling in the Swedes. But the Scottish Solomon was as incapable of learning wisdom from Cecil or Abbot as he was of emulating the valour of Gustavus. The Hollanders, as republicans, he thought unbecoming allies for anointed kings; with the German Protestants he split on the doctrine of predestination; and at the moment his intercession might have availed his son-in-law, he was nervously apprehensive that, if he interfered, the Spanish court would look cold upon him, and refuse him the honour of being father-in-law to an infanta.

Here, then, was piled up, on all sides, an ample supply of discontent, at home and abroad. England was degraded in the eyes of her neighbours, and anxious for her own liberties. But even this was not the worst. The reign of James was soiled with portentous crimes, which, though not directly attributable to the government, yet marked a time out of joint. There was Overbury's murder, and Somerset's pardon; the disgrace of Coke, the elevation of Villiers, and the execution of Raleigh. The lord-chancellor of England was found guilty of taking, or conniving at the taking of, bribes; while in the background, but not forgotten, lingered the strange and appalling tragedy of the Gowries. A decorous and frugal court might have lived down these ugly facts and rumours. But the court of James was scandalously prodigal and profligate, and experienced almost daily the dishonours that attend the lives of drunkards and bankrupts.

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We could easily extend our outline of the foreign and domestic misrule of James; but we have traced it far enough to show why, under her first Stuart monarch, England sank in the scale of nations; and why also abuses and fears at home were rapidly organising opposition to the Crown both within and without the walls of St. Stephen's. What we are compelled by our limits to pass over, Mr. Sanford's sketch of this reign supplies fully; and we must now turn to that of Charles, for the progress and continuation of the struggle which Clarendon has stamped with the name of the *Great Rebellion*, but which might with more accuracy of phrase be denominated the *Great Remonstrance* against the doctrine that men were made for kings.

We confess never to have studied a narrative of Charles I.'s reign which did not lead us to compassionate his hard lot,—in the first instance, for being called to sit on a throne at all; in the next, for inheriting such a throne as that of England in the seventeenth century. In a private station, he would have been a highly respectable, if not an exemplary, member of society; and, after departing this life, would have had a comely effigy in marble, kneeling opposite a marble Henrietta, with their sons and daughters kneeling behind them decently and in order. But for a throne Charles was in many ways unfitted. Ill-fate seemed to dog his footsteps from the cradle to the scaffold. He was born on the day when the bodies of the brothers Gowrie, the contrivers or the victims of the darkest and most mysterious plot even in the blood-stained annals of Scotland, were ignominiously exposed. His baptism was sudden, for he was hardly expected to outlive the day. He was nearly six years old before he could stand or speak, his limbs being distorted and his mouth malformed; nor did he ever walk without difficulty, or speak without a stammer.

"There is," says Mr. Forster, "a complexional weakness imparted at birth which nothing will afterwards cure: and who shall say how far these physical defects carried also with them the moral weakness, the vacillation of purpose and obstinacy of irresolution, the insincerity and bad faith, which so largely helped to bring him to the scaffold?"

His prevailing fault in childhood seems to have been a perverse and obstinate temper; and the old Scottish lady, his nurse, used to affirm that he was of a very evil nature in his infancy. Yet, since the old lady herself may very possibly have been fractious, we do not insist on these rumours. One fact, however, is certain,—that his father did his utmost to render Charles pragmatical and self-opinionated. A lad deep in *Coke upon Lyttelton*, and trained to moot points of

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law, would grow up in all probability a dull man and a pedantic lawyer; but one trained in Bellarmine and the schoolmen must become either cunning or foolish beyond his years. Such, however, was the worshipful education which "the wisest of kings" provided for his young Rehoboam. At the premature age of ten, Charles was so well "crammed" with polemical lore, that he held a public disputation in theology, much to the delight of his "dear dad" and a few divines who were present. "Charles shall manage a point of controversy with you all," said the king, a few years after this exhibition, to his chaplains: so that England's heir promised to be a second Edward VI., only with a high-church instead of a low-church bias.

This theological bent is the more to be regretted, since it interfered, if Sir Philip Warwick may be credited, with natural tastes that might under proper guidance have been turned to good account. "With any artist or good mechanic, traveller or scholar," we are told, "he would discourse freely; and as he was commonly improved by them, so he often gave light to them in their own art or knowledge. For there were few gentlemen in the world that knew more of useful or necessary learning than this prince did." Though far inferior to his elder brother Prince Henry both in intellect and in manly exercises, Charles had his father to thank in great measure for the wrong direction of his mind. With Bacon for his guide in philosophy, and with the Marquis of Worcester's help in mechanical science, he might have become a second King Alfonso, and, letting his ministers govern, have added a name to the list of royal *savans*. That he was a liberal patron of artists, and an excellent judge of their works, is beyond all doubt. Perhaps the happiest moments of his life were spent in his gallery at Whitehall, in the company of Rubens and Vandyke, or discussing with Inigo Jones improvements for his palace and capital. In such intercourse, and amid his coins, antiques, and pictures, Charles merits our esteem and respect, as an ingenious gentleman and a man of exquisite taste. It was the hard condition twin-born with his greatness that compelled him to forego these delights for (to him) the uncongenial task of government, the brawls of Henrietta's French attendants, the imperious vanity of Henrietta herself, and the dangerous counsels of Buckingham.

For some time after the rise of Buckingham the prince and the favourite were not on good terms, and Steenie held a higher place in the royal favour than "babie Charles." On one occasion, in the presence of a great company, Buckingham is said to have defied his future sovereign in scurrilous and most insult-

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ing terms; on another, a dispute having arisen between them at tennis, he cried out to him: "By God, it shall not be so; nor shall you not have it!" lifting up his racket at the same time in such a position that the prince exclaimed, "What! my lord, I think you intend to strike me." In comparison with such words or gestures, George IV.'s quarrel with Brummel was an ordinary *tiff*. On the authority of Raumer, Mr. Sanford surmises that Charles's jealousy of the popularity of his sister, the electress-palatine, with the Puritans was the cause of his reconciliation with Buckingham. Once cemented, their friendship was firm and unfortunate to either party: to the prince, because Buckingham was as reckless in politics as he was profligate in conduct; to the favourite, because the ill-will of the nation, which had not yet reached the king, centred on him. We must pass over all the circumstances of this unlucky alliance,—the bootless errand to Madrid, Buckingham's indecorous conduct during his embassy to Paris, and the alternate cajoling and bullying of the unhappy old king; and direct attention solely to the time when it suited the heir to the throne and his *fidus Achates* to play the part of patriots, in order to escape from the consequences of their ill-behaviour in Spain. For on this assumed patriotism more than one historian has founded the assertion that Charles was naturally well inclined to parliamentary government, and changed his mind only because his parliaments treated him with harshness and suspicion. Mr. Sanford has, in our opinion, clearly proved the fallacy of this assumption. His confutation of it will be best conveyed in his own language:

"The first exclamation of Charles, on embarking for England, was that he had duped the Spaniards; and he and his counsellor Buckingham now proceeded to play the same game with the English nation. Their object was to persuade the people that they had been grossly ill-treated by the Spanish court. Villiers was resolved that that court should be taught to estimate rightly his importance, and another time to tolerate insolence and excesses in him which they would in no other nobleman; and it was determined to employ the House of Commons as a tool to effect this purpose. The imprisoned members of the two Houses were released, and writs sent out for a new parliament. In this Charles and Buckingham no longer denied the right of the Commons to treat of such matters as his marriage and the Spanish alliance, but compelled the king to solicit their advice, and promise the fullest disclosures of the nature of the negotiations."

There was one man alone who could and would inform the Commons of the real merits of the case: and since his disclosures would suit the purposes of neither Pylades nor Orestes, it was all-important to them to have that witness gagged. The

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Earl of Bristol, English plenipotentiary in Spain, on arriving in England, whither he had been directed to proceed from Madrid by slow stages, was forbidden to take his seat in parliament, and ordered to remain a sort of state-prisoner in his country-house. For a while this *suppressio veri* prospered; and since it was easy in that age to make England believe any evil of Spain, it was feigned and credited that Philip and his minister Olivarez, having failed in their attempts on the faith of the prince-wooer, had grossly insulted in his person and in Buckingham's the majesty of England, and that both the interests of religion and the dignity of the realm were involved in the quarrel. With garbled statements before them, with Bristol enforced to silence, with the prince and the favourite in the witness-box pledging their word to the facts, or rather the falsehoods, alleged, it was scarcely possible for the Commons to be sceptical, or refrain from assenting to war with Spain. The old king read more shrewdly than either his son or his minion the consequences of such manœuvres. One day, and that no distant one, he foresaw the truth would come out; and then Buckingham at least, whom Sir Edward Coke now called the "saviour of the nation," would be as justly odious as he was now unjustly popular. Meanwhile the only gainers in this discreditable transaction were the deluded Commons themselves. Persuaded, or, to speak properly, coerced, by his son and his minister, James professed himself eager to redress all grievances, to refer to the advice of the Commons on all occasions, to waive his right divine, and become the people's king. But though coerced, he was not convinced; and roundly told the duke and the prince that they would each of them rue the hour in which they set this stone rolling. "By God, Steenie," he exclaimed, in the bitterness of his soul, "you are a fool, and will shortly repent this folly; and will find that, in this fit of popularity, you are making a rod with which you will be scourged yourself:" and then, turning in some anger to the prince, he told him that "he would live to have his bellyful of parliaments."

The Commons, though deluded by misrepresentation and by their own zeal against a marriage between the son of England and the daughter of the most Catholic king, were not forgetful either of the national interests or the character of the sovereign with whom they dealt. They preferred a war with Spain to a match with Spain; but, warned by his past extravagance, they did not place the sinews of war unconditionally in the king's hands. They voted for the army and navy about 300,000*l.*; but saddled their vote with a condition that, in order to ensure its application to the purpose it

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was granted for, it should be paid into the hands of treasurers appointed by themselves. Their confidence, indeed, in the prince and Buckingham was short-lived; their ardour for fighting cooled down; their sense of unredressed grievances revived, and Charles's first parliament granted him but a scanty supply for a war to which its predecessors had hastily assented. By the king's friends at the time and since this penuriousness of the House has been often and severely censured. But such objectors forget that Charles was more set upon the war than his subjects were; that he had drawn them into it by a tissue of *ex-parte* statements, if not of actual falsehoods; and that they naturally resented the deception put upon them. It is a striking commentary on the hollowness of his popularity towards the end of his father's reign, that though he had some qualities suited to the times in which he lived, and to the spirit of the people he was to rule, he does not appear to have enjoyed for a moment after his accession his subjects' affection. His serious deportment, his freedom from licentiousness, and a sense of religion probably unaffected, would have won for him the respect, if not the love, of the Puritans, had not their attraction to him been enfeebled by distrust of his sincerity, and their abhorrence of his principal friend and counsellor.

Mr. Sanford's observations on the position of Charles at the opening of his reign are equally just and well expressed. He says:

"What has been said of the conduct of Charles as Prince of Wales, will sufficiently prove that he ascended the throne with a full knowledge of the increased power and of the deeply-rooted feelings of the Commons. Never was there a plea more completely unfounded in fact than that which has been often advanced in behalf of this prince, that he only innocently employed the prerogatives which had been exercised without dispute by his predecessors. It has been seen that some years before, he was a leading adviser of the Crown in its attempts to crush the freedom of debate in parliament; and afterwards, to serve his own purposes, courted the popular power, and turned it with irresistible force against the policy of the reigning sovereign. No attempt was ever made on the part of the Commons, during these vacillations of the prince, either to avert his anger or conciliate his good-will by concessions. It was Charles who accommodated himself to their wishes, and by seeming to approve of their well-known opinions both in Church and State, secured their support to his side in their contest with his father. If, on his exchanging the position of Prince of Wales for that of king, he chose to ignore the whole of his previous conciliatory demeanour, and to assume the character of a prince *de jure*, who was entitled to demand liberal contributions from his subjects, without deigning for a moment to consider their alleged

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grievances, is blame to be cast on the House of Commons for refusing to acquiesce in this quiet repudiation of previous moral engagements, and for ascertaining definitely, at the very commencement of his reign, the footing on which they were to stand with their new sovereign? Charles was no inexperienced youth, fresh to the cares of state, towards whom the exercise of a generous forbearance might be wise, though in no case imperative. He was one with whom the Commons had been brought recently into intimate connection, on certain definite grounds of common action; and by persevering in the policy thus sanctioned by his support, they only gave him credit in public for that sincerity of character which his advocates have somewhat hastily accused them of publicly denying to him at the outset of his reign."

It would be rash to affirm that at the outset of his career, and at an age when the pleasures rather than the cares of royalty are paramount, Charles had formed any regular design of ruling independently of his Parliament. It would be still more rash to assume that he deliberately plotted against the liberties of his subjects. Yet there is ample proof that he had largely imbibed his father's theory of monarchy, and had determined even thus early that prerogative in *his* hands should moult no feather. The objects of his boyish studies, the casuists and the schoolmen, would confirm him in the belief of his right divine; and his bishops and chaplains would generally encourage him in the delusion that whatever Cæsar claimed should be rendered to Cæsar. And if he looked abroad, he would see much to induce him to think that the time was come for the decline of parliaments and the rise of monarchies. Arragon and the Castiles a hundred years before had enjoyed and abused immunities larger and more systematic than any hitherto inscribed in the statute-book of England. Yet these immunities had yielded to the arts or the arms of Charles V. and Philip II.; and in the 17th century, the most Catholic king employed his cortes to register his acts and to apportion the taxes, but consulted with them on no material question of war or peace. The parliaments of France were still remote from the degradation which in the next century awaited them; but they were already on the decline; and if the king, the nobles, and the church were tolerably harmonious with one another, the voice of the popular representation was either not uplifted or unheeded. We are inclined to think, however, that Charles at a later period of his reign proposed to himself the example of the Spanish monarch. Brief as his visit was to Madrid, he had seen enough there to convince him that a kind of divinity did indeed hedge an absolute king. He would see the opulence of a court enriched by the gold of the Indies, though

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he did not see the poverty of the Spanish peasants and artisans. He would behold on all sides a stately and picturesque ceremonial ascending by just degrees to the crown, yet not disdaining to fold in its embrace all who boasted the *sangre azul*, the Gothic lymph free from all Jewish or Moorish taint. He would mark the almost boundless power, pomp, and circumstance of a church which set its heel on all dissent, and had trodden out every spark of reformation. His northern senses might shrink from the savage joys of the bull-fight; but they would be gratified by the spectacles of the only theatre in Europe that possessed dramatic poets rivalling those of England. The friend of Rubens and the patron of Inigo Jones and Vandyke would gaze with legitimate raptures upon the galleries and the palaces of the Spanish capital; and since in Spain the arts ministered to the court or the church alone, the princely connoisseur might not unnaturally associate their triumphs with unrestricted power and unquestioned faith. His wounded pride might urge him to war with Spain, without abating his esteem for her stately civilisation; nor can it have been mere accident that, during the first fifteen years of his reign, he so often essayed to tread in the steps of Philip II. or his imperial father. They had destroyed the power of the cortes by interfering with the freedom of debate, by insisting that supplies should be voted independent of the redress of grievances, by fining and imprisoning unruly members, by a rigid censorship of the press, and by declaring royal proclamations to be of equal authority with acts of parliament. The points of resemblance between what had been effected in Spain and what was attempted in England with the view of curbing the liberty of the nation might be easily increased; but those which we have noted will be sufficient to warrant the probability that his visit to Madrid furnished more than one subject of meditation to the prerogative-loving Stuart.

Of the various chapters in Mr. Sanford's book, we have read with the most satisfaction that entitled "Puritanism: Religious and Social." It is well informed with knowledge and well written; but these are common properties of the volume before us. This section of it, however, is conceived with a discrimination by no means general in works treating of the Puritans. Under that title are often comprehended sects holding the most opposite or the most extravagant opinions in religion and even in morals—staid, sober, and commonplace country gentlemen, who in our day would quietly attend their parish-church, and as soon enter a theatre as a Ranter's meeting-house, being mixed up in the fancy of some persons with Fifth-Monarchy men shouting for King Jesus, with

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dreamers of dreams and seers of visions, and with expositors of the letter of the Scriptures who would now be sent with all speed to preach in Bedlam. The fact is just the reverse; and the Puritans in the main, as Mr. Sanford states, represented in the seventeenth century that good sense, sobriety, and earnest, though perhaps somewhat formal, morality which have in all periods characterised the middle classes of this country. That on the margin of Puritanism proper moved or inhabited many enthusiastic races—Anabaptists, Quakers, Millennarians—we do not deny. The frontiers of the Church of Rome itself were at all times occupied by fierce ascetics, and a Sunday walk in London would disclose at this hour nearly as much sectarian eccentricity as the age of Charles or Cromwell. The greater extravagance of language or demeanour prevalent in their time was in some measure owing to the spirit of resistance which the rigour of ecclesiastical jurisdiction and the intervention of the civil magistrate in matters of religion aroused in a people determined to assert their Christian liberty. They who accuse the Puritans of pharisaical strictness in their speech and observances, forget two important points in their circumstances. The generation before had seen the balance trembling between Romanism and Protestantism. They had seen or heard of the court of England putting on black for the Bartholomew massacre; they had helped to kindle the beacons, and donned unusual harness at the approach of, the armada; they had listened with bated breath and eager eyes to the authentic tidings or the accumulating rumours of the November plot. Gray-haired men who deplored Laud's innovations were entering on manhood at a time when almost every year revealed a fresh conspiracy against Elizabeth's life; and the centre or the object of those conspiracies was a popish queen, the next heir to Elizabeth's throne. At such a period as this, had toleration been known, it would have appeared as second only to treason; and Macbeth's extenuation of his "fury" might have been repeated even by men generally moderate and humane,—

> "Who can be wise, amazed, temperate and furious,
> Loyal and neutral, in a moment?"

Secondly, as Mr. Sanford has justly argued, the possession of the Bible was in the seventeenth century a comparative novelty; and the sacred volume stood nearly alone as the library of the people. From its pages all but the learned by profession derived most of their historical knowledge, much of their law, their theory and practice of morals, their rude conceptions of other lands and other manners. It was the handbook and encyclopædia of two-thirds of the households of Eng-

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land: its simple yet fervid language touched as with coals of fire the lips of eloquent men, and fed or inflamed the spirits of the imaginative. Mr. Sanford states so forcibly the causes of the "scripturalism" of the Puritans, that we must again borrow from his pages:

"Drawn by the absorbing conviction of a Divine presence within its pages, the Puritan threw himself into all the events and arguments of the Bible in an eagerness of realisation, to which his spiritual communings only lent additional strength. It has been observed that there is nothing which the whole Bible breathes forth more certainly than a true, because a high-toned, common sense. Those who read or are told of the enthusiasm of the Puritans, often express wonder at the strong practical sagacity which formed so indisputable a feature of their character. They cannot understand how the man who could discourse for the hour together on Israel and Amalek, and seemed to regard English affairs through a cloud of Jewish national animosities; who prayed on strange and unconventional occasions, in language neither tempered nor rational; who interposed in political discussions the embarrassing question, whether God had not delivered the 'man of blood' into their hands as a providential 'beckoning' to 'cleanse the earth of blood;' and who drew his similes in writing and speaking from the Old and New Testaments instead of the classics,—could have performed the works of high practical statesmanship achieved by the Puritan councillors and rulers of England. They forget that the Bible came to the Puritan of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries with all the attractions of a newly-recovered and still-disputed treasure, and sank into his mind with the depth of personally realised convictions. Its phraseology had not then become superficially conventional among professing believers,—a traditional dialect, of which the etymology had perished. It was used frequently because it seemed to be so frequently required, as the naturally-suggested expression or illustration of human action. It was because he felt a necessary and momentous connection between the words of Scripture and his own situation, that the Puritan employed them so often. If he carried this habit to excess, he was not perhaps, on the whole, more tiresome than our modern conversational echoes of the popular writers of the day. Familiar with and realising every part of the Bible, and drinking in its whole spirit, it is not strange that, with partial misapprehensions and occasional delusions from particular passages, the highest and noblest minds among the Puritans did imbibe, not merely the great enthusiasms which it expresses and inculcates, but also the strong practical sagacity and broad right-mindedness of which it is the emphatic teacher. So, notwithstanding an excessive tendency to think and speak of Gideon and David, the Puritan actually managed to govern England better than the House of Stuart fresh from the worldly-wise school of Catherine de' Medicis."

Mr. Sanford remarks, that "there is an aspect of Puritanism in its social relations which cannot be approached by any modern writer without great self-distrust. The spell of a magi-

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cian has been cast over this portion of our subject; and he must have extraordinary confidence in his own powers who (whatever the strength of his arguments) can hope to remove completely the entrancing delusion. The Cavalier and Roundhead of Sir Walter Scott's romances will probably always remain too lifelike and striking portraitures not to be received by the majority of readers as faithful reproductions of the originals." We cannot afford space for the rest of a striking passage on the difficulty of painting after Scott the Sir Henry Lees, the Poundtexts and Burleys of the Great Rebellion. But we think that Mr. Sanford has saddled Sir Walter with rather more responsibility than he is justly entitled to on this score. Has our author forgotten the incalculable influence of Hudibras even now, when Butler's satire is read by comparatively few? As a whole, this extraordinary poem has become obsolete: not so the impression which it made for a century at least after it appeared, and which it has transmitted to a late posterity. Many of Butler's couplets have passed into proverbs and household words; many artists have with more or less success embodied the figures of the Presbyterian Ralph, justice of the peace, and of the Independent; and the impression remains,—*sedet*, and perhaps we may say, *diuque sedebit*,—that the Puritans (and under that title are included all who were not Churchmen) were a sour, sombre, eccentric, and dismal race; short of hair, long of visage, sad-coloured in attire, judaical in their ceremonies, and speaking in a biblical dialect on the most solemn or the most trivial themes. And into the main current of Butler's satire there poured almost countless tributary streams. Fuller and Jeremy Taylor have denounced the peevishness of the Puritans; South has lashed them with his cutting irony almost in the same breath with which he deplores the profligacy of the orthodox court of the second Charles. Butler, indeed, alone drew the bow of Ulysses; but there was a host of lesser archers all shooting at the same mark. Scarcely a song or satire was highly popular after the Restoration that did not contain some special jest or fling at the precisians; and even the graver pens of Cowley and Addison did not disdain "such small deer." It may be fancy, yet we think that we can trace even to the days of Cowper an inclination in the public to regard Puritanism as a fitting subject of ridicule. A train of banter was accordingly laid very nearly to Scott's time; and although he undoubtedly produced many original, and revived many forgotten portraits of the Roundheads, he can hardly be made singly accountable for the mirth or acrimony poured upon their heads. Mr. Sanford's defence, or rather his portraiture, of the Puritans, is, however, more successful than his

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reasons for thinking them difficult at this hour to represent. He quotes Lucy Hutchinson—and there can be no better voucher—for their real merits, and the gross caricatures which stand in the place of the originals. We think that he might have strengthened his case by appending to the account of Colonel Hutchinson's manly pursuits and refined studies a sketch of the breeding and avocations of John Hampden. It is remarkable that even satire is dumb in the presence of this great man. Malevolence, which scrupled not in defiance of the clearest proofs to call Sir John Eliot an assassin, found no vulnerable point in Hampden's coat. Had there been room for censure or ridicule, we may be sure that the priestly or poetical champions of King Charles would have punctually performed their office. Foibles would have been magnified into crimes, and the slightest departure from the conventional ways or speech of men have furnished topics for laughter. But, unluckily for those who delighted in doggrel or raked for filth in the kennels of calumny, the morals and manners of Hampden were unexceptionable even in the eyes of those who would fain have set him beside Prynne and Bastwick in the pillory, and consigned him with Eliot to the dungeons of the Tower: yet if Hampden towered above his class in virtue social and domestic, he doubtless reflected in some measure its qualities in the broad and polished mirror of his own. Indeed, if we throw aside the mere accidents of the time,—which are many of them absurd or grotesque merely because they are strange to our eyes, and which, it may be added, are a hundredfold less grotesque or absurd than the manners prescribed by Chesterfield, or the follies satirised by Steele and Addison,—and consider merely the essential features of the Puritans, we shall detect in them a much closer affinity to the manners of good society in our own day than will be found in the demeanour of the Cavaliers. The portraits, literature, and traditions of the seventeenth century all attest the garb of these "champions of the good cause" to have been costly, fanciful, and even gawdy. Their tailors, bootmakers, jewellers, and sword-cutlers must, if their bills were paid, have had a good time of it; yet if Hall, Donne, or Ben Jonson write with authority, many a ruffler who followed Rupert across country without fear, would have walked with dread in the piping times of peace from his lodgings in Fleet Street to his ordinary in Cheap, or to the theatre on Bankside. Cromwell's buff-coats and bandaliers might be bad; but a worse thing was the buff-jerkin that might dart out upon the insolvent Royalist from the corners of a dozen streets. Many a broad acre was mortgaged, not only for the king's need, but for the silks, velvets, plumes, and gilt

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spurs of these curled darlings of the nation. Again, unless their songs belie them, they swore as terribly as our armies in Flanders, drank as deep as the gallants who brought Michael Cassio into trouble; and were equally notorious for their inconstant loves and their constant duels. The wiser and better champions of the king deplored the general license of their followers, and sometimes even despaired of a cause which was so supported. A contemporary Royalist, quoted by Mr. Sanford, thus describes the Cavalier army: "Never any good undertaking had so many unworthy attendants, such horrid blasphemers and wicked wretches, as ours hath had. I quake to think, much more to speak, what mine ears have heard from some of their lips; but to discover them is not my present business. A day may come when the world may see that we who adhere to the king for conscience-sake have as truly hated the profaneness and vileness of our own men as we have done the disloyalty and rebellion of the enemy..... We have those that seem to hate religion as much as the rebels do loyalty, yea that make religion a work of rebellion, even as they on the other side do make rebellion a work of religion." Of course we do not imagine the king's party to have been entirely composed of Clevelands and Gorings: in all nations, and indeed in all schisms and parties of a nation not utterly degraded, there are many "who have not bowed the knee to Baal." But innumerable vouchers prove that the followers of Charles, either from inclination, a spirit of opposition, or imitation, indulged in license which we should now regard as vulgar; that his court, though decent and temperate when compared with his father's, was far behind either modern decorum or the sobriety of the Lord Protector's household; and that the Brokes and Falklands, and all who resembled in their carriage or tastes the gentleman of to-day, found themselves quite out of place at Oxford or Whitehall.

The Puritans, on the other hand, were plain in their attire, earnest of speech, as becomes men to whom even ordinary life is charged with duty and responsibility, and who generally felt themselves to be, in Milton's pregnant phrase, "ever in their great Taskmaster's eye." Yet *our* dress is plainer than theirs, *our* locks are generally much shorter; and though our ordinary conversation be not, like theirs, shot through with lines of biblical dialect, we shun, like them, in our daily intercourse the loud oaths and the potations pottle-deep of the Cavaliers. In the general laxity of practice, or at least profession, among the king's party, there was doubtless a spirit of bravado. Mr. Sanford admits, and we cordially believe, that party to have comprised many estimable men whose morals were as unim-

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peachable as Cromwell's or Hampden's. We will even go a step further, and concede that many of them indulged in excesses which their principles and good taste disapproved, or professed to indulge in what they really abstained from. We can allow also that the Puritan camp contained many false professors; men who, like Anthony Forster in *Kenilworth*, lighted the fagots in Queen Mary's days, and groaned and beat their breasts in Elizabeth's under the ministry of Master Maultext. But it was the infelicity of the Cavaliers at that period to assume themselves to be the "gentlemen of England." They could not touch pitch without being defiled. They could not, they argued, resemble their straight-laced opponents in any particular of life and conversation without tarnishing their own escutcheons; they pretended to vices which they did not practise, solely to shun the imputation of unfashionable virtues. Many an honest Cavalier, who eschewed sherris-sack, sang tipsy songs; many a faithful husband boasted of his intrigues; and many who never entered a gaming-house were adepts in dicers' slang. It is the peculiar unhappiness of revolutionary times, when men necessarily act in masses, that the strong obtain unusual power over the weak. In 1792 the example of Mirabeau broke up many a strong constitution; men of lively emotions affected the imperturbable demeanour of Robespierre or St. Just; and many who would swoon when they did look on blood, talked in their clubs or from the tribune like Marat.

But we must return from the parties in collision to the principal actors on the scene. It will be less necessary to dwell on the history of Charles than on that of the antecedents of his reign; for whoever knows any thing of English history is acquainted with his repeated attempts to obtain supplies from his parliaments without redressing the grievances of the people, with his arbitrary levying of moneys by loans and benevolences, his tampering with elections, his imprisonment of refractory members, the fate of Eliot, the pillorying of Prynne, the disgrace of England in its foreign relations, and with the series of violent aggressions or false concessions that finally broke the patience of his subjects, and led to the Long Parliament.

For fifteen years,—and the time, as indicating the patience of the Commons, should be noted,—Charles essayed every art to render himself absolute, which his father's lessons, the examples of continental sovereigns, or his own experience, recommended. He played his game adroitly; and that he failed in it was owing to no want of skill, but to want of money and an army. It is impossible, indeed, to conceive Britain under the Stuarts to have become like France or Spain under the Bourbons or

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Philip IV.; yet with an army devoted to him, and a revenue uncontrolled by Parliament, Charles might have postponed to another generation the Great Rebellion. It was otherwise ordered; a more destructive and angry revolution, such as would inevitably have followed a longer endurance of misrule, was averted, and the Long Parliament met. Mr. Sanford has judiciously ushered in his account of its proceedings by short sketches of the great leaders; nor will any portion of his book be read with more interest than those pages of it which exhibit the personal lineaments of Pym, Hampden, Falkland, and Hyde.

It has been often remarked, that the eminent men who figured in the first French Revolution were, with few exceptions, trained by early circumstances to unsettle and pull down the existing order of things. They were either men of broken or greatly impaired fortunes, or men who had their fortunes to make. Neither insolvents nor aspirants, if they happen to be born with active or acrid temperaments, are prone to rest content with such ready-made goods as the gods provide for them, more especially in a country where nearly every avenue of distinction in church, camp, or official life, was closed to all not noble by birth. Moreover, a very considerable proportion of the French revolutionists were advocates by profession; and if the law does not injure men's tempers, it sharpens their wits. Nor was this all. Not only had most of these shrewd and shrill talkers their bread to earn, but many of them had become enamoured of some political theory, either a corollary from Rousseau's *Contrat Social*, or a practical inference from the American Revolution. Here, then, what with keen appetites and as keen aspirations, was a band of engineers ready and willing to hoist with their own petard the whole fabric of church and state,—of the state, which could neither rule nor govern any longer; of a church in which even its own paid ministers disbelieved. But none of these features present themselves in the Parliament of 1640. The movement party was not composed of men in debt, of men eager to break the chains of rank, or of men profoundly convinced that religion was an imposture. On the contrary, the Lower House had never before contained so efficient a representation of the property, the intelligence, the sound morals, or the sterling piety of the English people. The counties sent up to Westminster their best blood; men of large estates, of ancient lineage, whose ancestors had inscribed their names on the roll of Battle Abbey, or had been nobles before the Norman Conquest. Lawyers there were in large measure in that assembly, but of a different stamp from the advocates of the *tiers-état;* lawyers who

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had bearded the royal judges and the Star-Chamber, whom office and pensions could not allure, whom fines and imprisonment could not intimidate, and who nevertheless were as much opposed to rash innovation as to illegal prerogative. And besides the professional wearers of the long robe, there were many sound lawyers, or in the Roman phrase *jurisconsults*, who had administered in their native shires and hereditary neighbourhoods, without fee or reward, the common law of England as justices of the peace and quorum. Learning also had its fitting representatives in an assemblage where Selden and Falkland and D'Ewes sat conspicuous; nor, although England in the seventeenth century had few claims to be reckoned among military powers, was the sword entirely postponed to the interests of the gown. Imperfectly as the country at large was then represented, and potent as the Crown was, even at the eleventh hour, in affecting the returns, it may be doubted whether the English people ever sent up to St. Stephen's a body of men more fully instructed in their duty to the electors, or more stedfastly resolved to perform it.

When the Long Parliament set to work, it must be owned that its members lost little time in doing the work in hand. Now at length they were fairly confronted with the monarchy and its accumulated abuses. Now the axe was laid to the root, and the fan set to winnow the heap. The time for trust, patience, and doubt was past: the time for removing idols and cutting down unclean groves was come. The king with whom they were to deal possessed neither the martial renown of the Plantagenets nor the civil vigour of the Tudors. As a nobleman of high estate, or as a private gentleman of fortune, Charles would have passed to the grave with the character of a good head of a household, an accomplished judge of art, a keen sportsman, a stanch supporter of the powers that be, and a tolerable justice of the peace in all cases not affecting the game-laws or the dissenters. But of royal qualities he had absolutely none, unless we admit the doctrine of his pedantic father, that craft was a kingly virtue. *That* he undoubtedly possessed in full measure; but it was a quality as far removed from the policy of a Richelieu or a Charles V., as a Birmingham button is from a good sovereign. It was such craft as popular rumour ascribes to the worser limbs of the law; craft as devoid of real sagacity as of honesty; craft which his grandmother Mary, or his remoter ancestor the Red Tod, would have beheld with a sigh or a smile. But neither James III. of Scotland nor the adroit pupil of the Duke or Cardinal of Guise could have baffled such an opposition to misgovernment as was now thoroughly awakened in England. The Commons



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had long felt their power: they now knew how to wield it. Hitherto one of their most formidable impediments was trust in the king. That impediment had vanished for ever. It was folly, or rather treason, to the great cause at stake to put faith in one who had neutralised, by an act second only to forgery, the Petition of Rights; and who had violated the privileges of Parliament by imprisoning its members for the crime of free speech. Nor as regarded the Upper House, or that section of it which occupied the episcopal bench, was their course less clear. The lay lords in the Great Chamber were all of them Englishmen,—not, like so many members in the Plantagenet parliaments, aliens by birth and intruders in the island; and were many of them as eager for reform of abuses as Pym and Hampden themselves. The king's demeanour, mostly cold and discourteous, had estranged many of the peers whom the times alone had but slightly stirred; the queen's levity and arrogance had disgusted others; and hardly ten sat in the tapestried chamber to whom Strafford, the king's right hand, was not personally odious. The spiritual lords were almost to a wig obnoxious: they had played into Laud's hands; they had copied his mummeries; they had thrown pious men into gaol; they had brought simple and learned to the pillory or the block; they had resisted every movement in advance; they had striven to render the church as imperative as the pope. There were few to say God bless them; there were hundreds who could point to limbs crippled by fetters, to scars left by the hangman, to families beggared by fines, to brothers and sons pining in exile, and to numberless scoffs which patient merit from the unworthy takes. The stage, though not clear, was awaiting the drop-scene; the eleventh hour had struck; and neither profession would any longer avail the secret, nor penitence the avowed enemies of liberty. In the first session of the Long Parliament Strafford and Laud were impeached and imprisoned. The one attainted by bill was swiftly executed; the other was reserved for a later but similar doom. Lord-keeper Finch fled to Holland; Secretary Windebank to France. All the officials of the Crown,—the judges who had pronounced sentence against Hampden, the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, the underlings of the customs who had levied tonnage and poundage,—were summoned to answer for their conduct. The Star-Chamber, the Court of Wards, the Earl Marshal's Court, the Council of York, were all abolished. The prison-doors were thrown open; fines were remitted; Bastwick and Prynne, and other less illustrious victims of Laud's tyranny, were conducted in triumph through the shouting capital; and the king, almost solitary in his palace at Whitehall, gazed upon

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the sweeping current below him abashed, yet not made wiser. He could no longer dissolve Parliament by the breath of his lips: no Black Rod was hardy enough to carry his messages to that stern and wakeful House: his feudal privileges were swept away; his judges could not be removed by his word; and even if the present parliament were to consent to its own dissolution, the writs for its successor must be issued at least once in every three years.

In the chapter of his work entitled "Parliamentary Royalism," Mr. Sanford deals with a crisis common to all revolutionary eras—the moment when reaction commences. Its arrival will be accelerated or retarded according to the temper of the assembly or the nation which is revising its institutions; and since the English people has always been remarkable for the conservative spirit and the caution it displays on such occasions, it excites no surprise that the Long Parliament soon began to relax its speed in the work of reform. The grievances which had either sprung up under the Stuart dynasty, or had been inherited by them from the Tudors, were so alien from the letter and spirit of the constitution, as well as so palpable in their effects both on the property and the liberty of the subject, that there was a general consent on the part of the Commons to sweep them away. For this end Hyde and Falkland were as energetic and resolved as Pym and Hampden. Neither in dealing with the imputed treasons of the Earl of Strafford was there much diversity of opinion. The deputy of Ireland and the ex-president of the council of the North had made himself both politically and personally obnoxious; even the court-party feared and resented his pride and reserve; while every section among the reformers beheld in him the arch foe of liberty. Neither was there any serious disunion on the question of rendering Parliaments triennial, or in depriving the Crown of the power which it had so flagrantly abused of summarily dissolving the great council of the nation. But when the forest of abuses, with all its tangled underwood, had been once cleared away, and the Commons had wrested from Charles the implement of sudden dissolution, there came over the minds of many a spirit of alarm and distrust in progress, a disposition to pause, a dread lest the people should become even more formidable than the king had lately been, and the word "finality" was at first whispered, and soon openly pronounced, on the benches of both Upper and Lower House. "The king has been disarmed," it was urged not unplausibly; "the voice of the people has shaken the cedars of Lebanon; the immunities extorted from John and the third Henry, and acknowledged by the charters of their successors, have been

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regained; and the representatives of the nation once again stand on the ancient ways, and look before and after with the clear vision of experience. All beyond is a trackless region, which another generation may explore: sufficient for the day is the work that has been so happily and unanimously done." The different motives creating and organising this parliamentary reaction are examined by Mr. Sanford with great knowledge and ability, and he invests the question with personal interest by his sketches of the leading advocates for finality. That many thoughtful and well-meaning men now recoiled from the "onward movement," is no less certain than that personal jealousy, disappointed ambition, and constitutional timidity swelled the ranks of the reactionists. There is a youth, a manhood, and a senescence in all revolutions. At first many run; but after a while few strive for the mastery. Either their vigour is exhausted, or they cannot brook the superior speed and bottom of their rivals. To this order Strafford himself had belonged: he endured not the rising popularity of his former friend and schoolfellow Pym, and turned a jaundiced eye upon the renown of the martyr of liberty Eliot. He accepted, or rather he arrogated to himself, the leadership of the Royalists, because he could not stand alone as chief of the "*progressistas.*" With such men, though with far inferior blame, must be ranked Hyde and Falkland in England, and Hamilton and Montrose in Scotland. They could not add to their faith patience, and condoned the errors of the king because they could not stomach equality with the king's opponents. Doubtless at the opposite extreme were men as thoughtful and well-intentioned as these laggards in the race,—men who, in Mr. Sanford's words, "require the *immediate* realisation of not only the spirit but the letter of their demands as the *sine quâ non* of an accommodation." It is the province of the historian, who sees the end from the beginning by virtue of his position in respect of time, to determine whether the confident Peter or the doubting Thomas were the more sagacious.

As Mr. Sanford's account of the formation of the new Royalist party is too long for us to extract, and too important to be passed over in silence, we must offer it in an abridged form to our readers. At its head were Falkland, Hyde, and Culpeper, each of whom had in 1640 been strenuous opponents of the court. Symptoms of secession from the liberal benches had indeed displayed themselves in the former session; but it was not until after Parliament met in October 1641 that a continuous and concerted policy becomes visible, and that the same names appear steadily enrolled in the front of reaction. The leaders, and the majority of the rank and file which seceded

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with them, had no scruples as to their course onward so long as special grievances only were to be removed. Hyde had assailed the Council of York, Falkland had voted for the exclusion of bishops from the Upper House; all had consented to or clamoured for Strafford's execution and Laud's impeachment; for displacing the judges who had sentenced Hampden, for fining the sheriffs who had distrained for ship-money, and for the act which, in direct violation of the constitution, made the consent of Parliament necessary to a prorogation or dissolution. But beyond this they did not or would not look. "They could not," says Mr. Sanford excellently, "conceive the idea of these grievances being so interwoven with the whole fabric of the royal government, and so identified with the spirit and character of the prince himself, that in removing them it would be impossible to avoid making far greater innovations in the existing state of things, and engendering in the king an unforgiving and aggressive ill-will; to guard against the effects of which, statesmen imbued with the most strictly constitutional ideas might be driven to the verge of revolution, if not beyond."

At such epochs as that of 1641, they who fancy themselves able, at a moment chosen by themselves, to say to the advancing waves "thus far and no farther," reason as weakly as for the most part they act abortively. For either they should not have entered at all on the struggle; or they should not have faltered in it until old things had become new, and it had been rendered as impossible for the king to be in his turn the assailant of the constitution as for the pope to regain his ancient power in the English church. They should have quietly abandoned the constitution to its fate in '39, or should have reconstructed it as in '88. For what arguments were valid against the monarchy in the spring of 1641, which were not equally so in the following autumn? Could any one in his conscience affirm that the king was changed in his feelings towards Parliament, as well as curbed in his prerogatives? Had the extinction of the Star-Chamber destroyed the queen's influence, or that of the High-Commission Court converted Digby, Jermyn, and Finch into good citizens? In revolutions the children of the hour are not necessarily the children of light; and while the consistent supporters of extreme measures will often in the end prove to have exercised a sound discretion, the "moderate party," as it is termed by waiters on Providence, or the double-minded and unstable, will generally be found to have been not less hasty and passionate than vacillating and inconsistent. As it was with Lafayette, so it was with Hyde; as it fared with the Girondins, so it fared with Falkland and Culpeper: and so will it ever fare with the Reubens of revolution,—"unstable as water, they shall not excel."

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As it was in the beginning, so it continued to the end of his reign, the king was always possessed by the unlucky notion that he could play with all parties to his own advantage. If he were checked in England, he might yet stalemate in Scotland; and if both his hereditary kingdoms failed him, he could always checkmate with Ireland. We do not presume to tax Charles with the enormous crime of having stimulated the Irish rebellion; nothing short of positive evidence can justify so grave an imputation against a prince otherwise so unfortunate. Yet, without inculpating the king, we may make allowance for contemporary suspicions. He was known to have received offers of assistance from the Catholics; the depositions against Strafford showed that the lord-deputy had proposed to meet the English reformers with an Irish army; and Charles himself aggravated these jealousies by offering to take the command in person of a force destined to repress the Irish insurgents. The alarm on this occasion was not lessened by the knowledge that the king's second visit to Scotland had been prompted by the hope that he might recover in Edinburgh the ground he had lost in London. If he were cognisant of the insurrection in Ireland, he was as unfortunate as he was guilty; for nothing in the series of events or rumours tending to his final breach with Parliament was of such fatal aspect to him as this: and if he were ignorant of the revolt, it may be set down among the prime infelicities of an ill-starred house. But the complicity or innocence of Charles in all that relates to the Irish rebellion would require a separate essay; and we must now notice briefly a measure of the Lower House which hitherto has been very imperfectly understood and very variously censured.

If it be true that the world knows nothing of its greatest men, it is scarcely less true that it often undervalues, at least as regards posterity, its most useful servants. A generation ago, it would have been deemed paradoxical to assert that Baillie the Covenanter afforded more insight into the state of English politics two centuries since than either Ludlow, Clarendon, or May; and until D'Ewes' Memoirs and Journals were accessible, the world remained in ignorance of many of the most material transactions in the Long Parliament. To that assembly D'Ewes stood in the relation of Boswell to Johnson. His delight was to take notes and ferret out precedents: to any broad or general principles he was indifferent; he had John Rugby's fault of being "peevish and given to prayer." But for any departure from precedent D'Ewes had the sagacity of a slow-hound; his memory for formularies and records was as portentous as Magliabechi's for title-pages and editions; and

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woe was to an honourable member who in D'Ewes' hearing quoted inaccurately an act of parliament, and threefold woe to him who adduced, not being well "up" in the subject, an order in council. To this D'Ewes in the first instance, and to the patience of those in the second who deciphered the blottings, crossings, and erasures in his Manuscript Journal of the Long Parliament, we are indebted for nearly all our knowledge of the protest which, under the name of the *Grand Remonstrance*, the Commons laid at the foot of the throne, after tedious debate and recurring alarms, in December 1641. The history of this great state-paper is as curious as its contents are important. It has literally been for two centuries buried alive under dull and inert matter heaped up in Rushworth's ponderous folios, with scarcely a stone or letter to mark the place of its interment; and what is yet worse, buried with a bad name. Its concealment hitherto is owing to the dull and dreary matter that surrounds it in the Rushworthian cemetery, and to the disingenuousness of Clarendon, whose interest it was to misrepresent its character. "Clarendon," says Mr. Forster, "was too near the time of the Remonstrance when he wrote, and had played too eager a part in the attempt to obstruct and prevent its publication to the people, not to give it prominence in his history; but he found it easier to falsify and misrepresent the debates concerning it, of which there was no published record, than to pass altogether in silence the statements made in it, diffused as they had been, some score of years earlier, over the length and breadth of the land." From about six pages of the octavo edition of Clarendon, Hume and the historians of the last century derived whatsoever they knew of the Grand Remonstrance. "Hallam," Mr. Forster proceeds, "is content to give some eight or nine lines to it, in which its contents are not fairly represented; Lingard disposes of it in something less than a dozen lines; Godwin passes over it in silence; and such few lines as Disraeli (in his *Commentaries*) vouchsafes to it are an entire misstatement of its circumstances and falsification of its contents." Here, then, is virgin soil, which Mr. Sanford and Mr. Forster have found and worked in common; although, from circumstances already adverted to, the latter gentleman has been the principal gainer by the discovery.

The Grand Remonstrance, however, requires and would well repay a notice for itself, and is a topic which might justly occupy as much space as we have already afforded to Mr. Sanford's *Studies and Illustrations*. We have introduced it, not with the purpose of analysing its contents, but to account for an accidental defect in the volume we have been surveying, and to direct attention to Mr. Forster's account of

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this unsurpassed state-paper. In conclusion, we can merely refer to the occasion which led to its being drawn up and published, for the instruction of the people and the vindication of the Commons of England, in the year 1641. That occasion harmonises with the most important portions of Mr. Sanford's work,—the misgovernment of England during the first fifteen years of Charles I., and the parliamentary royalism which at one time threatened to overcast the dawn of the revolution of 1640. The memory of political, as of personal benefits, is apt to be brief-lived: a people whose yoke is suddenly lifted, is too prone in the ease of the present moment to forget its recent pressure, and to view its deliverers with indifference, if not ingratitude. Such speedy oblivion of relief obtained had in the revolutions of ancient Rome caused the destruction of both the Gracchi and the younger Drusus; and a similar folding of the hands to sleep threatened the English nation towards the end of 1641. It was nearly in vain that the leaders of the Commons warned their constituents of dangers from Scotland, from reactionists, from the avowed adherents of the king, from even a general sympathy with a monarch who had conceded so much, and who was now seemingly friendless. It was necessary by some solemn protest to remind the nation that the king had been compelled to abolish grievances rather than to remove them by his own will and deed: that if the fold was for a while watched and fenced, the wolf was watching at the gates; that Charles was really becoming more popular in his distress than he had ever been in his prosperous estate; and that if the former court-faction once united firmly with the new Royalists, all that had been achieved by the Parliament in its first session might be annulled or undermined by subsequent acts. An appeal to what Charles, while unfettered, had done or attempted to do, was therefore essential to be set forth, for instruction, reproof, and correction of the backsliders and the supine. With this just and necessary end in view, the Grand Remonstrance describes the condition of the three kingdoms at the time when the Long Parliament met, the measures taken to redress wrongs and to punish evil doers and evil counsellors. Much had been done, it was admitted; but that much remained to do was no less boldly averred. It enumerated the statutes already passed for the present good and the future security of the subject, as well as the obstructions from the Crown and its ministers which at every stage those remedial measures had encountered. It then passes on to warn the people of the intrigues afoot to recover the ascendency of the court-factions by fostering division at home and

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soliciting aid from abroad; it glances at danger from the papists, and from deserters from the popular ranks; it accuses the bishops of a desire to fashion the English church after a Roman model; denounces the effect of ill-counsels in Scotland and Ireland; and calls upon the king to dismiss his evil advisers, and to choose his ministers from among the men who had his own good and the nation's at heart. It is remarkable, that although the Grand Remonstrance is throughout an appeal to the people, it contains not a word of disrespect to either the church establishment or the person and just privileges of the king. It is such a paper as might have been signed without a murmur by William of Orange, and even accepted by Elizabeth in her better moods; it is such a paper as would have secured the throne of the Stuarts from open violence or secret intrigue, had they been capable of keeping a promise or governing according to law.

We have purposely dwelt on the former portions of Mr. Sanford's volume, both because we believe the earlier policy of Charles to be less generally known than his later acts and measures, and because the prelude to the Great Rebellion affords the best commentary on its general character. We lay down our pen, perhaps, at the period when Mr. Sanford's narrative will to the majority of its readers become most interesting,—the moment when the king threw away the scabbard, and by his attempted seizure of the five members annihilated for ever all chance of composition between his subjects and himself. But from this period we can securely leave the volume before us to speak for itself. In every page it bears the tokens of industry, apprehension of the times and the men it delineates, and of a disposition to state boldly and yet impartially the causes and progress of the greatest struggle which any nation has passed through. In turning over the pages, and while following the train of thought which they suggest, we have been constantly reminded of the judgment passed on the English revolution by a great scholar and a great statesman of the last century; of Warburton's description of the leaders of the Long Parliament "as the band of greatest geniuses for government that the world ever saw leagued together in one common cause;" of Chatham's words, "there was ambition, there was sedition, there was violence; but no man shall persuade me that it was not the cause of liberty on one side, and of tyranny on the other." On these texts Mr. Sanford has discoursed with equal learning and eloquence; and we shall be much disappointed if he does not proceed to *study* and *illustrate* the concluding events of the Great Rebellion.

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## Art. VII.—MR. TROLLOPE'S NOVELS.

*The Warden.* By Anthony Trollope. London: Longmans, 1855.

*Barchester Towers.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Warden." London: Longmans, 1857.

*The Three Clerks.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "Barchester Towers," &c. London: Bentley, 1858.

*Doctor Thorne. A Novel.* By Anthony Trollope, author of "The Three Clerks," "Barchester Towers," &c. London: Chapman and Hall, 1858.

The present age is the age of novels. There is no department of literature which has by the existing generation of writers been more successfully cultivated, none which has been more in favour with the existing generation of readers, than that of prose fiction. This is, at least, one of the distinguishing features of the literary character of the time. In poetry we certainly cannot "boast ourselves better than our fathers," whether as to the number or the quality of the little knot of writers who are recognised as poets in the higher circles of criticism. And greatly as science has advanced during this century, and widely diffused as is the taste for scientific literature, we have no writers to name who excel the great masters of former days. In history, politics, and the large range of cognate subjects, the preëminence of the writers of the reign of Queen Victoria will hardly be admitted without dispute by future critics. But prose fiction seems to be all our own. The press teems with novels, tales, romances innumerable, of every conceivable shade of character, quality, and substance. All the wit, fancy, and imagination of the age seems to be forced into this form of expression; less probably from a peculiar development of the literary genius than by reason of the special direction of the literary taste of the present generation. If this one branch of literature has absorbed into itself the intellectual nourishment and vigour which should have supported kindred branches now feeble and neglected, it is not so much by the wilful choice of the writers as by the insensible effect upon them of the preferences of the public for which they write. Men who would have been poets or dramatists at a former period are now novelists. The satirist vents his disgust with human nature, his splenetic feeling, or his sense of aspirations unrealised and deficiencies unsupplied, in the person of the hero of a novel, or in the very thread of his narrative, instead of, as formerly, "wreaking himself in verse." The epics of the present time are called historical romances. The genius, the

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keen observation, the power of delicate delineation of character, the acute appreciation of the lighter shades of human life, which once made the comedian the favourite of theatres, now delight a wider circle through the pages of a novel. Nay, even farces are now written in the form and manner of tales, and keep the railway traveller awake, instead of keeping pit, gallery, and boxes in a roar.

Yet, while so much attention, ability, and labour, are bestowed upon the work of novel-writing, the character of our novels has materially changed. There are comparatively few good works now written of the class to which the designation of "romance" appropriately belongs; few works of the heroic school, of which Scott is the unrivalled master. Only one or two writers of the present day venture upon the high ground on which he trod so firmly. Generally our contemporaries do not choose kings and statesmen of high historic fame for their heroes, and brace themselves to the labour required by the dignity of an exalted subject. The historic is almost as much out of fashion as the chivalric romance. There are three or four voluminous writers who venture to depend for the interest of their tales solely on scenes of peril and daring, on striking adventures and brilliant exploits. But these choose their heroes among ordinary men, and of these there are only a few; the greater number of the popular fictions of the day belong to a very different class. Their scenes are laid among quiet homes, and their heroes are men of peace. They are dramatic rather than narrative. Their interest is derived not from intricate situations and startling occurrences, but from the development of varieties of individual disposition and different phases of human nature. They are tales of character, as the novels of a former time were tales of incident or of manners. Instead of waging conflicts on horse or on foot with mailed adversaries, their personages are themselves the subjects of those internal struggles on which depend the spiritual destinies of men; or if they meet with human antagonist, the struggle is maintained by force of intellect or of will, not by the strong arm of the old heroes of romance.

Whether we have altogether been the gainers by this change, it would take too long to determine. Certain it is, that novels of the higher sort now abound; furnishing us with intellectual *entremets*, which are neither dull nor exciting, neither severe nor trivial, with a liberality to which our forefathers were strangers. These have not the stately minuet pace, nor the air of half-tragic dignity, which belonged to the six-volume novels of the last century; nor do they pretend to rival the chivalric romances of an earlier period, or the more recent historical fictions which have superseded them. Nor yet have they the moral gravity,

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the deep earnestness of purpose, or the almost morbidly subjective interest of another class of domestic fictions now popular, and deservedly popular, even among that class with whom novel-reading is a matter of questionable morality. But they have merits of their own, which ensure the best writers of this class a very large, if not a very attentive audience. They are generally interesting, without possessing that fascination so inconvenient to a busy man, which renders it impossible for him who has once taken up a book to lay it down until he has reached the last page of the third volume. Nor are they without a moral of their own. Indeed, a retributive justice, which may be more easily dispensed with in graver fictions, is essential to those which partake largely of the character of a domestic comedy; and if we have no great faith in the moral efficacy of novels in general, we are inclined to think that as much good and as little harm is to be expected from the good-humoured satire or unobtrusive good sense of those which are written purely to amuse, as from the more laboured and didactic morality of those which are written to teach the doctrines of a sect, or the peculiar views of an individual author.

Among the best living writers of the former class we are inclined to rank one of the most recent accessions to their number. Mr. Anthony Trollope, the author of *The Warden*, has achieved in a very short time a very considerable success. The tale was brief, perhaps a little incomplete, and somewhat loosely put together. The single incident on which the whole weight of the narrative rested seemed very slight to support its burden; and there was somewhat too much made perhaps of trifles, as is not unfrequently the case where a writer has adopted a framework so simple and apparently insignificant that the whole merit of his story depends upon his way of telling it. So to embellish a single substantial incident with details of circumstance well filled in, with descriptions happily sketched, with delicate touches of character, as to make thereof even a novellette in one volume, without ever sinking into vapidity or commonplace, or becoming tedious through overmuch dwelling on nothings, worth only a glance and not a formal observation, is a severe task for a young and inexperienced author to assume. Few have acquitted themselves so well in its performance as did Mr. Trollope in the volume which first introduced him to the novel-reader. There are indeed in that, as in all his writings, places on which we might put our finger and point out a blemishing excrescence extending over many pages, or a single thread of thought spun out to extravagant length and to such gossamer fineness that it is sadly apt to be lost amid the haze of words which are gathered around it. There is something unsatisfactory in the treatment

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apportioned to the various characters. We are not spared the inequalities of real life; some fare better, and others worse, than is quite accordant with our wishes; and none of them meet with a lot which can afford complete satisfaction either to themselves or to their well-wishers. We are not quite easy when the *dramatis personæ* are all disposed of, and all less comfortably established than they might have been.

This would perhaps be more unpleasant than it is, were it not that few of Mr. Trollope's characters are calculated to excite a very strong interest in their fate. We are not sure that there is not good reason for making the heroes and heroines of fiction superior to most of those with whom one may expect to meet in every-day life. The real man or woman of flesh and blood commands an interest in his or her personality more vivid than we could feel in him or her if presented to us merely as the ideal of a novelist; and the latter must seek, by the use of stronger shades and brighter colours in the delineation of his fictitious personages, to compensate for the haze which distance and unreality always cast around them. Mr. Trollope will not do this; and in consequence somewhat fails in awakening the sympathy of his readers for those whom he offers to their acquaintance. There is abundance of variety in his sketches of character; all the minute peculiarities which in real life are softened and redeemed from absurdity by the deeper and more serious parts of the man, are by him brought out in relief, and serve to mark very strongly the individuality of each of his creations. But as, especially in his two first novels, Mr. Trollope seems to have taken for his model the quiet unaffected comedies, as far from farce as from tragedy, which are familiar to those who delight in the theatrical performances of Mr. Wigan, he has seized rather on the quaint and salient than on the truly characteristic points of individual minds. In the last tale a somewhat quieter taste prevails, without obscuring the genial humour which is the charm of all. In the former we are rather more inclined to be amused at than interested in the personages of the narrative. There are few, if any of them, whom we can feel that we should have thoroughly loved and respected had we met them in real life. Except the most estimable clergyman who gives his title to the first volume, none of the characters in *The Warden* or *Barchester Towers* are such as to inspire any warm interest, and most of them are either depicted as disagreeable and contemptible, or rendered ludicrous either by disposition and conduct of their own, or by the situations in which they are frequently placed. The same holds true, though in a less marked manner, of the *Three Clerks*, their friends, and the young ladies to whom they are devoted.

Yet, despite all these defects, no one need wonder at the

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general popularity of Mr. Trollope's works, or at the favour which he himself cannot but extend to them, even though he might find it difficult to justify his partiality on any acknowledged principles of criticism. The charm of good temper, relieved from insipidity by a dash of sarcasm, and a keen appreciation of all that is amusing—not merely of all that is ridiculous—in the varying scenes of human existence, is almost as great in literature as in life. This charm Mr. Trollope possesses in a very liberal measure; and this makes even his somewhat objectionable digressions less objectionable than they would be in the pages of a graver writer. It is not quite pleasant to have an essay on the civil service, on competitive examinations, official routine, and the Crimean disasters thrust upon you between two scenes of a very entertaining character, in the midst of a novel to which you look principally, if not solely, for entertainment. But it is far more tolerable when such an essay is written in the same light, fluent, agreeable style which pervades the more appropriate contents of the book, than when the novel-reader finds himself suddenly plunged in a cold bath of disquisition and explanation, in which, besides the severe shock to his nerves, he is very soon out of his depth, or drenched with a hail-shower of sharp apostrophic declamation. Again, both in these digressions and in the narrative from which his reader wishes that he would less often digress, the author displays a sound common sense which is generally wanting to novel-writers who base their tales upon topics of political interest. He never gives way to cant, or follows the stream of popular indignation. Indeed, he is somewhat apt to treat the latter with the contempt of a practised politician; and if it affect his tone at all, it is by exciting in him a spirit of sarcastic opposition. He is a Conservative by taste and temper, and gives half-humorous half-pathetic descriptions of the mischief done by the tide of progress among venerable institutions, and quiet hits at the ludicrous side of the innovator's character or opinions, with evident and equal relish. In one passage he lets fall a slight indication of his sympathy with the mediæval tastes of Puseyism and its veneration for antiquated usage and reverend ceremonies, and he thoroughly appreciates the decorous gravity and dignity of the high-church party. He has more than a lawyer's reverence for prescription; and his first tale depicts the hardship inflicted by the popular cry for an investigation of the state of charitable trusts and corporations, and a return towards the original intentions of the founders. His sympathies are all on the side of the guardians and rulers who have been for generations receiving more than their share of the founder's benevolent legacy, not with the poor who, though they have had more than was bequeathed to them, have nevertheless received little indeed

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of the vast accession of wealth which time has brought to the institutions founded for their benefit. And he is evidently encouraged in this feeling by the knowledge that the popular view is against him. Every one of his three first works is animated, if it was not originally suggested, by this spirit of opposition. He has too much good sense to believe or even to affirm that whatever is is right; but he has an evident tendency to think that whatever is suggested as a substitute is wrong, especially if the suggestion emanate from a popular quarter. Doubtless there are many who can sympathise with him in this, and still more who will appreciate the sense as well as the spirit, though clothed in a garb of humorous exaggeration, which inspires Mr. Trollope's amusing antipathy to his especial *bête noire, The Jupiter*.

That powerful organ of public opinion is the evil genius of the unhappy gentleman who is the principal character in the two first works named at the head of this article. Mr. Harding holds two comfortable dignities in the episcopal city of Barchester. He is charged as precentor with the conduct of the musical worship of the cathedral, and enjoys, in conjunction with this office, the more lucrative situation of warden of Hiram's Hospital. The latter institution had been intended by the founder for the retreat of twelve old working men of his native city, who were to pass their declining years beneath its roof, sheltered and cared for by a clergyman to be appointed to the office by the Bishop of Barchester. In process of time the property of the hospital has risen enormously in value, and the warden now enjoys an income of some eight hundred a-year, while the bedesmen have participated only in far humbler proportion in the increased prosperity of the institution. How the existence of enormous abuses of a similar kind in other charities came to light, and awakened public attention; how an outcry was raised by an heretical intermeddler in the cathedral city against Mr. Harding's sinecure; how the good old man's conscience was so disturbed, and his peace of mind so cruelly invaded, that he abandoned house, and sinecure, and bedesmen, to evade the attacks of John Bold and the withering vituperation of the Jupiter,—these are the matters which compose the history of *The Warden*. Around this framework, or skeleton of the tale, are grouped numerous graceful and entertaining details of character and incident, rounding out the whole to elegant and seemly form. The gentle, friendly, lethargic bishop, so thoroughly attached to Mr. Harding as to forgive him even his hasty resignation of the wardenship, and the grievous damage thereby done to the episcopal patronage; the bishop's terrible son, Archdeacon Grantly, who rules his father, his father-in-law, and the entire diocese with the hand of a master, though his grasp be somewhat more remarkable for vigour than

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for delicacy; Archdeacon Grantly's wife, Mr. Harding's eldest daughter, able on occasion to lecture and hold in awe both father and husband; her gentle, loving, womanly sister, faithful to her father even while in love with his persecutor; rough, manly, open-hearted, disagreeable John Bold, the incorruptible champion of the poor of Barchester, corrupted and turned from his purpose, when too late, by the tears of the lady he loved; Tom Towers of the Jupiter, the man who rebukes princes, and sends ministers to learn wisdom in retirement, yet who deigns from the heights of Olympus to launch a couple of stray thunderbolts in the direction of poor Mr. Harding;—all these are grouped in their proper attitudes around the central figure, and complete the picture of Barchester Close, with the warden of Hiram's Hospital in the foreground. Nor are there wanting sketches of less immediate connection with the main purpose of the story, such as Sir Abraham Haphazard, the attorney-general, and his Convents Custody Bill, with its absurd provisions and its doom of intentional self-destruction. Very clever too, though somewhat exaggerated, are the individual scenes of the narrative. Eleanor Harding's petition to John Bold to retrace his mischievous steps, and to let her father die in peace in his old home, is well conceived, and not ill executed. There is amusement, again, in the utter and crushing defeat of the demagogue in his interview with the bitter and merciless archdeacon. Better still is the comic and yet perfectly truthful sketch of the state of the warden's mind when he slunk away to London to hear the opinion of Sir Abraham, and to resign his office by stealth, in mortal dread lest his imperious son-in-law should discover his purpose, and give chase. There is much skill in the description of Dr. Grantly's archidiaconal residence at Plumstead Episcopi, though the satiric purpose with which his three sons are introduced is far too manifest to allow us any belief in their personal existence. It is, in fact, of these sketches, details, and minute traits of character that *The Warden* is made up. Without them, three or four chapters in a magazine would have told the story: by their aid it has been expanded to the dimensions of a volume, and yet improved, embellished, and rendered readable, pleasant, and popular in the very process of its expansion.

In *Barchester Towers*, wherein the story of the amiable Precentor of Barchester Cathedral is continued, the demon of the former tale plays but a subordinate part. Only in a single instance is its agency prominently invoked, and then it is invoked in vain. For once the Jupiter is subjected to the humiliation of a defeat; his counsels neglected, his mandates set aside. We do not know, however, that the story loses much by the absence of the evil spirit that had beguiled John Bold. Its place is well

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filled, and filled by a personality more distinct, if not so awe-inspiring.

When the story of Barchester and its inhabitants is resumed, the good old Bishop is on his deathbed. He, and the ministry of the party to which his son belonged, are expiring together; and on the survivorship of one or the other does it depend whether that son or a stranger shall fill the episcopal throne, and bear spiritual sway over the ecclesiastical dignitaries of the ancient city and their flocks. Here is a sore temptation to the soul of the worthy, but rather ambitious, archdeacon. He is for a moment half-inclined to wish that the long tedium of that slow lingering between life and death might be abridged, so as to give him a chance of the mitre at the expense of his father's last unconscious hours; then smitten with remorse at the thought. And the first chapter of *Barchester Towers* closes with the death of Bishop Grantley only a few hours after the fall of the ministry which had promised the succession to his son. This misfortune is the root from which grows the story that fills the rest of the three volumes. The new ministers belong to the sacrilegious party, which has not only appointed men who, in the eyes of Barchester, are little better than dissenters to high places in the Church, but has also laid its impious hands on the sacred seats of heathen learning and ecclesiastical antiquity, which has already overthrown the Hebdomadal Board that ruled over Oxford, and has menaced Cambridge with innovations. They have no respect for the ancient traditions of Barchester Cathedral; no regard for the honest feelings of its worthy congregation; no veneration for the clergymen of the good old school, who have nodded in its stalls to the music of Mr. Precentor Harding, or slumbered reverently through the sermon, of far less than modern length, of the Very Reverend Doctor Trefoil. The Vandal Premier commits a fearful solecism in ecclesiastical taste, if not in ministerial usage, and appoints a man not only insignificant, but actually evangelical, to preside over the stately services dear to the people of Barchester. At the same time the under-secretary for the Home Department, with the assistance of some fifty members, enacts a scheme for the future administration of Hiram's Hospital, curtailing the warden's income, and intruding twelve old women upon its venerable precincts. This act and the new Bishop come down together. And now commences a conflict between High and Low Church for the command of the diocese. Involved in the result of this contest are two minor issues—the one, whether the Bishop's wife, or the Bishop's chaplain, shall bear rule in the Bishop's name; and the other, to which party shall belong the hand and the fortune of the younger daughter of "the Warden" —warden now no more. For true-hearted, rough, meddlesome



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John Bold has departed the world wherein the loaves and fishes are the prizes of spiritual warfare, and his young widow is left with one child, still a baby, at the period when the tale opens. Her persecutor, on behalf of the episcopal faction, is no less a person than the masculine leader of that party. We do not mean the Bishop, who is far from aspiring to lead any one, and is led alternately by his wife, and by the Rev. Obadiah Slope, whom Mrs. Proudie has promoted to the chaplaincy. This gentleman is the demon of the tale, and the sacrilegious assailant of musical services and Sunday travelling. He is put forward from the beginning as a type of every thing that is disagreeable in the religious innovator. He is said to possess the virtue of religious sincerity, but as the author has, with great tact, kept all religious questions entirely out of sight, Mr. Slope is never allowed to manifest any good quality, except perhaps that of a courage which sometimes does more than border on impudence. The colours are possibly laid on a little too freely, and the result is a portrait of unrivalled coarseness and vulgarity, which could hardly have succeeded with any lady accustomed to the society of gentlemen even so far as it is represented to have done with Eleanor Bold, *née* Harding. Bishop Proudie, again, is hardly well drawn. He is made too weak and helpless before his wife and chaplain for a man who has risen to a good position by his labours as a preacher, and has been chosen to take a prominent part in commissions of ecclesiastical reform. Mrs. Proudie is more lifelike. As a satirical, and consequently an exaggerated figure, the portrait of this episcopal lady must be admitted to be clever and telling. Her iron rule over her husband, her impertinence to his clergy, her vulgar pride of station, her lectures to Mr. Harding and Archdeacon Grantly on Sabbath schools and railway Sabbath-breaking, are all perfectly in character. The family of Dr. Vesey Stanhope, an absentee canon on a rather prolonged visit to Barchester, are apparently introduced for no other purpose than that of complicating the story and prolonging the action. Their acts and characters are nevertheless skilfully interwoven with the main thread of the book, though not so skilfully portrayed. The selfish, disappointed old man, whose life has been wasted without scruple, and is drawing to a close without honour and without satisfaction, is a true and a melancholy picture. The light-hearted, frank, hopeless scapegrace Bertie, insensible to shame or remorse, but not devoid of generous impulses, is a possible, though hardly a probable child of such birth and such a training as he had received. The cold, useful eldest daughter, with no good point in her character but that of family affection and household industry, is the best of the number. Her sister, separated from the Italian scoundrel who has wasted her fortune

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and crippled her limbs, still intent on conquests to be made by her wit and beauty, and utterly lost to all sense of shame in the pursuit, seems to us absolutely unnatural. She is an intrusion upon the stage, utterly out of harmony with the scenes and persons round her, and we cannot but think with the nature of her sex. It is a pity that such a person should have been allowed to force herself on the reader's acquaintance, or the eminently respectable society of the cathedral city.

The refusal of Mr. Harding to resume the wardenship on the conditions imposed by Mr. Slope, leads to an intrigue in which the latter acts a part somewhat similar to that of John Bold, except in its meanness and duplicity. Eleanor is once more persuaded to act as peacemaker between her father and his foe; but this time she fails in her endeavours. Mr. Harding does not return to the Hospital, except to introduce a brother clergyman, to whom, or rather to his wife and fourteen children, Mrs. Proudie has given the situation. The appointment to the Hospital has been the subject of secret strife between her and her chaplain, and the selection of Mr. Quiverful is the signal of his defeat. Meantime he is also sorely pressed in the open warfare which he is waging with the Dean and Chapter, all of them of honest High-Church principles, whom he has outraged by a sermon levelled at them from their own pulpit. The enraged archdeacon has summoned to his aid the redoubted Mr. Arabin, a fellow of Lazarus, and an Oxford first-class man. To this gentleman, an old opponent of the common enemy, he gives a small living near his own residence of Plumstead Episcopi. The character of Mr. Arabin is well and seriously drawn, and the sympathies of the reader are more than usually satisfied in his marriage with Eleanor and his double triumph over his rival. In vain are all the thunderbolts of the Jupiter. The High-Church party are victorious in Barchester; and the vacated deanery, for which the "leading journal" had nominated Mr. Slope, is offered to Mr. Harding, and finally bestowed upon his new son-in-law. In point of lively writing and well-restrained humour, this is perhaps the best of Mr. Trollope's novels; and it might have been better, if he would have refrained from frequently and somewhat offensively coming forward as author to remind us that we are reading a fiction. Such intrusions are as objectionable in a novel as on the stage: the actor who indulges in extempore and extra-professional hints and winks to the audience, and the author who interrupts his characters to introduce himself to our notice, are alike guilty of a violation of good taste. Despite this blemish, however, with all the defects of the plot, *Barchester Towers* is undeniably one of the cleverest and best-written novels which has been published of late years. The graver and less bril-

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liant chapters which wind up the story have merits of their own which are not inferior to those of the humorous sketches that form the peculiar characteristic of the book; and there are graceful and touching passages which vindicate Mr. Trollope's claim to rank as something more than a humorist. Both touching and pleasant is the concluding picture, which represents the good gentle old Warden introducing his successor to the home he had loved so well. It is the completion of a character as amiable as novelist ever drew—the finishing touch to a portrait of which the artist has a right to be proud.

"It was a bright clear morning, though in November, that Mr. Harding and Mr. Quiverful, arm-in-arm, walked through the hospital-gate. It was one trait in our old friend's character that he did nothing with parade. He omitted, even in the more important doings of his life, that sort of parade with which most of us deem it necessary to grace our important doings. We have house-warmings, christenings, and gala-days; we keep, if not our own birthdays, those of our children; we are apt to fuss ourselves if called upon to change our residences, and have, almost all of us, our little state occasions. Mr. Harding had no state occasions. When he left his old house, he went forth from it with the same quiet composure as though he were merely taking his daily walk; and now that he re-entered it with another warden under his wing, he did so with the same quiet step and calm demeanour. He was a little less upright than he had been five years—nay, it was now nearly six years—ago; he walked perhaps a little slower; his footfall was perhaps a thought less firm; otherwise one might have said that he was merely returning with a friend under his arm.

This friendliness was every thing to Mr. Quiverful. To him, even in his poverty, the thought that he was supplanting a brother clergyman so kind and courteous as Mr. Harding had been very bitter. Under his circumstances, it had been impossible for him to refuse the proffered boon; he could not reject the bread that was offered to his children, or refuse to ease the heavy burden that had so long oppressed that poor wife of his; nevertheless it had been very grievous to him to think that in going to the hospital he might encounter the ill-will of his brethren in the diocese. All this Mr. Harding had fully comprehended. It was for such feelings as these, for the nice comprehension of such motives, that his heart and intellect were peculiarly fitted. In most matters of worldly import the archdeacon set down his father-in-law as little better than a fool; but in some other matters, equally important, if they be rightly judged, Mr. Harding, had he been so minded, might with as much propriety have set his son-in-law down for a fool. Few men, however, are constituted as was Mr. Harding. He had that nice appreciation of the feelings of others which belongs of right exclusively to women.

Arm-in-arm they walked into the inner quadrangle of the building, and there the five old men met them. Mr. Harding shook hands with them all, and then Mr. Quiverful did the same. With Bunce

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Mr. Harding shook hands twice, and Mr. Quiverful was about to repeat the same ceremony, but the old man gave him no encouragement.

'I am very glad to know that at last you have a new warden,' said Mr. Harding in a very cheery voice.

'We be very old for any change,' said one of them; 'but we do suppose it be all for the best.'

'Certainly,—certainly it is for the best,' said Mr. Harding. 'You will again have a clergyman of your own Church under the same roof with you; and a very excellent clergyman you will have. It is a great satisfaction to me to know that so good a man is coming to take care of you; and that it is no stranger, but a friend of my own, who will allow me from time to time to come in and see you.'

'We be very thankful to your reverence,' said another of them.

'I need not tell you, my good friends,' said Mr. Quiverful, 'how extremely grateful I am to Mr. Harding for his kindness to me,—I must say his uncalled-for, unexpected kindness.'

'He be always very kind,' said a third.

'What I can do to fill the void which he left here, I will do. For your sake and my own I will do so, and especially for his sake. But to you who have known him I can never be the same well-loved friend and father that he has been.'

'No, sir, no,' said old Bunce, who had hitherto held his peace, 'no one can be that. Not if the new bishop sent a hangel to us out of heaven. We doesn't doubt you'll do your best, sir; but you'll not be like the old master, not to us old ones.'

'Fie, Bunce, fie; how dare you talk in that way?' said Mr. Harding; but as he scolded the old man, he still held him by his arm, and pressed it with warm affection.

There was no getting up any enthusiasm in the matter. How could five old men, tottering away to their final resting-place, be enthusiastic on the reception of a stranger? What could Mr. Quiverful be to them, or they to Mr. Quiverful? Had Mr. Harding, indeed, come back to them, some last flicker of joyous light might have shone forth on their aged cheeks; but it was in vain to bid them rejoice because Mr. Quiverful was about to move his fourteen children from Puddingdale into the hospital-house. In reality they did, no doubt, receive advantage, spiritual as well as corporal; but this they could neither anticipate nor acknowledge. It was a dull affair enough, this introduction of Mr. Quiverful; but still it had its effect. The good which Mr. Harding intended did not fall to the ground. All the Barchester world, including the five old bedesmen, treated Mr. Quiverful with the more respect because Mr. Harding had thus walked arm-in-arm with him on his first entrance to his duties."

The tale of *The Three Clerks* appears to have been suggested by the public attention directed to the abuses and reforms of the Civil Service. It evinces a considerable knowledge of the subject, and an acquaintance with the habits of thought and speech prevalent among officials of the younger generation which any

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man may possess who has met at his club the junior clerks of government offices, and observed with studious interest the characteristic traits of manner and demeanour which distinguish the various classes of men. The habit of observation Mr. Trollope undoubtedly possesses, and with it an appreciation of minutiæ which enables him always to assign to his characters of every class their fitting costume, language, and mode of mind. His clergymen are always strictly clerical, wearing the mental garb of their order as naturally and invariably as the black vest and white neckcloth which especially distinguish them to the outward eye. So his civil servants carry about them the air and manner of their position in life, and their rank in their respective offices. It may be that Norman is a little too like one of the High-Church curates, with whom Mr. Trollope's career of authorship had hitherto been most familiar. But this is skilfully accounted for by the tendency towards Puseyism which is attributed to him, and which well befits the rigid propriety, the grave demeanour, and the conscientious industry of the Weights and Measures. Sir Gregory Hardlines, the man who through the Civil Service has risen to eminence and 2000*l.* a-year, and who regards the service with profound love and veneration, watching over its interests as his own, and by no means disposed to sacrifice them to any weak indulgence or private partiality towards incapable men, is well though somewhat too harshly drawn, the author having a tendency to make virtue seem unpleasant. But the main interest of the book lies in the history of a man too anxious to succeed to be duly scrupulous as to the means, and the misery which his sin and consequent fall brought on every one around him. Alaric Tudor is the friend and companion of Norman, and the favourite of Mr. Hardlines, the stern chief secretary of the Weights and Measures. His object in life is to rise; and though we find him at first unstained by serious error, it is not long before the first opportunity of rising is made the first step to his ruin. Sent down by the interest of Sir Gregory, now promoted to the supervision of the service generally, to report concerning a mine in which some government rights were involved, he is beguiled by the demon of the story into purchasing shares in the mine he was sent to inspect. From that day he rises in wealth and position, and falls lower and lower in character. He wins by competitive examination the place which his friend Norman should have had, and is proposed at a political club by his tempter Undy Scott. This man, the son of an impoverished Scotch peer, and a late M.P., who afterwards resumes his seat, is about as cold-blooded and detestable a villain as any author ever drew, though far more probable and natural than the monsters who ordinarily figure in the same capacity. Mr.

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Trollope has too much tact and skill to deform his pages with villains of the ancient conventional type, nor would they at all accord with the general style and plan of his works. But Undecimus Scott is perhaps more revolting than the melodramatic demons of ordinary novelists. Alaric Tudor falls completely into his snares; and is undermined in moral character, in peace of mind, and finally in the worldly prosperity to which he had risen with almost unexampled rapidity. He is made trustee to a niece of his tempter, is seduced into speculating with her property, repents too late, and finds himself irreparably disgraced, subjected to a public trial as a swindler and sentenced to imprisonment, and finally driven to seek shelter in exile with his wife and children. He has lost his hold upon the sympathies of the reader less by his dishonesty in pecuniary affairs than by his treachery to those who had loved and trusted him. He and Harry Norman had been intimate with an amiable family living near London, whose home had been always open to them. Alaric first makes love to a younger daughter of Mrs. Woodward, because the elder is understood to be half-engaged to Norman; and then, when Gertrude rejects his friend, he abandons her sister and is accepted by her. He is by this conduct totally estranged from the rejected lover, who afterwards marries the forsaken Linda; and this estrangement aids in delivering him over to the evil spirit that besets him. The two sisters are admirably sketched, though slightly; Gertrude's strong, somewhat unamiable nature being justly adapted to bear and be improved by the terrible sorrows which are brought upon her by her husband's sin and shame; and the gentle Linda is just such a wife as any man who loves a peaceful and cheerful home would wish to secure—a wife worthy of a man so wise and honourable as Harry Norman. Their mother, the good but somewhat worldly Mrs. Woodward, is a truthful though not quite a pleasing figure; it being a defect of which the author appears wholly unconscious, that hardly any of his personages are without some repulsive trait of character which prevents the reader from taking a cordial interest in their fate. Perhaps, however, with the exception of Mr. Harding the warden, the heroes of this later work are more calculated to win the regard of unsophisticated novel-readers than those of its predecessors. The rise of Alaric's fortunes, and their sudden and total ruin, afford an opportunity for displaying whatever power of exciting the sympathy of his readers Mr. Trollope possesses; while the seriousness of the catastrophe restrains and chastens the humour which throughout *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers* repels interest, though affording no small amount of pleasure and entertainment. And the youngest pair of lovers in the story, Alaric Tudor's cousin Char-

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ley and the gentle lively Katie Woodward, entitle themselves to nearly as much sympathy as such personages in fiction usually do. Yet, on the whole, even *The Three Clerks* will be read, like Mr. Trollope's other novels, rather for the charm of the author's humour and cleverness than for any graver merits; and judged in this view, it can hardly fail to disappoint his admirers. It is deficient in the elaborate elegance and the light gracefulness of style which were so remarkable in its predecessors, probably because it has been written with much more of haste and with that diminished care which is not unnatural to an author who considers his reputation made. It is rather too much for the patience of a critic or the gravity of a reader when he finds some score of pages filled with the story contributed by Charley Tudor to the columns of the *Daily Delight;* and we are inclined to wonder how the publisher could tolerate such an imposition, and how the author could commit himself to such a solecism as the introduction of this weak and pointless burlesque. But a writer so prolific as Mr. Trollope must write in a hurry; and so doing, it is not strange if he finds a difficulty in expanding his materials to the exact measure of the three volumes which he must fill, and failing in so doing by more legitimate means, he has recourse to interpolations which are little better than a fraud upon the prospective purchasers of his book. However, it is only in this one work that Mr. Trollope has been so glaring a sinner; and we may hope that for the future he will be able to find a better method of apportioning his matter to the space which it has to fill. Such blemishes in such a writer can only be attributed to haste, and the carelessness thereon attendant; errors of which there are other indications in these volumes. But despite the want of equal labour and preparation, which renders *The Three Clerks* very far inferior as a whole to *Barchester Towers*, there are, in the former, scenes and sketches which are fully as good in their way as any thing in its predecessor. Among these we may mention the caricature of "Uncle Bat," the old, hard-drinking, unpolished sailor-relative of the Woodwards; the portrait of Mr. Chaffanbrass, the Old-Bailey lawyer; the trial of Alaric Tudor; and above all, the examination of the Hon. Undecimus Scott by the terrible barrister who "led for Mr. Tudor." These things do not bear reading and re-reading as well as do the more carefully-written pages of *The Warden* and its sequel; but on a first acquaintance they are full of entertainment, seasoned with sense and truth sufficient to prevent the exaggeration which seems essential to the author's humour from becoming too palpable, and so spoiling our amusement by over-taxing our credulity.

There is, however, one piece of bad taste, which was perceptible in some few instances in *The Warden* and *Barchester Towers*,

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but which reaches a climax in *The Three Clerks;* a fault analogous to that breach of heraldic decorum known as "canting heraldry," which assigns to different families arms or mottoes conveying a pun on the surname of the bearer. We allude to the extraordinary names imposed by Mr. Trollope upon all except the most favoured heroes of the tale,—names which of themselves destroy much of the merit of some passages, by reminding us at every moment that we are reading a purely fictitious story. Who can take interest in the ill-usage of Captain Cuttwater? or who can for a moment believe in the personal existence of Mr. Chaffanbrass, or M. Jaquetanâpe? Why must we be told beforehand by the titles assigned to each, of the respective parts to be played by Mr. Hardlines and Mr. Oldeschole? What wit is there in the threadbare jest which furnishes the name of Dr. Fillgrave? or what reality can be assigned to Messrs. Scatterall, Corkscrew, Uppinall, and Minusex? True, something is saved to the author in the way of description by such a nomenclature, the name given to a minor personage not unfrequently being a sufficient expression of the personality attached to it; as when an official is denominated Alphabet Precis, or an attorney bears the euphonious surname of Gitemthruet. Nearly the whole that we learn about the character of a pair who are instrumental in Alaric's catastrophe is contained in the name of Jaquetanâpe and Golightly. In this species of nicknaming there is neither grace nor sense nor cleverness; and we are glad to find very little of it in *Doctor Thorne.* We hope that Mr. Trollope has become ashamed of it, as of a trick which belongs of right to the lowest order of farcical absurdities.

This is by no means the only respect in which peculiarities strongly marked in the first three of these novels, are softened, or vanish altogether, in the fourth. This could hardly have been expected, as the publication of the last followed within a very few months that of *The Three Clerks.* In the latter, indeed, there is less of the humour and vivacity which scintillated in *Barchester Towers,* and more endeavour to be earnest and interesting. In *Doctor Thorne* this is still more evidently the case. There is more care bestowed on the original conception of the story, and less on the elaboration of details. The characters want the perfect finish which was so conscientiously given to the sketches of the Chapter of Barchester and their connections. Even the godfather—we cannot call him the hero—of the book is by no means as familiar to us when we close the third volume as were the minor personages of *The Warden.* Far less labour, far less loving interest, has the author devoted to his fourth literary bantling than he gave to his first; and consequently, though with a more vigorous frame, it is far less elegant and graceful

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than its elder brethren. Though it will perhaps be as great a favourite with most ordinary novel-readers, it is far inferior to its predecessors as a work of art. Nor can we wonder at this, when we remember that though this is but October, two novels in three volumes have been given to the world since January bearing the signature of Anthony Trollope. There is not time to give due polish and completion to works which succeed one another at intervals so short; and we can only regret that the author of *Barchester Towers* should be guilty of the bad taste of counting quantity before quality. The management of his plots sufficiently indicates his increased mastery over his work; and if he were now to bestow equal pains thereon, his next effort would no doubt be greatly superior to any thing he has yet achieved. As it is, there are but a very few living novelists of whom *Doctor Thorne* would be unworthy; but among those we are inclined to rank its author.

The main purpose of Mr. Trollope's last novel is to ridicule the maxims which are supposed to prevail among a certain portion of the aristocracy of this country on the subject of birth and ancient blood. The author is far too good a Tory not to sympathise with the genuine pride of an old English family, whose pedigree dates back to the ages of chivalry, unstained by a single *mésalliance* for some thirty generations. He is too sensible to imagine that the man is alone exempted from those laws of hereditary descent which prevail throughout the creation. He knows, as the Roman poet of old, that

> "Fortes creantur fortibus et bonis,
> Est in juvencis, est in equis patrum
> Virtus, neque imbellem feroces
> Progenerant aquilæ columbam."

But nothing can exceed his bitter contempt for those who, while pluming themselves on purity of blood and illustrious lineage, consider that money can wipe out any taint; and that he who marries the daughter of a country apothecary commits a mortal sin, while he who allies himself with the heiress of a successful tradesman, so his success have enabled her to count her fortune by hundreds of thousands, merits the thanks of his family and the admiration of high-born neighbours. The heroine of his tale is the illegitimate child of the doctor's brother, who has seduced a poor and pretty girl in the neighbourhood. The victim's brother very righteously sets forth to chastise the villain; but his heavy stick does its work more effectually than perhaps he intended, and the avenger is found guilty of manslaughter and sent to prison for half a year. The child is born; and the mother disappears from the scene. The illegitimate girl is allowed, improbably enough, to become the playfellow of the

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squire's children, and eventually the beloved of his heir. Meantime her mother's brother, whose wife had nursed the "young Squire Gresham," rises in the world by dint of industry and genius, and is presented to us as the wealthy baronet Sir Roger Scatcherd. He and his wife are perhaps the most striking characters in the tale; and his terrible end, when he falls a victim to the intemperance of a lifetime, is powerfully conceived. The niece of Dr. Thorne, the child of Mary Scatcherd, becomes heiress to the wealth left by this great railway-contractor and former stonemason, when his son follows his father's fatal example, and drinks himself to death. Then the family who had scornfully repudiated her engagement to their heir are only too glad to accept what they can no longer resist, and the lovers are made happy. There are similar tales of sordidness and inconsistency interwoven with this, all illustrating the meanness which can so value money as to let it cover all defects of birth or character, and so despise love, and faith, and purity, as to hold them of no account when weighed against gold. The great Whig family of the county are, with pardonable party-spirit, made to furnish all the instances of this paltry huckstering tone which are presented to us; and a gentle hint is insinuated that the rival faction have at once more true reverence for birth and more respect for plebeian talent.

The low-born persons of the tale are very fairly treated. Mary Thorne is as perfect as other novel-heroines; Sir Roger Scatcherd is an honest, clever, really generous-hearted man; his son Louis, and the tailor-descended Moffat, are as mean, pitiful, insignificant creatures as they well could be. Lady Scatcherd, again, once the wet-nurse of Frank Gresham, is a vulgar, honest, affectionate, womanly woman. Indeed, she and her husband inspire us with as much interest as any other personage in the tale. There is much truth and pathos in the picture of her desolate solitude of spirit, when left absolutely alone to bear "the burden of an honour whereunto she was not born."

"Lady Scatcherd was found sitting alone in her little room on the ground-floor. Even Hannah was not with her; for Hannah was now occupied upstairs. When the doctor entered the room, which he did unannounced, he found her seated on a chair, with her back against one of the presses, her hands clasped together over her knees, gazing into vacancy. She did not even hear him or see him as he approached; and his hand had slightly touched her shoulder before she knew that she was not alone. Then she looked up at him with a face so full of sorrow, so worn with suffering, that his own heart was racked to see her. 'It is all over, my friend,' said he. 'It is better so; much better so.'

She seemed at first hardly to understand him; but still regarding

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him with that wan face, shook her head slowly and sadly. One might have thought that she was twenty years older than when Dr. Thorne last saw her.

He drew a chair to her side, and, sitting by her, took her hand in his. 'It is better so, Lady Scatcherd; better so,' he repeated. 'The poor lad's doom had been spoken, and it is well for him and for you that it should be over.'

'They are both gone now,' said she, speaking very low; 'both gone now. O, Doctor, to be left alone here, all alone!'

He said some few words, trying to comfort her: but who can comfort a widow bereaved of her child? Who can console a heart that has lost all it possessed? Sir Roger had not been to her a tender husband; but still he had been the husband of her love. Sir Louis had not been to her an affectionate son; but still he had been her child, her only child. Now they were both gone. Who can wonder that the world should be a blank to her?

Still the doctor spoke soothing words, and still he held her hand. He knew that his words could not console her; but the sounds of kindness at such desolate moments are, to such minds as hers, some alleviation of grief. She hardly answered him; but sat there staring out before her, leaving her hand passively to him, and swaying her head backwards and forwards as though her grief were too heavy to be borne.

At last her eye rested on an article which stood upon the table, and she started up impetuously from her chair. She did this so suddenly, that the doctor's hand fell beside him before he knew that she had risen. The table was covered with all those implements which become so frequent about a house when severe illness is an inhabitant there. There were little boxes and apothecaries' bottles, cups and saucers standing separate, and bowls, in which messes have been prepared with the hope of suiting a sick man's failing appetite. There was a small saucepan standing on a plate, a curiously-shaped glass utensil left by the doctor, and sundry pieces of flannel, which had been used in rubbing the sufferer's limbs. But in the middle of the *débris* stood one black bottle, with head erect, unsuited to the companionship in which it was found.

'There,' said she, rising up, and seizing this in a manner that would have been ridiculous had it not been so truly tragic,—'there, that has robbed me of every thing, of all that I ever possessed; of husband and child; of the father and son: that has swallowed them both! O Doctor, that such a thing as that should cause such bitter sorrow! I have hated it always; but now—O, woe is me! weary me!' And she let the bottle drop from her hand as though it were too heavy for her.

'This comes of their barro-niting,' she continued. 'If they had let him alone, he would have been here now; and so would the other one. Why did they do it;—why did they do it? Ah, Doctor, people such as us should never meddle with them above us. See what has come of it; see what has come of it.'"

And here, for the present, we take our leave of Mr. Trollope.

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He has powers which, if used with due painstaking conscientiousness, may make him one of the most successful novelists of the day, as they always render him readable and entertaining. But above all, he has the gift of finishing his work to the most minute detail without becoming for an instant tedious or trivial; and this is a gift so rare that it should never be neglected. The author of *Barchester Towers* should never write so as to tempt his readers to "skip;" and though few do so less often, yet there are symptoms in some passages of his later works of a somnolency, which we trust will not be allowed to grow upon him. The popularity which he has already earned should be a sufficient stimulus to induce him steadily and perseveringly to deserve it.

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## Art. VIII.—ZOUAVE AND KINDRED LANGUAGES.

*Essai de Grammaire kabyle, renfermant les Principes du Langage parlé par les Populations du versant nord du Jurjura, et spécialement par les Igaouaouen ou Zouaoua; suivi de Notes et d'une Notice sur quelques Inscriptions en caractères dits* Tifinar' *et en langage* Tamacher't. Par A. Hanoteau, Capitaine de Génie, Chevalier de la Légion d'Honneur, adjoint au Bureau politique des Affaires arabes. Alger, Constantine; et Paris, 1858.

*The Tricolor on the Atlas; or, Algeria and the French Conquest.* By Francis Pulszky, Esq. T. Nelson and Sons, London, Edinburgh, and New York. 1854.

The French conquest of Algeria may be called conterminous with the reign of Louis Philippe. The first great success against the city of Algiers emboldened Charles X. to the act of power which cost him his throne. The final system of administration had just been adopted, and the most dangerous adversary of the French made a prisoner, when Louis Philippe was similarly ejected. This system (if France can permanently bear the expense) is likely to be permanent, even without any increase of the scanty European colonisation which year by year settles in that fertile country; for the townspeople alone are subjected to direct French rule, and they are far too unwarlike to resist it. The mountain population is governed by its own freely elected chieftains, who pay a courtier's homage once a year to the imperial rights of France, in order to obtain confirmation of their dignity. The Arabs of the plains are governed by native agents, appointed and paid by the French military authorities, all whose orders pass to the tribes through those who appear their natural

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chiefs. Such a rule is probably as inoffensive to the feelings of the natives as was the old rule of the Turks. In return for the humiliation of being subject to a power which is not Mussulman, they receive many substantial advantages. The French have endowed Arab schools in all the cities, and two Mussulman colleges in Algiers and Constantine; all of which have obtained the confidence of the natives. A great net of high roads has been constructed, connecting the different towns and camps. French stage-coaches run in every direction, and even cross the Atlas. "The wild Hajutes and ragged Kabails" have learned to use them. Great works of drainage and of irrigation are carried on. The French army has converted marshes into fertile land, and removed miasma from wide districts. The climate of a large part of even the lower country is regarded as more healthy than that of Italy, while it is certainly more productive.

"Many old Roman aqueducts have been repaired, new ones built; immense works undertaken for the extension and safety of the ports of Algiers and Bona; churches, mosques, fountains, hospitals, orphan-houses, schools, bridges, lighthouses and wharfs raised, and villages constructed. The sums spent in this way amounted, according to the French blue-books, to above 4,600,000*l.*"*

In consequence, the Arab tribes get richer and richer. We must quote a few more passages from Mr. Pulszky's vigorous and discriminating summary, confining ourselves to the *results* of French conquest, because our limits and the more peculiar destination of this article forbid expatiating on the general history.

"Before 1830, the price of a bull in Algiers was about 16*s.*; a sheep was sold at 2*s.*; a hundred of eggs or a hundred of oranges cost 6*d.*, and a quarter of wheat could be had at 26*s.* To-day the prices are about the same as those of Europe: the income of the tribes has therefore been considerably increased. Many Kabails, Biscaries, and Mozabites have been attracted by the high wages into the cities, and the Arabs throng to the fairs with their agricultural products. They begin to become acquainted little by little with the comforts of European life; and they possess the means of buying them. They have not yet given up the habit of hoarding; but as soon as they shall become aware of the security which they enjoy under French supremacy, they will spend the treasures which they formerly hid. They have already become the wealthiest Mussulman population in the world: moreover, *the wealth has been diffused among them generally;* it is not only the chiefs, but all the members of the tribes, who grow rich. It is impossible that such a change should not engender great results in their social condition."†

These good works have not been performed without sacri-

* Pulszky, p. 395. † Ibid. p. 397.

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fice. France has paid to the conquered country about 8,400,000*l.* sterling every year. Under Louis Napoleon, with the increasing content of the Arabs, the expenses have probably lessened. But it is improbable that any French government will hesitate to continue whatever sacrifice may be needed for the security of their great dominion; and however doubtful was the right of conquest, a noble *ex-post-facto* justification seems to be established by the high-minded uses made of imperial power.

Nevertheless it is impossible to deny that the conquest was really a first step in annexation from the Ottoman empire:

"Whatever may have been the conduct of the dey towards the consul of France, the Turkish sultan, as sovereign of the country, offered full reparation to the French, and sent, in November 1829, his plenipotentiary Haji Khalil Effendi, and again, in May 1830, Tahir Pasha, to Algiers, in order to arrange the difficulties peaceably. But the French government gave no answer to the communications of Khalil, and refused to admit Tahir. Besides, Charles X. had previously assured the English government that France had no intention of territorial aggrandisement; and yet the occupation took place, and Louis Philippe kept the country."*

No moralist can justify the conduct of the French government; yet probably every historian will so excuse and palliate it as to decline grave censure. When the nominal sovereign cannot control his subjects from becoming a nuisance to foreign powers, he certainly forfeits his sovereign rights. To define at what stage of weakness this happens, is impossible; but the power of the sultan to control the deys of Algiers had long been very feeble, as now to control the Mussulman population of Arabia. When a more vigorous master steps in to put a bridle on the violences of those who pay but hypocritical and occasional submission to their nominal chief, he almost inevitably commits an act of usurpation against the law of nations; but, as in the case of Lynch law, we have sometimes more occasion to admire its discriminating energy than to criticise its conventional legitimacy. It was believed at the time that Charles X. was in close understanding with the Emperor Nicholas, whose great successes, consolidated by the treaty of Adrianople, closely preceded the quarrel with Algiers, and were facilitated by the previous occupation of the Morea by the French troops and the battle of Navarino. Ever since 1830, the French have looked on the whole north coast of Africa as theirs in reversion: Tunis, Tripoli, and Egypt are to fall into the lap of the French empire whenever the great Ottoman dismemberment takes place. Hence no sincere support will be given by French statesmen, of whatever complexion, to the sultan's imperial claims.

* Pulszky, p. 387.

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To us it appears that *English* statesmen should entirely disembarrass themselves of prospective jealousy against France on this head. That nation of the two will in the long-run rule widest which shall rule best; and to improve the quality of our own rule, without intriguing against our great neighbour, is for us a sufficient task, and is by far the surest means of grounding our own imperial power deeply. But we refrain from going further into the political side of this subject; our purpose is, to consider what new light on languages and ethnology is accruing to us from the French possession of Algeria, a country inhabited by numerous and very different classes of population. The main distinction, however, is into Moors, Arabs, and Kabails, concerning whom Mr. Pulszky has a noteworthy comparison with the inhabitants of Syria.

"The native inhabitants of this country [Algeria] are—in the plains, Arabs; in the mountains, Kabails; in the cities, Moors. The Arabs of Algeria are in language, character, and habits, like the Bedouins of Mesopotamia. The Moors are in all these respects like the Arab-talking Mussulmans of the Syrian towns and neighbouring villages. Accordingly the Moors are peaceable townspeople and agriculturists; the Arabs nomadic, pastoral, and making war on horseback. *The Kabails are to the Arabs what the Kurds of the Mesopotamian mountains are to the races of the plains*, more ferocious and bloody, differing in language and origin, fairer in complexion and hair, living in huts, tilling the soil, and having little cavalry."*

In each case, the mountainous region has resisted the intrusion of the language of the conquerors. We must not conceive of the Atlas as a mere *range* of mountains, though it has some lofty peaks. It has long been known to be a series of highlands, which are now estimated to occupy three-fourths of the "regency." The ground descends rapidly towards the sea-coast, gently towards the desert. The whole plateau of the Atlas is admirably suited for cattle and forests, its valleys for wheat. The inhabitants, according to Wagner (whose letters Pulszky has condensed), marry but one wife (p. 167), though they are Mussulmans. Wagner did not venture on any estimate of their numbers; but Captain Hanoteau gives the French official census as 759,900, or nearly one-third of the entire population: viz. in Constantine, 533,749; in Algiers, 220,178; in Oran, 5,973. The southern slope of the Atlas is also called Bélad el Jerid (the country of dates), and is comparatively unfertile, being a commencement of the Great Desert. Europeans use the word *Kabyle* (Kabail) for the whole of this interior Algerine population; but it does not appear that they have any sufficient consciousness of unity to call

* Pulszky, p. 386.

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themselves by a common name. It has been known for more than half a century that they possess a peculiar language, broken into several dialects; and that a language either substantially or at least primitively the same reaches along Africa to the oasis of Siwah, which is as it were the stepping-stone to Egypt. Southward, the same or a closely kindred language is found both in the mountains of Morocco and across the Great Desert; also at Ghadames, and to the south-east, until the Tibboo tribes are reached. Prichard regarded it as certain (and Dr. Barth entirely confirms him) that the Tibboos are not of this family, with which Adelung in his *Mithridates* classed them. A generic name is wanted for the Kabail and its kindred languages; and the word *berber* (*i. e.* barbarian?) has been widely employed for this service. It is highly inconvenient that a word almost identical in sound (or its plural *barabra*) is used for a people on the Upper Nile whose language is totally alien from the Kabail; and out of this coincidence many misapprehensions arise. It seems much better to call them all *Libyans*, a word which was in ancient times peculiarly used of the population covering this very same area.

Under the name Libyan we include the native barbarians who surrounded the Greek colonies of Cyrene and Barca,—those who were in contact with Carthage on the south; also the greater nations, known as Numidians, Mauritanians, Gætulians. St. Augustin is regarded as testifying the substantial unity of language in all these when he says, "In Africâ barbaras gentes *in unâ linguâ* plurimas novimus;" and it is unreasonable to doubt that the modern languages, now gradually rising to our knowledge, substantially represent those of the ancient population. We know that neither Phœnicians nor Romans displaced them; if the Vandals or Arabs had done so, the language now spoken on the Atlas and in the oases of the desert would be Vandal or Arabic. The wide area over which the Kabail family extends, and the impossibility of conceiving the whole Numidian and Mauritanian peoples to have been annihilated, suffice to convince us that the Algerine *Kabail* is the true modern representative of the Numidian, and the Maroquin *Shilha* tongue that of the Mauritanian. Smaller confirmations of this are found in a few ancient names, which admit of partial explanation from the modern tongues. Thus the name of a place mentioned by Sallust (*Thala*) means *a fountain* in Kabail. Hanoteau has made the interesting remark on the names Massinissa, Massiva, &c.,* that the first syllable *Mass* may be explained (not from the Kabail, but) from

* He seems to treat *Micipsa* as an accidental variation of *Messibsa*, and informs us that there are still among the Imushagh such names as *Ibsa*, *Iwa*, *Ezel*, *Egnes*, or *Ignas*; from which he derives the ancient names Mic-ipsa, Mass-iva, Masc-izel, Mis-agenes. The name *Inissa* (whence Mass-inissa) appears to be no longer in usage.



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the language of the Tuaregs of the south-west desert, with whom it means 'lord.' They say *Messi*, 'my lord' (*monseigneur*), indifferently of men or of God.

It is also an interesting fact, that this people has an original alphabet of its own, the explanation of which seems now to be complete. Half a century ago, we believe, most of the popular compendiums taught confidently that all the alphabets of the world sprang from one source—the Phœnician. We now know that the Perso-Assyrian cuneiform alphabet is quite independent, as also the Sanscrit alphabet, whatever its original form; while the Tamil, Burmese, Siamese, have also an aspect wholly primitive. As language is the product of the human mind, and is certain to receive its developments and accretions during the growth of that mind, so an art of writing, which sooner or later becomes alphabetical, is the natural normal result of unconstrained human cultivation. It certainly is not from the wild tribes of the great desert of Africa that we could expect so important an invention as that of the alphabet. It is indeed preserved solely on their rocks and on the ornaments of their women; yet it is obvious to suggest that it may have been first developed in the more civilised part of that race, though long extirpated, whether by the Punic, Roman, or Arabic literature, in the place of its first invention. But some reasons will afterwards appear on the opposite side. These characters are called *Tifinagh* (sing. *Tefaneght*). The first knowledge of them was brought to Europe by our countryman Oudney, in 1822; a fuller alphabet was published by Boissonnet, a French lieutenant-colonel of artillery, which M. de Saulcy, in 1845 and 1847, endeavoured more exactly to define. We have now, in Hanoteau's Grammar, the explanations of these alphabets by two learned natives,—Abd el Kader ben Bou Beker (who gave to M. Boissonnet his first lessons in the language), and Mohammed el Ouzzani; the very discrepancies of which are instructive, as showing where it was impossible to identify their native sounds with those of the Arabs.

Many of these native signs have an aspect entirely original, and cannot be imputed to *direct* Punic teaching. Thus the letter *a* is represented by a single dot; *w* by two dots like a colon; *k* by three dots like a triangle; *gh* by three dots in line; soft *h* by four dots in line; strong *h*, or perhaps *kh*, by four dots in square. But in *kh* and *gh* minor changes seem to be introduced, to adapt the alphabet to Arabic sounds. The deep soft *k* of the Arabs (ק of Hebrew) has no specific representative with Mohammed el Ouzzani, who denotes it by the same symbol as the *gh*, into which it frequently passes; but Ben Bou Beker writes it by a singular assemblage of eight dots placed like the

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*five* of our common die, with a second *five* overlying it at the side, so as to merge the ten dots into eight. So much, we say, of the alphabet seems to be of native invention. Nevertheless a few of the letters (especially, we think, *y*, *t*, *b*, and *d*) may infuse the suspicion that it was *indirectly* originated from the Punic. Leaving, however, the source of this alphabet in its own obscurity, still we find a practical use in it, as testifying how many truly native sounds the Libyan of the desert contains; respecting which we shall presently speak more in detail.

Venture, a French dragoman, more than half a century back conceived the idea of extracting a knowledge of the Kabail tongue from a small number of natives. But he far too easily believed that he had mastered his problem, and in fact acquired little grammatical knowledge of the language. Moreover, he unfortunately confounded into one forms of speech which are rather differences of language than of dialect. It would seem that he supposed the Shilha (or Libyan of Morocco) to be identical with the Kabail; so that the value even of his vocabulary is much impaired. His Mss. also long remained unpublished, except a few extracts from them by M. Langles. Meanwhile an American consul, Mr. Hodgson, interested himself in the language; and putting himself into relation with the Bible Society, engaged Sidi Hamet, a learned Kabail of the district of *Buji* (Bougie), to translate the four Gospels and the book of Genesis into his native tongue. The value of this translation proved to be very small, chiefly, we believe, because Hamet did not understand the Arabic version proposed to him for translation. The Bible Society printed only the first twelve chapters of Luke; and from them, in 1836, Mr. F. W. Newman, now a professor in University College, London, made out the rudiments of a grammar, which was published in the *West of England Journal* (Bristol). Having afterwards, by favour of the Bible Society, been permitted to study the rest of the translation in Ms., he published an enlarged grammatical discussion in the *Morgenländische Zeitung*, 1845. No grammar has been published by the French until the ample and excellent one the title of which we place at the head of our article. It is accompanied by numerous and valuable pieces, illustrating the vocabulary of the language in many dialects, poetry as well as prose; and both as to words and as to grammar, adds immensely to what was previously published on the subject. Moreover, it has a character of certainty which could not be possessed by analyses made from translations of doubtful value, nor from the fragmentary information picked up by the ear of European strangers.

Its author, Captain Hanoteau, being attached to the Bureau des Affaires arabes, has, we presume, direct political motives for

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extending his acquaintance with the Kabail languages; but he evidently pursues his inquiries with the ardour of science, and with advantages which no one can have but a French officer. He was not only in daily official relations with numerous Kabails, but had at his side in the same *bureau* a Kabail interpreter well acquainted with written Arabic, Si Said ben Ali, of the tribe of Aith Boudrar (sons of the mountain). Hanoteau has selected the Zouave dialect as the basis of his grammar, because the Kabails regard it as the purest and the hardest. It has very sensible though not important differences from the Kabail of Buji: sometimes they merely differ as to the imported Arabic, by which the native verbal roots are superseded and expelled; for, as Hanoteau remarks, the "purity" of these dialects is only relative; all have a large dash of Arabic, more or less corrupted in sound and sense.

On the contrary, the Tuaregs of the desert, who call themselves *Imushagh* or *Imuzagh, Imazighen,* although they have received the Mussulman religion, have kept their language remarkably free from Arabic. The largest vocabulary by far which has yet appeared, is in Dr. Barth's new volumes; in which we find a few words that are Arabic, especially the religious ones, as 'prayer' (thanksgiving?), *amud,* apparently from Arabic *ḥamd,* 'praise;' but their number is easily counted. When, by the zeal of the French officers already at work, a more complete acquaintance is obtained with this language of the desert, we shall be pretty well able to reconstitute the vocables of the ancient Libyan, now broken into *at least* five distinct languages—the Tamasheght (or language of the Imushagh), the Ghadamsi, that of the Beni-Menaser, the Shilha, and the Kabail.

We are already able to judge confidently concerning the ethnological relations of these languages; and, indeed, they serve to enlarge our view of the Syro-Arabian family. At no distant time, while linguists had learned to embrace under the name "Indo-European" languages so unlike as the Russian and the English, the family related to the Hebrew was restricted to a very few members. Hebrew itself stood at the head, as in its literature the most ancient; next Arabic, less ancient, but by far the most widely extended and ample: besides there were the Syriac and Chaldee, mere dialects of Hebrew; and the Gheez, or old Ethiopic, a language extremely similar. This nearly exhausted the enumeration, which scarcely included more than two languages. When Amharic, the principal language of modern Abyssinia, was first studied, there was great perplexity among leading authorities whether it deserved to be coupled with Arabic and Hebrew. The chief prejudice against it, we believe, arose from those peculiarities of its grammar which in-

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duce what we call an inverted order of words in the sentence. In Hebrew, and also in Arabic, the ancient standard order was, verb + nom. + accus., "Creavit Deus cœlos et terram;" to which is incident a certain rigid monotony. But when we consider how various is the power of transposition in the best-known Indo-European tongues,—German having less of this flexibility than Latin, English less than German, French less than English,—it cannot be admitted as any ground for refusing to a language admittance into the Hebrew group that it ever so much receded from Hebrew in this respect. The most superficial acquaintance with the (newer or older) Egyptian shows a tongue strikingly unlike Hebrew in its vocabulary, but singularly like in its first and second pronoun, and in its principles of grammar less different than the languages of Europe. Nearly the same general statement may be made concerning the language of the distant Galla, a people to the south of Abyssinia; and, as now appears beyond dispute, of all the Libyan languages. The Himyaritic tongue also within recent memory has been learned to have a vocabulary widely opposed to Arabic, and yet to be united to that language by close analogies. Such considerations induced that accurate and anxious ethnologist the late Dr. Prichard to invent the term *Hebræo-African*, which (as analogous to Indo-European) should embrace all the most distant languages of this group. Thus, as we say that German, Dutch, and Danish are all Teutonic (a word of far narrower extent than Indo-European), so we say the Pehlevi, the Punic, the Gheez are Syro-Arabian; and as French and Russian are both Indo-European, so the Punic, the Libyan, and the Amharic are all Hebræo-African.

The chief peculiarities, we suppose, in the Hebrew which strike an Englishman acquainted with the leading tongues of Europe, are, (1) the redundance of alphabetic consonants, and deficiency of vowels: (2) the absence of permanent coherence between the consonants of a root, and the systematic grammatical development of the vowels, which so greatly facilitates the omission of the shorter words in writing: (3) the system of "suffix pronouns," or fragmentary pronouns, which follow nouns, prepositions, or verbs, expressing generally what may be in Greek or Latin the oblique cases of the pronoun: (4) the absence of cases to nouns, just as in English and in all the modern representatives of Latin: (5) the singular phenomenon called the *status constructus*, which unites two nouns into a sort of compound, as a substitute for the genitive case, nearly as though a Latin were to say *ventŏ-mare* for *ventus maris*: (6) the imperfect development of the relative pronoun, whence arise clumsy and obscure constructions, and a prevalent tendency to the *concate-*

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***nation*** of clauses with the least possible ***involution***: (7) the system of dependent or derived verbs, which supplies (and far more than supplies) the ***voices*** (active, passive, &c.) of our grammars: (8) the great deficiency of tense and mood to the verb, and the extreme difficulty of determining the ***time*** intended by the form which we call a tense: (9) the rare use of participles as such,—since in practice they chiefly seem to supply the defects of tense or of voice; while the absence of the infinitive is compensated by gerunds or nouns of action, sometimes in superfluous abundance: (10) the almost entire inability to produce ***compound*** words; since not only compound adjectives such as we are apt to call poetical are excluded, but even the union of preposition or adverb with the verb is inadmissible, as in ***overstep, make up:*** (11) the introduction of gender into the verb is a novelty which strikes the more from the absence of cases and of the neuter gender. Nearly all the same details characterise the Arabic; but in its ancient form certain cases were imperfectly developed in the noun, and its modern dialects have constructed compound tenses and have more closely defined the time to be understood. They also tend perpetually more and more to expel the ***status constructus***, having generally invented some (more or less clumsy) substitute for a genitive case, or rather for our particle ***of***. Finally, the Arabic in particular distresses a learner by the very strange irregularities in the plurals of nouns; every plural being in strictness a derived ***noun of multitude***.

In regard to the sounds of these tongues, it is strange to a European to find how consonants are estimated. When two vowels are written together, as in ***diet, real***, it never occurs to us that we pronounce any consonant between them; but the necessary hiatus which we leave is counted as a consonant, and is written down, by a Hebrew or Arab as though of equal importance with ***h*** or ***w***. This is the ***spiritus lenis*** of the Greek grammars; though in Greek it is omitted in the middle of a word, where alone it might seem of any significance. It is the ***alef, elif***, or ***hamza***. Sound the same much rougher, as a stuttering jerk of the throat superadded to a vowel, and you have the ***ain*** of these languages. It is most easily imagined between two vowels, as in ***Na'omi, Cana'an***. The aspirates ***elif, ain***, soft ***h***, strong ***h***, all degenerated (in the Greek alphabet) into pure vowels. At the same time, the letters ***t, k, s*** in Hebrew, and besides these, ***d, z*** in Arabic, have a double pronunciation (thin and thick), constituting pairs of letters which differ as entirely as our ***p*** and ***b***, and do not so easily pass into one another for euphony as the ***tenuis*** and ***media*** of our grammars. When to this we add, that the two languages have also (the so-called) aspirates of England, Germany, and Holland, which we write

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*th* (*dh*), *ch*, *gh*, *sh* or *sch*, *j* or *dsch*, the amplitude of their consonantal system will be confessed.

Yet the roughness of sound is certainly lessened by the essential separability of consonants, to which we adverted as a second peculiarity. Three consonants (in pure classical pronunciation) never come together, nor two at the beginning of a word. A full-bred Arab cannot be got to pronounce *Frank* or *Frangi*: with him it becomes either *Afrengi* or *Feringi*; and in every root the consonants are liable to fall apart by grammatical combination, as in this word the *f* and *r*. In Greek or Latin such a root as *arcto-s* is possible, and when it occurs, the *rct*, found together in the root, remain together inseparably in all the derivatives; but the opposite principle prevails in the Syro-Arabian tongues, where vowels are ever intruding to separate the consonants, which are therefore regarded as fulcra from which the vowels hang.

We proceed to state how far the Libyan tongues share the peculiarities we have recited. The sounds of the alphabet agree more closely with Hebrew than with Arabic, and *so do the laws of euphony*. To this interesting circumstance attention was drawn by Mr. Newman, in his article of 1836; but it remained wholly unconfirmed by French writers until now. In Captain Hanoteau's Grammar the facts are now established beyond a doubt; though the Zouave sounds differ a little from those of the Buji dialect, on which Mr. Newman founded his remark. Only one letter is cardinal to the Kabail which is not found in Hebrew, viz. a thick or lisping *t*, which strangers mistake for *ts*. Yet this is a single letter;* the Arabic *t* degenerates into it; and it is remarkable that the Galla has a similar lisping *t*, for which Karl Tutschek has adopted (in Roman characters) a single symbol. (It does not represent the Hebrew *tsaddi*, of which the double *z* of the Libyan is probably the analogue.) But here we alight on the remarkable fact, that this lisping *t* vanishes in the language of the Imushagh, and *also* in their Tifinagh characters. Must we infer that the characters were not invented for the Kabail population, which stood in closer contact with the Carthaginians, but for the sons of the Great Desert peculiarly?

The reader may perhaps take interest in seeing the parallel of the Tifinagh and Hebrew alphabet. We set apart nine letters, as apparently later modifications, for the convenience of writing words introduced from Arabic.

* In the Bible-Society Ms. Sidi Hamet denoted this *t* by a new symbol, which added the two dots of the Arabic *t* to the shape of the Arabic *s*. He also invented a special symbol for the consonant which vacillates from *θ* to our *t*; but his countrymen, it seems, turn away with disdain from these, as if Christian innovations. The French Dictionary of Brosselard, in which Hamet bore an important part, employs Arabic *t* for the lisping *t*, and Arabic *θ* for the *θ*-*t* sound, which has for analogue the Hebrew ת, *tau* or *thau*.

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| Hebrew. | Tifinagh. | Name. | Power. | Hebrew. | Tifinagh. | Name. | Power. |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| א | ⵄ | (*alef*) | | ל | ⵍ | *yel* | *l* |
| ב | ⴱ | *yab* | *b* | מ | ⵎ | *yam* | *m* |
| ג | ⵖ | *yej* | *j* | נ | ⵏ | *yan* | *n* |
| ד | ⴷ ⵃ ⵆ | *yed* | *d* | ס | ⵙ | *yes* | *s* |
| ה | ⵀ ⵄⵄⵄⵄ | *yah* | *h* | ע | ⵄ | (*ain*) | ' |
| ו | ⵓ | *yau* | *w, u* | פ | ⴼ ][ | *yaf* | *f* |
| ז | ⵣ ⵥ | *yez* | *z* | צ | ⵚ | *yẓ* | *ẓ* |
| ח | ⵃ | *yaḥ* | *ḥ*, χ? | ק | ⵇ | *yaḳ* / *yagh* | *ḳ* / *gh* |
| ט | ⵟ ⵜ | *yaṭ* | *ṭ* | ר | ⵔ ⵕ | *yar* | *r* |
| י | ⵉ | *yi?* | *y, i* | ש | ⵛ | *yesh* | *sh* |
| כ | ⴽ ⵅ | *yak* | *k* | ת | ⵜ | *yet* | *t* |

Here are three strong letters, which we write *ḥ ṭ ẓ*, answering to צשה; but the fourth, *ḳ*, which corresponds to ק, is written (by El Ouzzani) exactly as the *gh*. And it would seem that the distinction is only euphonic, especially since Hanoteau attests that the doubling of *gh* always produces *ḳḳ*. Yet Ben Bou Beker gives a special symbol for ק, which perhaps is added to express Arabic words. M. Schousboe gives that symbol for *ghain* which they appropriate for *ain*. We have to add:

| | | | | | | | | | |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| ע | ع | ⵄ | *ain* | ح | ⵃ | *yaḥ* | ص | ⵙ | *yaẓ* |
| | غ | ⵄⵄⵄⵄ | *ghain* | خ | ⵅ | *yakh* | ض | ⴹ | *yaḍ* |
| ק | ق | ⵇ | *qof* | كـ | ⵅ | (Schousboe) (*gaf*) | ظ | ⵚ | |

The language of the Imushagh ignores not only the lisping *t*, but the aspirates of *t* and *d*, which in the mountaineer Kabail, as in Hebrew, are so prevalent. A word more on this may be in place. The Hebrew grammars teach that ד and ת, that is, *d* and *t* (for we will not speak of the other mutes), are ordinarily

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aspirates (*dh, th*), as modern Greek δ, θ; but the moment they are doubled, they necessarily drop the aspiration. The same law of euphony is found in Kabail, but not in Arabic. In close analogy to this is the Kabail practice of changing double *ghain* into double *qof*.* These laws of euphony denote in very early times (as also does the alphabet) a nearer relation of the Libyan to the Hebrew than to the Arabic.

From the consonantal sounds we proceed to the character of the roots. It is known that the mass of the roots in the Syro-Arabian tongues are *triliteral*, or marked by three strong consonants, which never permanently cohere. Yet it was early remarked, that a large part of these was formed out of simpler *biliteral* roots, which pointed at a more primitive state of the languages. The Libyan roots, like those of Coptic, are prevailing *biliteral*, often monosyllabic. Examples are—*af*, 'find;' *as*, 'come;' *sel*, 'hear;' *mel*, 'tell;' *etsh* (*etk* in Imushagh), 'eat;' *inig*, 'travel;' *afeg*, 'fly;' *azzel*, 'run;' *ughal*, 'return,' &c. It will be seen that in these imperatives the vowels have no one law. The consonants are liable to fall apart (as from *emger* comes *megger*; from *eflu, fellu*) by the processes of conjugating.

The method of suffix pronouns is as systematic in the Libyan as in the Syro-Arabian. The chief pronouns are still more like to the Coptic than to the Arabic; and some of the suffixes are *less* mutilated, and evidently older, in the Libyan than in Hebrew or Arabic. Thus the suffix pronoun *us* is in the two last expressed by *na*, in Libyan by *nagh*, which comes nearer to the isolated pronoun *we*, which is *nahne* in Arabic, *nukni* in Libyan; the oldest forms probably being *nakhni*, and suffix *nakh*. Gender is marked by the Libyan in the pronouns of all three persons; by the Syro-Arabian only in the second and third persons. Nor is this all. Instead of a single set of suffix pronouns, as in the Syro-Arabian, we find in the Libyan more than two sets, nearly expressing the distinction of our accusative and dative; and altogether, in the whole pronominal system (taking that phrase in its widest conventional sense) the language is more delicately and fully developed than the Arabic, of which nevertheless it perpetually reminds us.

Cases to nouns cannot be said to exist in the Libyan. They have some very short and elegant prepositions; but these are in every grammatical sense still prepositions even when incorporated with a noun, and are not case-inflexions. As to the geni-

* The Zouave also supersedes *dd* by *tt*. This cannot be called a Kabail law, for the letter *d* seems to have no existence in Buji. The distinction is probably in all cases merely euphonic (as that of ד and ת in Hebrew), and would be better denoted in Roman text by a single consonant variously marked than by types essentially different. In fact, *d* alone seems to suffice. That in Kabail *ð* and *d* are sometimes different in *meaning*, is carefully noticed by Hanoteau.

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tive, they have two modes, of which one allies them to the Hebrew, the other to the Coptic. The former consists in using the oldest and simplest* demonstrative (comparable to Homer's ὁ ἡ τὸ) as the instrument or copula of the *status constructus;* by the effect of which the definite article degenerates into the particle *of,* and makes an equivalent to our genitive. We stated above, that the modern Arabic dialects develop clumsy substitutes of another kind for *of.* But here the remarkable thing is, that the proper Libyan element for the same (viz. *n* or *en*) is not newly invented, but is of extreme antiquity, being not only Coptic, but also found in Haussa, a negro language, which has nothing in common with the Libyan but certain pronouns and prepositions.

The relative and interrogative pronouns have all a perfect development in Libyan, and are susceptible of taking prepositions, which then become postpositions, in a very elegant way. Thus in Shilha, from *elli,* 'which,' *ellif,* 'upon which,' *ellis,* 'by which;' *ma,* 'what?' *mas,* 'by what?' And the principle holds in Zouave, as may be seen in *ais,* 'by what?' *aghef,* 'upon what?' *wi,* 'who?' *wighour,* 'to whom?' (*apud quem?*) Also in Tamasheght. There is likewise a great abundance of those relative adverbs which we often name conjunctions.

Hence one might perhaps expect somewhat more of *involution* in the sentences than in Hebrew. In fact, the relative has a peculiar tendency to attach itself to the participle; nearly, if we rightly remember, as in Amharic, and in Sir H. Rawlinson's translations of the old Persian, which remind one of German or even of Greek. If we merge the distinction of article and relative, the order of the Greek words ὁ ὑμῖν αὐτὸ ποιῶν is the standard one with all the Libyan languages. The relative, and the interrogative also, has an inverting power on all the suffix pronouns, causing them to precede instead of following the verb. Nevertheless (perhaps because their style and taste is formed on the Arabic) the structure of sentences is the concatenated and stiff.

There is a system of derived verbs in close analogy with, though differing from, the forms of the Syro-Arabian. When the sound is nearly the same, the sense is nevertheless different. A set of forms, which in Brosselard's Dictionary† is treated as equivalent to our *present* tense, is in Hanoteau explained to mean

* It is *wa, ǒ; tha, ta, ẖ;* or *awwa, etta.* The *ww* is liable to pass euphonically into *g* or *b.* The *th* or *t,* as marking the feminine, is alike Coptic and Syro-Arabian.

† To an ethnologist or etymologist this beautifully printed empty-paged volume is very disappointing. By far the greater number of words given as Kabail are mere Arabic under slight disguise. Even as to vocabulary, a page of Hanoteau' grammar is worth ten of the dictionary.

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*habitual* action, expressing what is called imperfect in Latin and Greek, but being indifferently (it seems) present imperfect, præter imperfect, or future imperfect. This set of forms sometimes imitates the *second* of the Arabs (especially in conjugating triliteral Arabic verbs), sometimes is like the *fifth;* yet in both cases with a new sense. The passive voice is, as in Syro-Arabian, one or two of these derived forms, and the causative is in great use. This is like other Hebræo-African tongues.

The primitive tense is used as vaguely as in Hebrew and Arabic; and the mode of conjugating it is so close in sound to modern Arabic, as to seem but a dialect of it. The participles have little use as such; they generally supply verbal tenses; yet they are rather numerous, especially (it would seem) in the Ghadamsi. Gerunds, or nouns of action, are as profuse as in the Syro-Arabian, and very like in form. The plurals of nouns are almost as irregular as in Arabic. There is also the same inability to compound words, and the same introduction of gender into the verb. In consequence of these close and numerous analogies, it is extremely easy to translate (as we have read somewhere, perhaps in the Baron de Slane) from Arabic into Kabail, and conversely.

We are now necessarily led to contemplate a time at which the Hebræo-African family was already separated by a wide chasm from the Indo-Persian and Indo-Tartar, but had not yet developed the peculiarities which so deeply separate Arabic, Libyan, Amharic, and (we suppose we may add) Assyrian, Egyptian. This carries us back to a time when the now existing vocabularies were unformed or in mere embryo, only the *pronouns* and the *principles* and a sprinkling of elementary words having withstood the wear and tear of time. At that period, what are we to say of the relation of the Libyan to the central negro languages? Without getting out of our depth in a vast and new inquiry, we may remark, that though the Haussa language is emphatically negro, and has been selected by Mr. Schön and other missionaries as the best suited for wide currency among the negro nations, yet its whole system of (demonstrative and relative) pronouns is so strikingly Libyan, as to mark some early historical union. Not only all the material of the tongue, but all the principles, have been recast since the time when Libyans and negroes learned their pronouns in a common school. Such is the vast sweep of past existence for the human race, through which we are taught by linguistic studies to look.

The inquiry has been started, whether Africa or Asia ought to be regarded as the centre out of which the Hebræo-African family developed itself. The popular assumption is, that as *of course* every thing human has come out of Asia, therefore all

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*early* movements of population were *from* Asia. But this is no valid presumption at all, except on the very superficial hypothesis that human nations all sprang from three men and three women less than four thousand years ago; an hypothesis opposed to every known fact of extreme antiquity and to all the evidence of language. We now see Europe pouring itself into Asia. Tartary has, ten times over, flowed into Persia, India, and China; yet Europeans and Tartars came (we suppose) out of Persia, and Mongolians out of China. If we are to believe (what is far less evident) that the primitive Hebræo-African family is an offshoot from Persia, the *primâ-facie* evidence would be that the Syro-Arabians are the rear of the emigration left behind after its peculiarities had fixed themselves unchangeably in the race. But those to whom a manifold local origin of human races appears more reasonable, and who believe Creative Power to have displayed itself independently in the man of China, the man of Persia, and the man of Africa, will perhaps of necessity regard the Syro-Arabians as an early efflux from Africa. The chief embarrassment of every such hypothesis is the impossibility of determining (in our present knowledge, if ever at all) how many primitive centres of population are recognisable. But the advocates of a single centre must not triumph in that embarrassment; for it is equally felt in regard to many other widely diffused creatures,—dogs, poultry, horses, cows, parrots,—which no one supposes to have sprung from a single centre.

We return to Captain Hanoteau's Grammar for remarks in detail. His direct object being exclusively practical, he declines assisting us in etymologies of merely speculative interest; although much evidence of learning and insight underlies his remarks. His belief is, that each separate language must be practically won in its details before we can embrace the whole; and this is true as to complete and irreversible knowledge. Yet meanwhile, if glimpses of general views open upon us, they are the fit solace for the toil of learning, and are not to be despised for incompleteness.

The pronominal systems of the Libyan languages are the centre of their chief interest; for it is here that they are in contact with Hebrew, with Egyptian, and with Haussa: here it is that they are most strongly contrasted with one another; for it is chiefly the difference as to demonstratives and relatives and all the particles thence originated which makes the speech of the Tuareg, of Ghadames, of the Beni-Menasser, of the Shilha, of the Kabails mutually unintelligible: and finally, it is in the pronominal systems that these languages show so great richness and flexibility, and have the means of becoming fluent, various, and clear, whenever they receive cultivation. We have already

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observed, that the pronouns suffix have a double development of case (for dative and accusative) where the Syro-Arabian has but one set of forms. The threefold demonstrative may now be suspected, from Hanoteau's statements, to have primitively referred, as the *hic, iste, ille* of the Latins, to the three personal pronouns, viz. (if we extract the elements) *agi* (*adi*, fem. *ati*), 'hic,' this of mine; *enni*, 'iste,' this of thine; *ahi*, 'ille,' that of his. Hanoteau does not lay this down; only of the adverbial additions *d* and *n* he informs us that *d* means *ici, là,* as in *celui-ci, là-bas;* and that *n* differs from it in pointing always to the second person.

"Le *n* séparable offre beaucoup d'analogie de signification avec le *d*. Il présente cette différence toutefois, qu'*il ne s'applique qu'à la personne à qui l'on parle*, et indique une idée de lieu attribuée exclusivement à cette personne.

L'emploi de cet *n* est beaucoup moins général que celui de *d*, qu'on retrouve dans tous les dialectes berbers. Le *n*, au contraire, paraît restreint à celui des Zouaoua. Peut-être est-il l'abréviation des adverbes *in, inna, ðinna*, 'là, là-bas'" (p. 192; see also pp. 167, 168).

Hanoteau's own examples are not always perfectly consistent with this law; but this was only to be expected, when the law itself is confined to the Zouave dialect, and when we remember how often the *iste* of Latin drops its peculiarity. Yet when we observe that the French *voici* and *voilà* have also in the Zouave a threefold representation (a*θaia*, 'eccum!' a*θaien*, 'en istum!' *ahaθ*, 'ellum!'), we cannot doubt that there was once a triple demonstrative principle pervading the formations; and this is a new illustration that in these pronouns we have original materials of great antiquity, however much recast in more modern times. Hence, even when in sound they are most like Arabic, it becomes doubtful whether they are imported from that language.

The fundamental demonstrative (or article?), answering to *ὁ, ἡ, τὸ*, makes its plural by the simple change from *a* to *i*; sing. *wa, θa, ὁ, ἡ*, pl. *wi, θi, oi, ai*. On this Hanoteau has founded the interesting remark, that it explains the general tendency of *nouns* also to mark their singular by *a*, and especially their plural by *i*.

The two demonstratives, (*w*)*agi*, 'hic,' (*w*)*ahi*, 'ille,' of the Zouave appear in the Buji to be confounded into (*w*)*ayyi*, or (*w*)*aghi;* and Hanoteau himself often has *aia* where we expect *agi* or *ahi*. Perhaps, therefore, we do not yet know the number of separate forms. Besides these, we have *ad*, 'this;' *netta*, 'that.'

From *ad*, 'this' (which is common in Shilha), the Kabail has developed an *emphatic* case of the noun by a noteworthy process.

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First, as in Hebrew and Arabic, the word *this* is used to supply the logical copula; as (1 Kings xviii. 39), "Jehovah, *hic* Deus," for "Jehovah *est* Deus." From the great familiarity of this, the particle *ad* (in Kabail *aδ*) becomes the mark of the predicate, and consequently subserves also apposition, which is only indirect predication. Confusion arises from the fact, that the same particle (*aδ*, *δ*) is also used for the preposition 'with' (which in Hanoteau is *iδ*), and indeed for the conjunction 'and.' Mr. Newman called attention to the strange analogy which this bears to the manifold use of the Hebrew אֵת (*eθ*), not of very dissimilar sound. But Captain Hanoteau develops very new and singular limitations as to the use of *aδ* or *δ*. First, as we have said, it marks the direct predicate. Next, if a noun is in apposition to another noun "which is *indeterminate* and is not in the genitive, dative, or ablative" (Hanoteau, p. 84), then, and then only, the second noun takes the sign *aδ* or *δ*. Thus (in exact reverse of what might have been expected): "Vous avez *des* bœufs blancs; *Ghurĕwen izgaren δimellalen.*" [Strictly, "Apud vos boves albi."] But, "Vous avez *les* bœufs blancs; *Ghurewen izgaren imellalen.*" Perhaps so minute and arbitrary a distinction was not likely to exist in all the dialects. We observe on the surface of Hamet's version of Luke opposite phenomena: as, Luke iii. 1, "Philip his brother," is, *Failebis δagmas;* and Luke iii. 19, "Herod the king," *Hairiδus δamaḳrān;* where (since Philip and Herod are determinate) the *δ* is superfluous after them. But this is *Buji* dialect, not *Zouave.*

On another remarkable demonstrative particle Hanoteau has thrown light. It is *ayyi*, or *aia*, *ai* (this), which is used for strongly defined emphasis, which he renders by "*c'est . . . que.*" This pervades the Buji quite to redundancy. Thus "I am well pleased in thee" is (we suppose) "*farḥagh s-ek;*" but "In thee am I well pleased" is not "*S-ek farḥagh,*" as might have been expected, but (Luke iii. 21) "*Ayya*-ssek *ay*-farḥagh," where the reduplication of *ay* almost implies a response of relative to demonstrative ("*It is* in thee *that* I am well pleased"), which seems to be Hanoteau's view. From "*Yusa-d iḍelli*, Il est venu (ici) hier," comes *Iḍelli ai-d yusa*, (rendered by him) *C'est* hier *qu'*il est venu." But we hesitate to assent when Hanoteau adds to "the confirmative particles" *ai* and *δ* a third, viz. *r'a* (as he writes it), intending the sound *gha*. His own examples appear to show that his *r'a* ("quelque fois par euphonie *ar'a*"), which he says *confirms* the future tense, is (as the *ara* of the Buji) only the peculiar future, which the Latins render by *-urus est* or *debet*. Thus from *azekka*, 'to-morrow,' and root *as*, 'come' (*as-ad*, 'come hither'), we have *yusa-d*, 'he came (comes) hither,' and *azekka ara-d-yas*, 'Cras huc venturus est.' Hanoteau trans-

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lates this "*C'est* demain qu'il viendra;" but there is no particle to confirm *azekka*. When he adds, "*r'a* s'emploie exclusivement avec les verbes," he almost confesses what is to us clear, that it is a mere tense-mark. In p. 83, he translates "*Nek r'a θen inr'en*," "C'est moi devant tuer eux;" his *devant* gives the clue to the true translation, "Ego eos occisurus (sum)." To this indeed he himself gives clear assent in p. 159, where he has "*r'a inr'en*, devant tuer, de *r'a iner'*, il tuera."

Touching these participles (formed by adding *-en* or *-in* to the root, and generally prefixing *i* or *y*), we must not omit to add a singular circumstance, now for the first time confirmed. Mr. Newman, in alleging it on the evidence of Hamet's version of the gospels, expressed himself as hardly able to believe his own analysis: namely, when the participle is preceded by the particle *ur* (not), the termination *-en* changes into a prefix *n*. This is distinctly laid down as the law by Hanoteau, who exemplifies it by: "*Anwa ikshemen?* quis intrans?" (*i. e.* "who has gone in?") "*Anwa ur nekshim?* quis non intrans?" where the participle abruptly changes its form from *ikshemen* to *nekshim*, by the influence of the negative particle *ur*.

The Kabail participle, according to Hanoteau, has no variation with gender or number; and in this he finds a most cardinal contrast to the Tamasheght, which has a participle declinable in these respects. We cannot doubt that, as a general fact concerning the Kabail, his statement is correct; but we find nothing cardinally distinctive here, for the Kabail *exceptionally* does vary the participle with gender. Thus, in Luke i. 7, "(Elizabeth) was barren," is rendered by Hamet, "*ur ettarawant*" (from *irwa*, 'genuit,' *irwan*, 'gignens'), where *ur nirwa*, 'non gignens,' might have been expected. Again, Luke i. 27, "Ghur 'aδra *θughat* iwergaz," stands for "ad virginem sumtam viro" (to a virgin betrothed unto a man); where *θughat*, 'sumta,' from *yugha* 'sumsit,' has exactly the form of the feminine participle defined by Hanoteau for the Tamasheght.

Hanoteau also makes the curious revelation of a class of defective verbs (chiefly verbs of colour and of state) which seem scarcely to pass beyond the character of adjectives. They are without prefixes, and look as if always of the third person. Verbs of colour are also a class by themselves in Arabic; so indeed are the adjectives of colour; but with no further analogy to these Libyan defectives.

In general, every derived form of the verb has its own tenses and its own participles, formed by the very same law. Hanoteau recognises two participles only, which he names present and future; as, from the verb *illa* (it was), *illan* (being), *r'a yilin*, or *arayilin* in Buji (about to be). We seem to find other parti-

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ciples besides in Buji; for Hamet has *aδlalen*, Luke i. 31 (paritura); *addilulan*, Luke i. 35 (pariendum), from *ilul*, Matt. ii. 4 (natum est): also *ilulan*, Matt. ii. 2, Gen. xvii. 27 (natus); *ur nattil*, John iii. 5 (non natus); *araddilulan*, Matt. i. 20 (debens nasci). That form of the verb which Hanoteau calls "forme d'habitude," but which is regarded as a present tense in Brosselard's Dictionary, nevertheless does *not* seem (in Hanoteau) to form a participle, nor yet any future by prefix *aδ* or *ara* (*ar'a*). This seems to us a reason for treating it as a peculiar *tense* of each verb (whether we are to call it present, or imperfect, or tense of habitude, is a separate question); and we incline to say, that the distinctive "conjugation" (in the sense of the Latin grammar) ought here to be estimated by the mode of forming this particular tense. Then the derived forms will remain, as in Syro-Arabian, analogous to the 'voices' of Greek and Latin.

Hanoteau writes positively of these derived forms: "Toutes ces formes dérivées se retrouvent chez les Touareg avec de légères modifications dans les signes. . . . . J'ai de plus constaté dans ce dialecte une forme qui ne paraît plus exister en Kabyle: elle a pour signe *t* affixé, et indique l'idée de devenir: par exemple, *erzer'*, 'être riche;' *erzer'et*, 'devenir riche.' The identity of the derived forms in general is a strong mark how late (comparatively) must have been the divergence of the Libyan dialects into distinct languages.

We have said that Captain Hanoteau's plan forbade his dealing with any etymology that went beyond the language itself; but we cannot refrain from a few remarks which have an ethnological direction. The celebrated laws of Grimm concerning the changes of consonants in passing from one Indo-European tongue to another, give us to expect some analogous changes between every group of languages similarly related. Dr. Schott discovered fixed laws of mutation between the consonants of the languages of High Asia,—the Turkish, the Mongolian, the Tungusian. We are therefore prepared to expect that the Libyan tongues shall have a part of their old vocabulary in common with Arabic or Hebrew, but that in this common part certain tendencies of change will be discovered. We dare not pretend yet to have the means of distinguishing with certainty *old* imported Arabic from primitive Libyan; yet it is possible that this very study of the laws of mutation may aid to the distinction. Thus, sometimes we see the double *h* of the Arabs retained in Kabail, as in *yaḥma*, 'it is hot,' from Arabic root *ḥam*. This is undoubtedly imported, and is not used by the Tuaregs. On the other hand, in many roots the Arabic *ḥ* is replaced by *w*, *k*, or *g*. Thus, to the Arabic root *ḥanu* corresponds Kab. *eknu* (ployer); to the Arabic *raḥel*

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corresponds *erwel* (fuir), *reggul* (fuir habituellement); where the *ḥ* is evaded by change first into *w*, and next into *g*. In the first instance, we may see in such changes the indications of older and newer importations from Arabic (as in English we have *comply* and *complicate*, older and newer from Latin, and a hundred others); but what at first appears an old importation, may prove to be the primitive Libyan. Examine the relation of the word *ergigi* (trembler) to the Hebrew root רע (which is discerned by analysis of several Hebrew triliteral verbs); evidently the Libyan pure *g* here supplants the Hebrew *ain*. Yet Hanoteau gives us simultaneously the verb *ra'ia'sh* (trembler), or רעעש, which is more like to an imported root.

But, in truth, hitherto the spellings presented to us are very wayward. In many words the Arabic *b* is changed into *w* or *u* (which perhaps is what led Venture to think *b* was not a native sound); and, on the other side, the Arabic *w* is changed into *b*, as in *ḳebbi*, 'to be stout;' evidently Ar. *ḳawwi*. We may here throw together a few examples of the Libyan and Arabic or Hebrew, where they are alike but not identical.

| ARABIC. | KABAIL. |
|---|---|
| ḥarek (burn) | ergh, *pres.* reḳḳ. |
| ḥaṭaf (seize) | eṭṭef. |
| ḥareθ, &c. (plough) | ekrez, *pres.* kerrez (Greek χαραγ). |
| beket (strike: Golius) | aweθ, *pres.* ekkaθ. |
| ḳari, קר (read, call) | ghar, *pres.* eḳḳar. |
| Heb. נק . . . נכה (smite) | ingha (he killed). |
| 'ajel (hurry) | azzel (run, hasten). |
| beḍa' (split, divide) | ebḍu. |
| lebes (dress, clothe) | els. |
| rebb, רבב (increase, &c.) | erwu, *pres.* rebbu (satiate), reggu [in Bross]. |
| 'atas (sneeze) | eḍs, eṭs (laugh). |
| kherej (come out) | irej, ireg [Buji]. |
| jedd (value) | agla, aila, ila (property); *sometimes* agda, ajda *in Buji*, if the Bible-Society Ms. is right. |

Heb. עדד—Tamash. *gudei*—('praise [God]').

Sometimes the deep *ḳ* passes into *w*. 'The heart' in Arabic is *ḳalb*, in Heb. *lib* (the *ḳ* vanishing?), in Libyan *uli*, pl. *ulawen*, which seems to give *ulaw* or *uliv* for the radicals. It is not too much to believe *uliw* identical with *lib* and *ḳalb*. The Libyan *awal* (a word, a discourse) seems to represent the קול (*ḳul*) of Hebrew and Arabic. Barth, indeed, gives as Tamasheght *takalt*, 'talk,' *assokel*, 'speech, idiom.' 'The face' in Libyan is *udem*, which must surely be identical with *ḳedem* (the front) of Hebrew



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and Arabic. Indeed the Shilha (?) *aḳadūm* of Venture seems a mere adaptation of Arabic to the genius of Libyan grammar.

Sometimes the Libyan *ḳ* itself changes into *w*, as in the root *iḳḳal*, 'he turned' (returned), which is hard to separate from another root *iwalla*, 'he returned,' and perhaps is comparable to Heb. גל. On the other hand, in Shilha *wel* (a time or turn) represents the root *kel*, hidden in the Kabail *θikkelt*, of the same sense. We cannot doubt that there is a curious harvest* of etymology to be gathered in these realms.

Our limits warn us not to enlarge on this subject; and we must finally make some remarks on Captain Hanoteau's mode of writing the Libyan sounds in modified Roman characters.

In the abstract we warmly applaud the idea; but we cannot praise the details of his scheme. They rest on no general principle, nor yet can they lay claim to any practical convenience. In the above we have not followed his notation, except that we have (in quoting from him) written *r'a* (not *gha*) where the Tamasheght and Buji and Shilha agree in *ra* or *ara*, which makes the sound *gha* appear to be a mere Zouave corruption. M. Hanoteau, in justifying his notation *r'* for *gh* (which would lead to a troublesome remodelling of proper names), with great simplicity assures us that the sound of the letter "est celui d'un *r* fortement grasseyé, et *non celui du g*." But who ever said it was a *g*? Of course, it is no more a *g* than the roughest German or Swiss *ch* in *auch* is a *k*. Each sound (like *r*) is vibratory; in consequence, many Northumbrians, Germans, and French corrupt *r* into an Arabic *ghain*. But the fact remains, that *ghain* is to *kha* precisely as *g* to *k*, as every *media* to its *tenuis*; and there is the same reason for writing the one by *gh*, as the other by *kh* or *ch*. M. Hanoteau retains *kh*; what does he gain by exploding *gh*? In fact, we doubt whether *r* is nearer to *gh* than to *kh*.

Then we object to his using the apostrophe to express very different modifications with *d*, *t*, *k*; for it aspirates *d*, but strengthens *t* and *k*: also, the addition of *h* with him aspirates *k* and *t*, but thickens *d*; hence it is difficult to remember his system. His *dh* is not in analogy to his *th*, nor his *d'* to his *t'* nor to his *r'*. Also the *ain*, which is very well expressed by an apostrophe, he renders by *á*, as if it could not be joined to other vowels than *a*. The letters which differ only by euphony are by him made wholly unlike in form; and the characteristic lisping *t* is written *ts*, as though it were two elements.

His preference of *ou* to *u* cannot be censured in a Frenchman, though we would rather adhere to Italian simplicity. So

* Some of the analogies try to seduce us beyond sobriety. Thus we have in Greek two roots for 'head,' viz. *καρ* and *κεφ* (seen in *καρα*, *κεφαλη*); also in Libyan 'head' is either *akarrui* or *ikhf*, *ikf*.

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also we see no reason, with him, to explode the highly useful letters *y w*, especially the latter, which is often a radical consonant. In general, we desire (1) some *single* method to express the *strengthening* of a consonant; and know nothing better than the mathematical types *ḥ ḳ ṭ ḍ ʂ ẓ*,* for the zeros are not so easily mistaken for blots or unobserved as mere dots would be; and if dots are large enough to be seen clearly, they disgust every printer by the spotty effect. Accents, apostrophes, and italics are needed for widely different service. (2) We *acquiesce*, but unwillingly, in the use of *th, dh, kh, gh*, to express the aspirates θ δ χ γ of the modern Greeks; the Greek types would seem *far* better, if only the γ were not too like the Roman *y*. But we might use the old-fashioned type ſ for it. The Greek θ δ χ ſ, added to our alphabet, would be of great utility. *Ghain* is so common a sound, and so characteristic of the Libyan, that it demands a simple form. (3) There remains *sh* (French *ch*) to be provided for. Why not write *c* (a letter at present useless) for this sound? Lastly, *j* may be used either with its English or with its French force, as occasion may require.

It seems to be as yet undecided what place hard *g* bears in the Libyan languages. We do not yet believe that they have three independent sounds, *j* (English), *g* (hard), *gh*. The hard *g* appears to be euphonically exchangeable sometimes with *j*, sometimes with *gh*. In the Tifinagh letters hard *g* is not acknowledged by either of the learned natives: it is only given by M. Schousboe, and its form seems to be a mere modification of *k*.

With regard to the lisping *t*, we think that Brosselard's Dictionary, in its adaptation of the Arabic alphabet, has shown the right use of the Roman. We ought to denote this characteristic letter by our simple *t*, and employ θ for the תּ sound. That it is more essential, in Roman than in Arabic type, to distinguish the latter twofold sound, cannot be imagined; but if requisite, θ should receive some modifying mark, and our alphabet would be complete. But it would be understood, without any mark, that θθ is to be pronounced as our *tt*, and *nθ* as our *nt*.

To adapt systematically a Roman type for extra-European languages would not only add great facilities to comparative grammar and ethnological linguistry, but would be of service to

* Hanoteau and De Slane give us in some purely Libyan words the mysterious combination *zç* (as *ezçu*, 'to plant'). The *ç* is meant for Arabic *ssad*. Hanoteau has also *ezzu*, 'griller;' so that *zç* is essentially different from *zz*. We presume that *zç* is the ⵣ of the Tifinagh, and is the Libyan representative of ⵙ and of *ssad*. We should propose to denote it by *ẓ*. Hamet, in the Gospels, uses the soft *zz* of the Arabs, and not any of their thick sounds, for this peculiar consonant.

Ambiguities so strange as *ḥammil* (to love) and *ḫammil* (to pour in torrents) ought not to make us suspect that there remain still more sounds than we know; but rather, that in one or other word the *ḥ* is corruptly written for *h* or for *kh* or for *ain*.

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us politically in India, religiously in every missionary station. The missionaries have already done much in this direction; politicians have done nothing. May we think it possible that France will effect in Algeria what England has so long failed to do in India? If Captain Hanoteau's Roman notation were on a par with the substantial merit of his grammar, we should hope for this result; but as it is, we do not know how to expect or to wish that his mode of writing should be generally adopted.

If our Indian authorities would earnestly take in hand this matter, we believe they would find great advantage, and need encounter no difficulty. Let them appoint a committee of three to report on the best mode of adapting the Roman alphabet to the Indian languages. Let the committee consist of one printer, one person acquainted with several Indian languages, and one English man of letters. Having settled the alphabet, let them request every Indian railway-board to set up every notice at every station in a twofold type, *first* in the Indian, *next* in the Roman. Let them set the example in all government proclamations, using one method from end to end of India. This would not only facilitate the learning of the Indian languages to every soldier and every railway-official, but it would facilitate to the natives the reading of English. And small as this matter seems, its results may be great. Whoever learns by the Arabic type, is thrown into the channels of Arabic literature and religion. Whoever learns by a pure Indian type, is similarly in connection with Hindoo literature and religion. But to learn the Roman type is a first and great step towards the imbibing of European influences. And how small a fraction of the Indian population as yet have any knowledge of letters at all!

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## Art. IX.—CHARLES DICKENS.

*Cheap Edition of the Works of Mr. Charles Dickens. The Pickwick Papers, Nicholas Nickleby, &c.* London, 1857-8. Chapman and Hall.

It must give Mr. Dickens much pleasure to look at the collected series of his writings. He has told us of the beginnings of *Pickwick*. "I was," he relates in what is now the preface to that work, "a young man of three-and-twenty, when the present publishers, attracted by some pieces I was at that time writing in the *Morning Chronicle* newspaper (of which one series had lately been collected and published in two volumes, illustrated by my

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esteemed friend Mr. George Cruikshank), waited upon me to propose a something that should be published in shilling numbers—then only known to me, or I believe to any body else, by a dim recollection of certain interminable novels in that form, which used, some five-and-twenty years ago, to be carried about the country by pedlars, and over some of which I remember to have shed innumerable tears, before I served my apprenticeship to Life. When I opened my door in Furnival's Inn to the managing partner who represented the firm, I recognised in him the person from whose hands I had bought, two or three years previously, and whom I had never seen before or since, my first copy of the magazine in which my first effusion—dropped stealthily one evening at twilight, with fear and trembling, into a dark letter-box, in a dark office, up a dark court in Fleet Street—appeared in all the glory of print; on which occasion, by the by,—how well I recollect it!—I walked down to Westminster Hall, and turned into it for half-an-hour, because my eyes were so dimmed with joy and pride, that they could not bear the street, and were not fit to be seen there. I told my visitor of the coincidence, which we both hailed as a good omen; and so fell to business."

After such a beginning, there must be great enjoyment in looking at the long series of closely printed green volumes, in remembering their marvellous popularity, in knowing that they are a familiar literature wherever the English language is spoken,—that they are read with admiring appreciation by persons of the highest culture at the centre of civilisation,—that they amuse, and are fit to amuse, the roughest settler in Vancouver's Island.

The penetrating power of this remarkable genius among all classes at home is not inferior to its diffusive energy abroad. The phrase "household book" has, when applied to the works of Mr. Dickens, a peculiar propriety. There is no contemporary English writer, whose works are read so generally through the whole house, who can give pleasure to the servants as well as to the mistress, to the children as well as to the master. Mr. Thackeray without doubt exercises a more potent and plastic fascination within his sphere, but that sphere is limited. It is restricted to that part of the middle class which gazes inquisitively at the "Vanity Fair" world. The delicate touches of our great satirist have, for such readers, not only the charm of wit, but likewise the interest of valuable information; he tells them of the topics which they want to know. But below this class there is another and far larger, which is incapable of comprehending the idling world, or of appreciating the accuracy of delineations drawn from it,—which would not know the difference between a picture of Grosvenor Square by Mr. Thackeray and the picture of it in a Minerva-Press novel,—which only cares for or knows of its own multifarious,

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industrial, fig-selling world,—and over these also Mr. Dickens has power.

It cannot be amiss to take this opportunity of investigating, even slightly, the causes of so great a popularity. And if, in the course of our article, we may seem to be ready with over-refining criticism, or to be unduly captious with theoretical objection, we hope not to forget that so great and so diffused an influence is a *datum* for literary investigation,—that books which have been thus *tried* upon mankind and have thus succeeded, must be books of immense genius,—and that it is our duty as critics to explain, as far as we can, the nature and the limits of that genius, but never for one moment to deny or question its existence.

Men of genius may be divided into regular and irregular. Certain minds, the moment we think of them, suggest to us the ideas of symmetry and proportion. Plato's name, for example, calls up at once the impression of something ordered, measured, and settled: it is the exact contrary of every thing eccentric, immature, or undeveloped. The opinions of such a mind are often erroneous, and some of them may, from change of time, of intellectual *data*, or from chance, seem not to be quite worthy of it; but the mode in which those opinions are expressed, and (as far as we can make it out) the mode in which they are framed, affect us, as we have said, with a sensation of symmetricalness. It is not very easy to define exactly to what peculiar internal characteristic this external effect is due: the feeling is distinct, but the cause is obscure; it lies hid in the peculiar constitution of great minds, and we should not wonder that it is not very easy either to conceive or to describe. On the whole, however, the effect seems to be produced by a peculiar proportionateness, in each instance, of the mind to the tasks which it undertakes, amid which we see it, and by which we measure it. Thus we feel that the powers and tendencies of Plato's mind and nature were more fit than those of any other philosopher for the due consideration and exposition of the highest problems of philosophy, of the doubts and difficulties which concern man as man. His genius was measured to its element; any change would mar the delicacy of the thought, or the polished accuracy of the expression. The weapon was fitted to its aim. Every instance of proportionateness does not, however, lead us to attribute this peculiar symmetry to the whole mind we are observing. The powers must not only be suited to the task undertaken, but the task itself must also be suited to a human being, and employ all the marvellous faculties with which he is endowed. The neat perfection of such a mind as Talleyrand's is the antithesis to the symmetry of genius; the niceties neither of diplomacy nor of conversation give scope to the entire powers of a great nature. We may lay

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down as the condition of a regular or symmetrical genius, that it should have the exact combination of powers suited to graceful and easy success in an exercise of mind great enough to task the whole intellectual nature.

On the other hand, men of irregular or unsymmetrical genius are eminent either for some one or some few peculiarities of mind, have possibly special defects on other sides of their intellectual nature, at any rate want what the scientific men of the present day would call the *definite proportion* of faculties and qualities suited to the exact work they have in hand. The foundation of many criticisms of Shakespeare is that he is deficient in this peculiar proportion. His overteeming imagination gives at times, and not unfrequently, a great feeling of irregularity: there seems to be confusion. We have the tall trees of the forest, the majestic creations of the highest genius; but we have, besides, a bushy second growth, an obtrusion of secondary images and fancies, which prevent our taking an exact measure of such grandeur. We have not the sensation of intense simplicity, which must probably accompany the highest conceivable greatness. Such is also the basis of Mr. Hallam's criticism on Shakespeare's language, which Mr. Arnold has lately revived. "His expression is often faulty," because his illustrative imagination, somewhat predominating over his other faculties, diffuses about the main expression a supplement of minor metaphors which sometimes distract the comprehension, and almost always deprive his style of the charm that arises from undeviating directness. Doubtless this is an instance of the very highest kind of irregular genius, in which all the powers exist in the mind in a very high, and almost all of them in the very highest measure, but in which from a slight excess in a single one, the charm of proportion is lessened. The most ordinary cases of irregular genius are those in which single faculties are abnormally developed, and call off the attention from all the rest of the mind by their prominence and activity. Literature, as the "fragment of fragments," is so full of the fragments of such minds that it is needless to specify instances.

Possibly it may be laid down that one of two elements is essential to a symmetrical mind. It is evident that such a mind must either apply itself to that which is theoretical or that which is practical, to the world of abstraction or to the world of objects and realities. In the former case the deductive understanding, which masters first principles, and makes deductions from them, the thin ether of the intellect,—the "mind itself by itself,"—must evidently assume a great prominence. To attempt to comprehend principles without it, is to try to swim without arms, or to fly without wings. Accordingly, in the mind of Plato, and in

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others like him, the abstract and deducing understanding fills a great place; the imagination seems a kind of eye to descry its data; the artistic instinct an arranging impulse, which sets in order its inferences and conclusions. On the other hand, if a symmetrical mind busy itself with the active side of human life, with the world of concrete men and real things, its principal quality will be a practical sagacity, which forms with ease a distinct view and just appreciation of all the mingled objects that the world presents,—which allots to each its own place, and its intrinsic and appropriate rank. Possibly no mind gives such an idea of this sort of symmetry as Chaucer's. Every thing in it seems in its place. A healthy sagacious man of the world has gone through the world; he loves it, and knows it; he dwells on it with a fond appreciation; every object of the old life of "merry England" seems to fall into its precise niche in his ordered and symmetrical comprehension. The *Prologue to the Canterbury Tales* is in itself a series of memorial tablets to mediæval society; each class has its tomb, and each its apt inscription. A man without such an apprehensive and broad sagacity must fail in every extensive delineation of various life; he might attempt to describe what he did not penetrate, or if by a rare discretion he avoided that mistake, his works would want the *binding element;* he would be deficient in that distinct sense of relation and combination which is necessary for the depiction of the whole of life, which gives to it unity at first, and imparts to it a mass in the memory ever afterwards. And eminence in one or other of these marking faculties,—either in the deductive abstract intellect, or the practical seeing sagacity,—seems essential to the mental constitution of a symmetrical genius, at least in man. There are, after all, but two principal all-important spheres in human life—thought and action; and we can hardly conceive of a masculine mind symmetrically developed, which did not evince its symmetry by an evident perfection in one or other of those pursuits, which did not leave the trace of its distinct reflection upon the one, or of its large insight upon the other of them. Possibly it may be thought that in the sphere of pure art there may be room for a symmetrical development different from these; but it will perhaps be found, on examination of such cases, either that under peculiar and appropriate disguises one of these great qualities is present, or that the apparent symmetry is the narrow perfection of a limited nature, which may be most excellent in itself, as in the stricter form of sacred art, but which, as we explained, is quite opposed to that broad perfection of the thinking being to which we have applied the name of the symmetry of genius.

If this classification of men of genius be admitted, there can be no hesitation in assigning to Mr. Dickens his place in it.

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His genius is essentially irregular and unsymmetrical. Hardly any English writer perhaps is much more so. His style is an example of it. It is descriptive, racy, and flowing; it is instinct with new imagery and singular illustration; but it does not indicate that due proportion of the faculties to one another which is a beauty in itself, and which cannot help diffusing beauty over every happy word and moulded clause. We may choose an illustration at random. The following graphic description will do:

"If Lord George Gordon had appeared in the eyes of Mr. Willet, overnight, a nobleman of somewhat quaint and odd exterior, the impression was confirmed this morning, and increased a hundred fold. Sitting bolt upright upon his bony steed, with his long, straight hair, dangling about his face and fluttering in the wind; his limbs all angular and rigid, his elbows stuck out on either side ungracefully, and his whole frame jogged and shaken at every motion of his horse's feet; a more grotesque or more ungainly figure can hardly be conceived. In lieu of whip, he carried in his hand a great gold-headed cane, as large as any footman carries in these days; and his various modes of holding this unwieldy weapon—now upright before his face like the sabre of a horse-soldier, now over his shoulder like a musket, now between his finger and thumb, but always in some uncouth and awkward fashion—contributed in no small degree to the absurdity of his appearance. Stiff, lank, and solemn, dressed in an unusual manner, and ostentatiously exhibiting—whether by design or accident—all his peculiarities of carriage, gesture, and conduct: all the qualities, natural and artificial, in which he differed from other men; he might have moved the sternest looker-on to laughter, and fully provoked the smiles and whispered jests which greeted his departure from the Maypole inn.

Quite unconscious, however, of the effect he produced, he trotted on beside his secretary, talking to himself nearly all the way, until they came within a mile or two of London, when now and then some passenger went by who knew him by sight, and pointed him out to some one else, and perhaps stood looking after him, or cried in jest or earnest as it might be, 'Hurrah, Geordie! No Popery!' At which he would gravely pull off his hat, and bow. When they reached the town and rode along the streets, these notices became more frequent; some laughed, some hissed, some turned their heads and smiled, some wondered who he was, some ran along the pavement by his side and cheered. When this happened in a crush of carts and chairs and coaches, he would make a dead stop, and pulling off his hat, cry, 'Gentlemen, No Popery!' to which the gentlemen would respond with lusty voices, and with three times three; and then, on he would go again with a score or so of the raggedest, following at his horse's heels, and shouting till their throats were parched.

The old ladies too—there were a great many old ladies in the streets, and these all knew him. Some of them—not those of the highest rank, but such as sold fruit from baskets and carried burdens—clapped their shrivelled hands, and raised a weazen, piping, shrill 'Hurrah, my lord.'

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Others waved their hands or handkerchiefs, or shook their fans or parasols, or threw up windows, and called in haste to those within, to come and see. All these marks of popular esteem he received with profound gravity and respect; bowing very low, and so frequently that his hat was more off his head than on; and looking up at the houses as he passed along, with the air of one who was making a public entry, and yet was not puffed-up or proud."

No one would think of citing such a passage as this, as exemplifying the proportioned beauty of finished writing; it is not the writing of an evenly developed or of a highly cultured mind; it abounds in jolts and odd turns; it is full of singular twists and needless complexities: but, on the other hand, no one can deny its great and peculiar merit. It is an odd style, and it is very odd how much you read it. It is the overflow of a copious mind, though not the chastened expression of an harmonious one.

The same quality characterises the matter of his works. His range is very varied. He has attempted to describe every kind of scene in English life, from quite the lowest to almost the highest. He has not endeavoured to secure success by confining himself to a single path, nor wearied the public with repetitions of the subjects by the delineation of which he originally obtained fame. In his earlier works he never writes long without saying something well; something which no other man would have said; but even in them it is the characteristic of his power that it is apt to fail him at once; from masterly strength we pass without interval to almost infantine weakness,—something like disgust succeeds in a moment to an extreme admiration. Such is the natural fate of an unequal mind employing itself on a vast and various subject. On a recent occasion we ventured to make a division of novels into the ubiquitous,—it would have been perhaps better to say the miscellaneous,—and the sentimental: the first, as its name implies, busying itself with the whole of human life, the second restricting itself within a peculiar and limited theme. Mr. Dickens's novels are all of the former class. They aim to delineate nearly all that part of our national life which can be delineated,—at least, within the limits which social morality prescribes to social art; but you cannot read his delineation of any part without being struck with its singular incompleteness. An artist once said of the best work of another artist, "Yes, it is a pretty patch." If we might venture on the phrase, we should say that Mr. Dickens's pictures were graphic scraps; his best books are compilations of them.

The truth is, that Mr. Dickens wholly wants the two elements which we have spoken of as one or other requisite for a symme-

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trical genius. He is utterly deficient in the faculty of reasoning. "Mamma, what shall I think about?" said the small girl. "My dear, don't think," was the old-fashioned reply. We do not allege that in the strict theory of education this was a correct reply; modern writers think otherwise; but we wish some one would say it to Mr. Dickens. He is often troubled with the idea that he must reflect, and his reflections are perhaps the worst reading in the world. There is a sentimental confusion about them; we never find the consecutive precision of mature theory, or the cold distinctness of clear thought. Vivid facts stand out in his imagination; and a fresh illustrative style brings them home to the imagination of his readers; but his continuous philosophy utterly fails in the attempt to harmonise them,—to educe a theory or elaborate a precept from them. Of his social thinking we shall have a few words to say in detail; his didactic humour is very unfortunate: no writer is less fitted for an excursion to the imperative mood. At present, we only say, what is so obvious as scarcely to need saying, that his abstract understanding is so far inferior to his picturesque imagination as to give even to his best works the sense of jar and incompleteness, and to deprive them altogether of the crystalline finish which is characteristic of the clear and cultured understanding.

Nor has Mr. Dickens the easy and various sagacity which, as has been said, gives a unity to all which it touches. He has, indeed, a quality which is near allied to it in appearance. His shrewdness in some things, especially in traits and small things, is wonderful. His works are full of acute remarks on petty doings, and well exemplify the telling power of minute circumstantiality. But the minor species of perceptive sharpness is so different from diffused sagacity, that the two scarcely ever are to be found in the same mind. There is nothing less like the great lawyer, acquainted with broad principles and applying them with distinct deduction, than the attorney's clerk who catches at small points like a dog biting at flies. "Over-sharpness" in the student is the most unpromising symptom of the logical jurist. You must not ask a horse in blinkers for a large view of a landscape. In the same way, a detective ingenuity in microscopic detail is of all mental qualities most unlike the broad sagacity by which the great painters of human affairs have unintentionally stamped the mark of unity on their productions. They show by their treatment of each case that they understand the whole of life; the special delineator of fragments and points shows that he understands them only. In one respect the defect is more striking in Mr. Dickens than in any other novelist of the present day. The most remarkable deficiency in modern fiction

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is its omission of the business of life, of all those countless occupations, pursuits, and callings in which most men live and move, and by which they have their being. In most novels money *grows*. You have no idea of the toil, the patience, and the wearing anxiety by which men of action provide for the day, and lay up for the future, and support those that are given into their care. Mr. Dickens is not chargeable with this omission. He perpetually deals with the pecuniary part of life. Almost all his characters have determined occupations, of which he is apt to talk even at too much length. When he rises from the toiling to the luxurious classes, his genius in most cases deserts him. The delicate refinement and discriminating taste of the idling orders are not in his way; he knows the dry arches of London Bridge better than Belgravia. He excels in inventories of poor furniture, and is learned in pawnbrokers' tickets. But, although his creative power lives and works among the middle class and industrial section of English society, he has never painted the highest part of their daily intellectual life. He made, indeed, an attempt to paint specimens of the apt and able man of business in *Nicholas Nickleby;* but the Messrs. Cheeryble are among the stupidest of his characters. He forgot that breadth of platitude is rather different from breadth of sagacity. His delineations of middle-class life have in consequence a harshness and meanness which do not belong to that life in reality. He omits the relieving element. He describes the figs which are sold, but not the talent which sells figs well. And it is the same want of the diffused sagacity in his own nature which has made his pictures of life so odd and disjointed, and which has deprived them of symmetry and unity.

The *bizarrerie* of Mr. Dickens's genius is rendered more remarkable by the inordinate measure of his special excellences. The first of these is his power of observation in detail. We have heard,—we do not know whether correctly or incorrectly,—that he can go down a crowded street, and tell you all that is in it, what each shop was, what the grocer's name was, how many scraps of orange-peel there were on the pavement. His works give you exactly the same idea. The amount of detail which there is in them is something amazing,—to an ordinary writer something incredible. There are pages containing telling minutiæ which other people would have thought enough for a volume. Nor is his sensibility to external objects, though omnivorous, insensible to the artistic effect of each. There are scarcely any where such pictures of London as he draws. No writer has equally comprehended the artistic material which is given by its extent, its congregation of different elements, its mouldiness, its brilliancy.

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Nor does his genius, though, from some idiosyncrasy of mind or accident of external situation, it is more especially directed to city life, at all stop at the city-wall. He is especially at home in the picturesque and obvious parts of country life, particularly in the comfortable and (so to say) mouldering portion of it. The following is an instance; if not the best that could be cited, still one of the best:

"They arranged to proceed upon their journey next evening, as a stage-wagon, which travelled for some distance on the same road as they must take, would stop at the inn to change horses, and the driver for a small gratuity would give Nell a place inside. A bargain was soon struck when the wagon came; and in due time it rolled away; with the child comfortably bestowed among the softer packages, her grandfather and the schoolmaster walking on beside the driver, and the landlady and all the good folks of the inn screaming out their good wishes and farewells.

What a soothing, luxurious, drowsy way of travelling, to lie inside that slowly-moving mountain, listening to the tinkling of the horses' bells, the occasional smacking of the carter's whip, the smooth rolling of the great broad wheels, the rattle of the harness, the cheery good-nights of passing travellers jogging past on little short-stepped horses —all made pleasantly indistinct by the thick awning, which seemed made for lazy listening under, till one fell asleep! The very going to sleep, still with an indistinct idea, as the head jogged to and fro upon the pillow, of moving onward with no trouble or fatigue, and hearing all these sounds like dreamy music, lulling to the senses—and the slow waking up, and finding one's self staring out through the breezy curtain half-opened in the front, far up into the cold bright sky with its countless stars, and downward at the driver's lantern dancing on like its namesake Jack of the swamps and marshes, and sideways at the dark grim trees, and forward at the long bare road rising up, up, up, until it stopped abruptly at a sharp high ridge as if there were no more road, and all beyond was sky—and the stopping at the inn to bait, and being helped out, and going into a room with fire and candles, and winking very much, and being agreeably reminded that the night was cold, and anxious for very comfort's sake to think it colder than it was! —What a delicious journey was that journey in the wagon!

Then the going on again—so fresh at first, and shortly afterwards so sleepy. The waking from a sound nap as the mail came dashing past like a highway comet, with gleaming lamps and rattling hoofs, and visions of a guard behind, standing up to keep his feet warm, and of a gentleman in a fur cap opening his eyes and looking wild and stupefied—the stopping at the turnpike, where the man was gone to bed, and knocking at the door until he answered with a smothered shout from under the bed-clothes in the little room above, where the faint light was burning, and presently came down, night-capped and shivering, to throw the gate wide open, and wish all wagons off the road except by day. The cold sharp interval between night and morning—

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the distant streak of light widening and spreading, and turning from gray to white, and from white to yellow, and from yellow to burning red—the presence of day, with all its cheerfulness and life—men and horses at the plough—birds in the trees and hedges, and boys in solitary fields frightening them away with rattles. The coming to a town—people busy in the market; light carts and chaises round the tavern yard; tradesmen standing at their doors; men running horses up and down the streets for sale; pigs plunging and grunting in the dirty distance, getting off with long strings at their legs, running into clean chemists' shops and being dislodged with brooms by 'prentices; the night-coach changing horses—the passengers cheerless, cold, ugly, and discontented, with three months' growth of hair in one night—the coachman fresh as from a bandbox, and exquisitely beautiful by contrast:—so much bustle, so many things in motion, such a variety of incidents—when was there a journey with so many delights as that journey in the wagon!"

Or, as a relief from a very painful series of accompanying characters, it is pleasant to read and remember the description of the fine morning on which Mr. Jonas Chuzzlewit does not reflect. Mr. Dickens has, however, no feeling analogous to the nature-worship of some other recent writers. There is nothing Wordsworthian in his bent; the interpreting inspiration (as that school speak) is not his. Nor has he the erudition in difficult names which has filled some pages in late novelists with mineralogy and botany. His descriptions of nature are fresh and superficial; they are not sermonic or scientific.

Nevertheless, it may be said that Mr. Dickens's genius is especially suited to the delineation of city life. London is like a newspaper. Every thing is there, and every thing is disconnected. There is every kind of person in some houses; but there is no more connection between the houses than between the neighbours in the lists of "births, marriages, and deaths." As we change from the broad leader to the squalid police-report, we pass a corner and we are in a changed world. This is advantageous to Mr. Dickens's genius. His memory is full of instances of old buildings and curious people, and he does not care to piece them together. On the contrary, each scene, to his mind, is a separate scene,—each street a separate street. He has, too, the peculiar alertness of observation that is observable in those who live by it. He describes London like a special correspondent for posterity.

A second most wonderful special faculty which Mr. Dickens possesses is what we may call his *vivification* of character, or rather of characteristics. His marvellous power of observation has been exercised upon men and women even more than upon town or country; and the store of human detail, so to speak, in his books is endless and enormous. The boots at the inn, the

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pickpockets in the street, the undertaker, the Mrs. Gamp, are all of them at his disposal; he knows each trait and incident, and he invests them with a kind of perfection in detail which in reality they do not possess. He has a very peculiar power of taking hold of some particular traits, and making a character out of them. He is especially apt to incarnate particular professions in this way. Many of his people never speak without some allusion to their occupation. You cannot separate them from it. Nor does the writer ever separate them. What would Mr. Mould be if not an undertaker? or Mrs. Gamp if not a nurse? or Charley Bates if not a pickpocket? Not only is human nature in them subdued to what it works in, but there seems to be no nature to subdue; the whole character is the idealisation of a trade, and is not in fancy or thought distinguishable from it. Accordingly, of necessity, such delineations become caricatures. We do not in general contrast them with reality; but as soon as we do, we are struck with the monstrous exaggerations which they present. You could no more fancy Sam Weller, or Mark Tapley, or the Artful Dodger really existing, walking about among common ordinary men and women, than you can fancy a talking duck or a writing bear. They are utterly beyond the pale of ordinary social intercourse. We suspect, indeed, that Mr. Dickens does not conceive his characters to himself as mixing in the society he mixes in. He sees people in the street, doing certain things, talking in a certain way, and his fancy petrifies them in the act. He goes on fancying hundreds of reduplications of that act and that speech; he frames an existence in which there is nothing else but that aspect which attracted his attention. Sam Weller is an example. He is a man-servant, who makes a peculiar kind of jokes, and is wonderfully felicitous in certain similes. You see him at his first introduction:

"'My friend,' said the thin gentleman.

'You're one o' the adwice gratis order,' thought Sam, 'or you wouldn't be so werry fond o' me all at once.' But he only said—'Well, sir.'

'My friend,' said the thin gentleman, with a conciliatory hem—'Have you got many people stopping here, now? Pretty busy. Eh?'

Sam stole a look at the inquirer. He was a little high-dried man, with a dark squeezed-up face, and small restless black eyes, that kept winking and twinkling on each side of his little inquisitive nose, as if they were playing a perpetual game of peep-bo with that feature. He was dressed all in black, with boots as shiny as his eyes, a low white neckcloth, and a clean shirt with a frill to it. A gold watch-chain, and seals, depended from his fob. He carried his black kid gloves *in* his hands, not *on* them; and as he spoke, thrust his wrists beneath his

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coat-tails, with the air of a man who was in the habit of propounding some regular posers.

'Pretty busy, eh?' said the little man.

'Oh, werry well, sir,' replied Sam, 'we shan't be bankrupts, and we shan't make our fort'ns. We eats our biled mutton without capers, and don't care for horse-radish wen ve can get beef.'

'Ah,' said the little man, 'you're a wag, ain't you?'

'My eldest brother was troubled with that complaint,' said Sam, 'it may be catching—I used to sleep with him.'

'This is a curious old house of yours,' said the little man, looking round him.

'If you'd sent word you was a coming, we'd ha' had it repaired,' replied the imperturbable Sam.

The little man seemed rather baffled by these several repulses, and a short consultation took place between him and the two plump gentlemen. At its conclusion, the little man took a pinch of snuff from an oblong silver box, and was apparently on the point of renewing the conversation, when one of the plump gentlemen, who in addition to a benevolent countenance, possessed a pair of spectacles, and a pair of black gaiters, interfered—

'The fact of the matter is,' said the benevolent gentleman, 'that my friend here (pointing to the other plump gentleman) will give you half a guinea, if you'll answer one or two—'

'Now, my dear sir—my dear sir,' said the little man, 'pray allow me—my dear sir, the very first principle to be observed in these cases, is this; if you place a matter in the hands of a professional man, you must in no way interfere in the progress of the business; you must repose implicit confidence in him. Really, Mr. (he turned to the other plump gentleman, and said)—I forget your friend's name.'

'Pickwick,' said Mr. Wardle, for it was no other than that jolly personage.

'Ah, Pickwick—really Mr. Pickwick, my dear sir, excuse me—I shall be happy to receive any private suggestions of yours, as *amicus curiæ*, but you must see the impropriety of your interfering with my conduct in this case, with such an *ad captandum* argument as the offer of half a guinea. Really, my dear sir, really,' and the little man took an argumentative pinch of snuff, and looked very profound.

'My only wish, sir,' said Mr. Pickwick, 'was to bring this very unpleasant matter to as speedy a close as possible.'

'Quite right—quite right,' said the little man.

'With which view,' continued Mr. Pickwick, 'I made use of the argument which my experience of men has taught me is the most likely to succeed in any case.'

'Ay, ay,' said the little man, 'very good, very good indeed; but you should have suggested it to *me*. My dear sir, I'm quite certain you cannot be ignorant of the extent of confidence which must be placed in professional men. If any authority can be necessary on such a point, my dear sir, let me refer you to the well-known case in Barnwell and—'

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'Never mind George Barnwell,' interrupted Sam, who had remained a wondering listener during this short colloquy; 'every body knows vhat sort of a case his was, tho' it's always been my opinion, mind you, that the young 'ooman deserved scragging a precious sight more than he did. Hows'ever, that's neither here nor there. You want me to except of half a guinea. Werry well, I'm agreeable: I can't say no fairer than that, can I, sir? (Mr. Pickwick smiled.) Then the next question is, what the devil do you want with me, as the man said wen he see the ghost?'

'We want to know—' said Mr. Wardle.

'Now my dear sir—my dear sir,' interposed the busy little man.

Mr. Wardle shrugged his shoulders, and was silent.

'We want to know,' said the little man, solemnly; 'and we ask the question of you, in order that we may not awaken apprehensions inside—we want to know who you've got in this house, at present.'

'Who there is in the house!' said Sam, in whose mind the inmates were always represented by that particular article of their costume, which came under his immediate superintendence. 'There's a wooden leg in number six; there's a pair of Hessians in thirteen; there's two pair of halves in the commercial; there's these here painted tops in the snuggery inside the bar; and five more tops in the coffee-room.'

'Nothing more?' said the little man.

'Stop a bit,' replied Sam, suddenly recollecting himself. 'Yes; there's a pair of Wellingtons a good deal worn, and a pair o' lady's shoes, in number five.'

'What sort of shoes?' hastily inquired Wardle, who, together with Mr. Pickwick, had been lost in bewilderment at the singular catalogue of visitors.

'Country make,' replied Sam.

'Any maker's name?'

'Brown.'

'Where of?'

'Muggleton.'

'It *is* them,' exclaimed Wardle. 'By Heavens, we've found them.'

'Hush!' said Sam. 'The Wellingtons has gone to Doctors' Commons.'

'No,' said the little man.

'Yes, for a license.'

'We're in time,' exclaimed Wardle. 'Show us the room; not a moment is to be lost.'

'Pray, my dear sir—pray,' said the little man; 'caution, caution.' He drew from his pocket a red silk purse, and looked very hard at Sam as he drew out a sovereign.

Sam grinned expressively.

'Show us into the room at once, without announcing us,' said the little man, 'and it's yours.'"

One can fancy Mr. Dickens hearing a dialogue of this sort,—not nearly so good, but something like it,—and immediately setting to work to make it better and put it in a book; then



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changing a little the situation, putting the boots one step up in the scale of service, engaging him as footman to a stout gentleman (but without for a moment losing sight of the peculiar kind of professional conversation and humour which his first dialogue presents), and astonishing all his readers by the marvellous fertility and magical humour with which he maintains that style. Sam Weller's father is even a stronger and simpler instance. He is simply nothing but an old coachman of the stout and extinct sort: you cannot separate him from the idea of that occupation. But how amusing he is! We dare not quote a single word of his talk; because we should go on quoting so long, and every one knows it so well. Some persons may think that this is not a very high species of delineative art. The idea of personifying traits and trades may seem to them poor and meagre. Any body, they may fancy, can do that. But how would they do it? Whose fancy would not break down in a page,—in five lines? Who could carry on the vivification with zest and energy and humour for volume after volume? Endless fertility in laughter-causing detail is Mr. Dickens's most astonishing peculiarity. It requires a continuous and careful reading of his works to be aware of his enormous wealth. Writers have attained the greatest reputation for wit and humour, whose whole works do not contain so much of either as are to be found in a very few pages of his.

Mr. Dickens's humour is indeed very much a result of the two peculiarities of which we have been speaking. His power of detailed observation and his power of idealising individual traits of character—sometimes of one or other of them, sometimes of both of them together. His similes on matters of external observation are so admirable that every body appreciates them, and it would be absurd to quote specimens of them; nor is it the sort of excellence which best bears to be paraded for the purposes of critical example. Its off-hand air and natural connection with the adjacent circumstances are inherent parts of its peculiar merit. Every reader of Mr. Dickens's works knows well what we mean. And who is not a reader of them?

But his peculiar humour is even more indebted to his habit of vivifying external traits, than to his power of external observation. He, as we have explained, expands traits into people; and it is a source of true humour to place these, when so expanded, in circumstances in which only people—that is complete human beings—can appropriately act. The humour of Mr. Pickwick's character is entirely of this kind. He is a kind of incarnation of simple-mindedness and what we may call obvious-mindedness. The conclusion which each occurrence or position in life most immediately presents to the unsophisticated mind is

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that which Mr. Pickwick is sure to accept. The proper accompaniments are given to him. He is a stout gentleman in easy circumstances, who is irritated into originality by no impulse from within, and by no stimulus from without. He is stated to have "retired from business." But no one can fancy what he was in business. Such guileless simplicity of heart and easy impressibility of disposition would soon have induced a painful failure amid the harsh struggles and the tempting speculations of pecuniary life. As he is represented in the narrative, however, nobody dreams of such antecedents. Mr. Pickwick moves easily over all the surface of English life from Goswell Street to Dingley Dell, from Dingley Dell to the Ipswich elections, from drinking milk-punch in a wheelbarrow to sleeping in the approximate pound, and no one ever thinks of applying to him the ordinary maxims which we should apply to any common person in life, or to any common personage in a fiction. Nobody thinks it is wrong in Mr. Pickwick to drink too much milk-punch in a wheelbarrow, to introduce worthless people of whom he knows nothing to the families of people for whom he really cares; nobody holds him responsible for the consequences; nobody thinks there is any thing wrong in his taking Mr. Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen to visit Mr. Winkle senior, and thereby almost irretrievably offending him with his son's marriage. We do not reject moral remarks such as these, but they never occur to us. Indeed the indistinct consciousness that such observations are possible, and that they are hovering about our minds, enhances the humour of the narrative. We are in a conventional world, where the mere maxims of common life do not apply, and yet which has all the amusing detail, and picturesque elements, and singular eccentricities of common life. Mr. Pickwick is a personified ideal; a kind of amateur in life, whose course we watch through all the circumstances of ordinary existence, and at whose follies we are amused just as really skilled people are at the mistakes of an amateur in their art. His being in the pound is not wrong; his being the victim of Messrs. Dodson is not foolish. "Always shout with the mob," said Mr. Pickwick. "But suppose there are two mobs," said Mr. Snodgrass. "Then shout with the loudest," said Mr. Pickwick. This is not in him weakness or time-serving, or want of principle, as in most even of fictitious people it would be. It is his way. Mr. Pickwick was expected to say something, so he said "Ah!" in a grave voice. This is not pompous as we might fancy, or clever as it might be if intentionally devised; it is simply his way. Mr. Pickwick gets late at night over the wall behind the back-door of a young-ladies' school, is found in that sequestered place by the schoolmistress and the boarders

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and the cook, and there is a dialogue between them. There is nothing out of possibility in this; it is his way. The humour essentially consists in treating as a moral agent a being who really is not a moral agent. We treat a vivified accident as a man, and we are surprised at the absurd results. We are reading about an acting thing, and we wonder at its scrapes, and laugh at them as if they were those of the man. There is something of this humour in every sort of farce. Every body knows these are not real beings acting in real life, though they talk as if they were, and want us to believe that they are. Here, as in Mr. Dickens's books, we have exaggerations pretending to comport themselves as ordinary beings, caricatures acting as if they were characters.

At the same time it is essential to remember, that however great may be and is the charm of such exaggerated personifications, the best specimens of them are immensely less excellent, belong to an altogether lower range of intellectual achievements, than the real depiction of actual living men. It is amusing to read of beings *out of* the laws of morality, but it is more profoundly interesting, as well as more instructive, to read of those whose life in its moral conditions resembles our own. We see this most distinctly when the representations are given by the genius of the same writer. Falstaff is a sort of sack-holding paunch, an exaggerated over-development which no one thinks of holding down to the commonplace rules of the ten commandments and the statute-law. We do not think of them in connection with him. They belong to a world apart. Accordingly we are vexed when the king discards him and reproves him. Such a fate was a necessary adherence on Shakespeare's part to the historical tradition; he never probably thought of departing from it, nor would his audience have perhaps endured his doing so. But to those who look at the historical plays as pure works of imaginative art, it seems certainly an artistic misconception to have developed so marvellous an *un*moral impersonation, and then to have subjected it to an ethical and punitive judgment. Still, notwithstanding this error, which was very likely inevitable, Falstaff is probably the most remarkable specimen of caricature-representation to be found in literature. And its very excellence of execution only shows how inferior is the kind of art which creates only such representations. Who could compare the genius, marvellous as must be its fertility, which was needful to create a Falstaff with that shown in the higher productions of the same mind in Hamlet, Ophelia, and Lear? We feel instantaneously the difference between the aggregating accident which rakes up from the externalities of life other accidents analogous to itself, and the central ideal of

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a real character which cannot show itself wholly in any accidents, but which exemplifies itself partially in many, which unfolds itself gradually in wide spheres of action, and yet, as with those we know best in life, leaves something hardly to be understood, and after years of familiarity is a problem and a difficulty to the last. In the same way the embodied characteristics and grotesque exaggerations of Mr. Dickens, notwithstanding all their humour and all their marvellous abundance, can never be for a moment compared with the great works of the real painters of essential human nature.

There is one class of Mr. Dickens's pictures which may seem to form an exception to this criticism. It is the delineation of the outlaw, we might say the anti-law, world in *Oliver Twist*. In one or two instances Mr. Dickens has been so fortunate as to hit on characteristics which, by his system of idealisation and continual repetition, might really be brought to look like a character. A man's trade or profession in regular life can only exhaust a very small portion of his nature; no approach is made to the essence of humanity by the exaggeration of the traits which typify a beadle or an undertaker. With the outlaw world it is somewhat different. The bare fact of a man belonging to that world is so important to his nature, that if it is artistically developed with coherent accessories, some approximation to a distinctly natural character will be almost inevitably made. In the characters of Bill Sykes and Nancy this is so. The former is the skulking ruffian who may be seen any day at the police-courts, and whom any one may fancy he sees by walking through St. Giles's. You cannot attempt to figure to your imagination the existence of such a person without being thrown into the region of the passions, the will, and the conscience; the mere fact of his maintaining, as a condition of life and by settled profession, a struggle with regular society necessarily brings these deep parts of his nature into prominence; great crime usually proceeds from abnormal impulses or strange effort. Accordingly Mr. Sykes is the character most approaching to a coherent man who is to be found in Mr. Dickens's works. We do not say that even here there is not some undue heightening admixture of caricature, —but this defect is scarcely thought of amid the general coherence of the picture, the painful subject, and the wonderful command of strange accessories. Miss Nancy is a still more delicate artistic effort. She is an idealisation of the girl who may also be seen at the police-courts and St. Giles's; as bad, according to occupation and common character, as a woman can be, yet retaining a tinge of womanhood, and a certain compassion for interesting suffering, which under favouring circumstances might be the germ of a regenerating influence. We need not stay to

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prove how much the imaginative development of such a personage must concern itself with our deeper humanity; how strongly, if excellent, it must be contrasted with every thing conventional or casual or superficial. Mr. Dickens's delineation is in the highest degree excellent. It possesses not only the more obvious merits belonging to the subject, but also that of a singular delicacy of expression and idea. Nobody fancies for a moment that they are reading about any thing beyond the pale of ordinary propriety. We read the account of the life which Miss Nancy leads with Bill Sykes without such an idea occurring to us: yet when we reflect upon it, few things in literary painting are more wonderful than the depiction of a professional life of sin and sorrow, so as not even to startle those to whom the deeper forms of either are but names and shadows. Other writers would have given as vivid a picture: Defoe would have poured out even a more copious measure of telling circumstantiality, but he would have narrated his story with an inhuman distinctness, which if not impure is *un*pure; French writers, whom we need not name, would have enhanced the interest of their narrative by trading on the excitement of stimulating scenes. It would be injustice to Mr. Dickens to say that he has surmounted these temptations; the unconscious evidence of innumerable details proves that, from a certain delicacy of imagination and purity of spirit, he has not even experienced them. Criticism is the more bound to dwell at length on the merits of these delineations, because no artistic merit can make *Oliver Twist* a pleasing work. The squalid detail of crime and misery oppresses us too much. If it is to be read at all, it should be read in the first hardness of the youthful imagination, which no touch can move too deeply, and which is never stirred with tremulous suffering at the "still sad music of humanity." The coldest critic in later life may never hope to have again the apathy of his boyhood.

It perhaps follows from what has been said of the characteristics of Mr. Dickens's genius, that he would be little skilled in planning plots for his novels. He certainly is not so skilled. He says in his preface to the *Pickwick Papers*, "that they were designed for the introduction of diverting characters and incidents; that no ingenuity of plot was attempted, or even at that time considered feasible by the author in connection with the desultory plan of publication adopted;" and he adds an expression of regret that "these chapters had not been strung together on a thread of more general interest." It is extremely fortunate that no such attempt was made. In the cases in which Mr. Dickens has attempted to make a long connected story, or to develop into scenes or incidents a plan in any degree elaborate, the result

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has been a complete failure. A certain consistency of genius seems necessary for the construction of a consecutive plot. An irregular mind naturally shows itself in incoherency of incident and aberration of character. The method in which Mr. Dickens's mind works, if we are correct in our criticism upon it, tends naturally to these blemishes. Caricatures are necessarily isolated; they are produced by the exaggeration of certain conspicuous traits and features; each being is enlarged on its greatest side; and we laugh at the grotesque grouping and the startling contrast. But the connection between human beings on which a plot depends is rather severed than elucidated by the enhancement of their diversities. Interesting stories are founded on the intimate relations of men and women. These intimate relations are based not on their superficial traits, or common occupations, or most visible externalities, but on the inner life of heart and feeling. You simply divert attention from that secret life by enhancing the perceptible diversities of common human nature, and the strange anomalies into which it may be distorted. The original germ of *Pickwick* was a "Club of Oddities." The idea was professedly abandoned; but traces of it are to be found in all Mr. Dickens's books. It illustrates the professed grotesqueness of the characters as well as their slender connection.

The defect of plot is heightened by Mr. Dickens's great, we might say complete, inability to make a love-story. A pair of lovers is by custom a necessity of narrative fiction, and writers who possess a great general range of mundane knowledge, and but little knowledge of the special sentimental subject, are often in amusing difficulties. The watchful reader observes the transition from the hearty description of well-known scenes, of prosaic streets, or journeys by wood and river, to the pale colours of ill-attempted poetry, to such sights as the novelist wishes he need not try to see. But few writers exhibit the difficulty in so aggravated a form as Mr. Dickens. Most men by taking thought can make a lay figure to look not so very unlike a young gentleman, and can compose a telling schedule of ladylike charms. Mr. Dickens has no power of doing either. The heroic character—we do not mean the form of character so-called in life and action, but that which is hereditary in the heroes of novels—is not suited to his style of art. Hazlitt wrote an essay to inquire "Why the heroes of romances are insipid;" and without going that length it may safely be said that the character of the agreeable young gentleman who loves and is loved should not be of the most marked sort. Flirtation ought not to be an exaggerated pursuit. Young ladies and their admirers should not express themselves in the heightened and imaginative

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phraseology suited to Charley Bates and the Dodger. Humour is of no use, for no one makes love in jokes: a tinge of insidious satire may perhaps be permitted as a rare and occasional relief, but it will not be thought "a pretty book," if so malicious an element be at all habitually perceptible. The broad farce in which Mr. Dickens indulges is thoroughly out of place. If you caricature a pair of lovers ever so little, by the necessity of their calling you make them ridiculous. One of Sheridan's best comedies is remarkable for having no scene in which the hero and heroine are on the stage together; and Mr. Moore suggests that the shrewd wit distrusted his skill in the light dropping love-talk which would have been necessary. Mr. Dickens would have done well to imitate so astute a policy; but he has none of the managing shrewdness which those who look at Sheridan's career attentively will probably think not the least remarkable feature in his singular character. Mr. Dickens, on the contrary, pours out painful sentiments as if he wished the abundance should make up for the inferior quality. The excruciating writing which is expended on Miss Ruth Pinch passes belief. Mr. Dickens is not only unable to make lovers to talk, but to describe heroines in mere narrative. As has been said, most men can make a tumble of blue eyes and fair hair and pearly teeth, that does very well for a young lady, at least for a good while; but Mr. Dickens will not, probably cannot, attain even to this humble measure of descriptive art. He vitiates the repose by broad humour, or disenchants the delicacy by an unctuous admiration.

This deficiency is probably nearly connected with one of Mr. Dickens's most remarkable excellencies. No one can read Mr. Thackeray's writings without feeling that he is perpetually treading as close as he dare to the border-line that separates the world which may be described in books from the world which it is prohibited so to describe. No one knows better than this accomplished artist where that line is, and how curious are its windings and turns. The charge against him is that he knows it but too well; that with an anxious care and a wistful eye he is ever approximating to its edge, and hinting with subtle art how thoroughly he is familiar with, and how interesting he could make the interdicted region on the other side. He never violates a single conventional rule; but at the same time the shadow of the immorality that is not seen is scarcely ever wanting to his delineation of the society that is seen. Every one may perceive what is passing in his fancy. Mr. Dickens is chargeable with no such defect: he does not seem to feel the temptation. By what we may fairly call an instinctive purity of genius, he not only observes the conventional rules, but makes excursions into

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topics which no other novelist could safely handle, and, by a felicitous instinct, deprives them of all impropriety. No other writer could have managed the humour of Mrs. Gamp without becoming unendurable. At the same time it is difficult not to believe that this singular insensibility to the temptations to which many of the greatest novelists have succumbed is in some measure connected with his utter inaptitude for delineating the portion of life to which their art is specially inclined. He delineates neither the love-affairs which ought to be nor those which ought not to be.

Mr. Dickens's indisposition to "make capital" out of the most commonly tempting part of human sentiment is the more remarkable because he certainly does not show the same indisposition in other cases. He has naturally great powers of pathos; his imagination is familiar with the common sorts of human suffering; and his marvellous conversancy with the detail of existence enables him to describe sick-beds and death-beds with an excellence very rarely seen in literature. A nature far more sympathetic than that of most authors has familiarised him with such subjects. In general, a certain apathy is characteristic of book-writers, and dulls the efficacy of their pathos. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this defect; but, on the other hand, is exceedingly prone to a very ostentatious exhibition of the opposite excellence. He dwells on dismal scenes with a kind of fawning fondness; and he seems unwilling to leave them, long after his readers have had more than enough of them. He describes Mr. Dennis the hangman as having a professional fondness for his occupation: he has the same sort of fondness apparently for the profession of death-painter. The painful details he accumulates are a very serious drawback from the agreeableness of his writings. Dismal "light literature" is the dismallest of reading. The reality of the police-reports is sufficiently bad, but a fictitious police-report would be the most disagreeable of conceivable compositions. Some portions of Mr. Dickens's books are liable to a good many of the same objections. They are squalid from noisome trivialities, and horrid with terrifying crime. In his earlier books this is commonly relieved at frequent intervals by a graphic and original mirth. As we will not say age, but maturity, has passed over his powers, this counteractive element has been lessened; the humour is not so happy as it was, but the wonderful fertility in painful *minutiæ* still remains.

Mr. Dickens's political opinions have subjected him to a good deal of criticism, and to some ridicule. He has shown, on many occasions, the desire,—which we see so frequent among able and influential men,—to start as a political reformer. Mr. Spurgeon said, with an application to himself, "If you've got

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the ear of the public, *of course* you must begin to tell it its faults." Mr. Dickens has been quite disposed to make this use of his popular influence. Even in *Pickwick* there are many traces of this tendency; and the way in which it shows itself in that book and in others is very characteristic of the time at which they appeared. The most instructive political characteristic of the years from 1825 to 1845 is the growth and influence of the scheme of opinion which we call Radicalism. There are several species of creeds which are comprehended under this generic name, but they all evince a marked reaction against the worship of the English constitution and the affection for the English *status quo*, which were then the established creed and sentiment. All Radicals are anti-Eldonites. This is equally true of the Benthamite or philosophical radicalism of the early period, and the Manchester or "definite-grievance radicalism," among the last vestiges of which we are now living. Mr. Dickens represents a species different from either. His is what we may call the "sentimental radicalism;" and if we recur to the history of the time, we shall find that there would not originally have been any opprobrium attaching to such a name. The whole course of the legislation, and still more of the administration, of the first twenty years of the nineteenth century were marked by a harsh unfeelingness which is of all faults the most contrary to any with which we are chargeable now. The world of the "Six Acts," the frequent executions for death, the Draconic criminal law, is so far removed from us that we cannot comprehend its having ever existed. It is more easy to understand the recoil which has followed. All the social speculation, and much of the social action of the few years succeeding the Reform Bill bear the most marked traces of the reaction. The spirit which animates Mr. Dickens's political reasonings and observations expresses it exactly. The vice of the then existing social authorities and of the then existing public had been the forgetfulness of the pain which their own acts evidently produced,—an unrealising habit which adhered to official rules and established maxims, and which would not be shocked by the evident consequences, by proximate human suffering. The sure result of this habit was the excitement of the habit precisely opposed to it. Mr. Carlyle, in his *Chartism*, we think, observes of the poor-law reform: "It was then, above all things, necessary that outdoor relief should cease. But how? What means did great Nature take for accomplishing that most desirable end? She created a race of men who believed the cessation of outdoor relief to be the one thing needful." In the same way, and by the same propensity to exaggerated opposition which is inherent in human nature, the unfeeling obtuse-

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ness of the early part of this century was to be corrected by an extreme, perhaps an excessive, sensibility to human suffering in the years which have followed. There was most adequate reason for the sentiment in its origin, and it had a great task to perform in ameliorating harsh customs and repealing dreadful penalties; but it has continued to repine at such evils long after they ceased to exist, and when the only facts that at all resemble them are the necessary painfulness of due punishment and the necessary rigidity of established law. Mr. Dickens is an example both of the proper use and of the abuse of the sentiment. His earlier works have many excellent descriptions of the abuses which had descended to the present generation from others whose sympathy with pain was less tender. Nothing can be better than the description of the poor debtors' gaols in *Pickwick*, or of the old parochial authorities in *Oliver Twist*. No doubt these descriptions are caricatures, all his delineations are so; but the beneficial use of such art can hardly be better exemplified. Human nature endures the aggravation of vices and foibles in written description better than that of excellencies. We cannot bear to hear even the hero of a book for ever called "just;" we detest the recurring praise even of beauty, much more of virtue. The moment you begin to exaggerate a character of true excellence, you spoil it; the traits are too delicate not to be injured by heightening or marred by over-emphasis. But a beadle is made for caricature. The slight measure of pomposity that humanises his unfeelingness introduces the requisite comic element; even the turnkeys of a debtors' prison may by skilful hands be similarly used. The contrast between the destitute condition of Job Trotter and Mr. Jingle and their former swindling triumph, is made comic by a rarer touch of unconscious art. Mr. Pickwick's warm heart takes so eager an interest in the misery of his old enemies, that our colder nature is tempted to smile. We endure the over-intensity, at any rate the unnecessary aggravation, of the surrounding misery; and we endure it willingly, because it brings out better than any thing else could have done the half-comic intensity of a sympathetic nature.

It is painful to pass from these happy instances of well-used power to the glaring abuses of the same faculty in Mr. Dickens's later books. He began by describing really removable evils in a style which would induce all persons, however insensible, to remove them if they could; he has ended by describing the natural evils and inevitable pains of the present state of being in such a manner as must tend to excite discontent and repining. The result is aggravated, because Mr. Dickens never ceases to hint that these evils are removable, though he does not say

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by what means. Nothing is easier than to show the evils of any thing. Mr. Dickens has not unfrequently spoken, and what is worse, he has taught a great number of parrot-like imitators to speak, in what really is, if they knew it, a tone of objection to the necessary constitution of human society. If you will only write a description of it, any form of government will seem ridiculous. What is more absurd than a despotism, even at its best? A king of ability or an able minister sits in an orderly room filled with memorials, and returns, and documents, and memoranda. These are his world; among these he of necessity lives and moves. Yet how little of the real life of the nation he governs can be represented in an official form! How much of real suffering is there that statistics can never tell! how much of obvious good is there that no memorandum to a minister will ever mention! how much deception is there in what such documents contain! how monstrous must be the ignorance of the closet statesman, after all his life of labour, of much that a ploughman could tell him of! A free government is almost worse, as it must read in a written delineation. Instead of the real attention of a laborious and anxious statesman, we have now the shifting caprices of a popular assembly—elected for one object, deciding on another; changing with the turn of debate; shifting in its very composition; one set of men coming down to vote to-day, to-morrow another and often unlike set, most of them eager for the dinner-hour, actuated by unseen influences,—by a respect for their constituents, by the dread of an attorney in a far-off borough. What people are these to control a nation's destinies, and wield the power of an empire, and regulate the happiness of millions! Either way we are at fault. Free government seems an absurdity, and despotism is so too. Again, every form of law has a distinct expression, a rigid procedure, customary rules and forms. It is administered by human beings liable to mistake, confusion, and forgetfulness, and in the long-run, and on the average, is sure to be tainted with vice and fraud. Nothing can be easier than to make a case, as we may say, against any particular system, by pointing out with emphatic caricature its inevitable miscarriages and by pointing out nothing else. Those who so address us may assume a tone of philanthropy, and for ever exult that they are not so unfeeling as other men are; but the real tendency of their exhortations is to make men dissatisfied with their inevitable condition, and what is worse, to make them fancy that its irremediable evils can be remedied, and indulge in a succession of vague strivings and restless changes. Such, however,—though in a style of expression somewhat different,—is very much the tone with which Mr. Dickens and his followers have in later years

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made us familiar. To the secondhand repeaters of a cry so feeble, we can have nothing to say; if silly people cry because they think the world is silly, let them cry; but the founder of the school cannot, we are persuaded, peruse without mirth the lachrymose eloquence which his disciples have perpetrated. The soft moisture of irrelevant sentiment cannot have entirely entered into his soul. A truthful genius must have forbidden it. Let us hope that his pernicious example may incite some one of equal genius to preach with equal efficiency a sterner and a wiser gospel; but there is no need just now for us to preach it without genius.

There has been much controversy about Mr. Dickens's taste. A great many cultivated people will scarcely concede that he has any taste at all; a still larger number of fervent admirers point, on the other hand, to a hundred felicitous descriptions and delineations which abound in apt expressions and skilful turns and happy images,—in which it would be impossible to alter a single word without altering for the worse; and naturally inquire whether such excellences in what is written do not indicate good taste in the writer. The truth is, that Mr. Dickens has what we may call creative taste; that is to say, the habit or faculty, whichever we may choose to call it, which at the critical instant of artistic production offers to the mind the right word, and the right word only. If he is engaged on a good subject for caricature, there will be no defect of taste to preclude the caricature from being excellent. But it is only in moments of imaginative production that he has any taste at all. His works nowhere indicate that he possesses in any degree the passive taste which decides what is good in the writings of other people and what is not, and which performs the same critical duty upon a writer's own efforts when the confusing mists of productive imagination have passed away. Nor has Mr. Dickens the gentlemanly instinct which in many minds supplies the place of purely critical discernment, and which, by constant association with those who know what is best, acquires a secondhand perception of that which is best. He has no tendency to conventionalism for good or for evil; his merits are far removed from the ordinary path of writers, and it was not probably so much effort to him as to other men to step so far out of that path: he scarcely knew how far it was. For the same reason he cannot tell how faulty his writing will often be thought, for he cannot tell what people will think.

A few pedantic critics have regretted that Mr. Dickens had not received what they call a regular education. And if we understand their meaning, we believe they mean to regret that he had not received a course of discipline which would probably

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have impaired his powers. A regular education should mean that ordinary system of regulation and instruction which experience has shown to fit men best for the ordinary pursuits of life. It applies the requisite discipline to each faculty in the exact proportion in which that faculty is wanted in the pursuits of life; it develops understanding, and memory, and imagination, each in accordance with the scale prescribed. To men of ordinary faculties this is nearly essential; it is the only mode in which they can be fitted for the inevitable competition of existence. To men of regular and symmetrical genius also, such a training will often be beneficial. The world knows pretty well what are the great tasks of the human mind, and has learnt in the course of ages with some accuracy what is the kind of culture likely to promote their exact performance. A man of abilities extraordinary in degree but harmonious in proportion, will be the better for having submitted to the kind of discipline which has been ascertained to fit a man for the work to which powers in that proportion are best fitted; he will do what he has to do better and more gracefully; culture will add a touch to the finish of nature. But the case is very different with men of irregular and anomalous genius, whose excellences consist in the *aggravation* of some special faculty, or at the most of one or two. The discipline which will fit him for the production of great literary works is that which will most develop the peculiar powers in which he excels; the rest of the mind will be far less important, it will not be likely that the culture which is adapted to promote this special development will also be that which is most fitted for expanding the powers of common men in common directions. The precise problem is to develop the powers of a strange man in a strange direction. In the case of Mr. Dickens, it would have been absurd to have shut up his observant youth within the walls of a college. They would have taught him nothing about Mrs. Gamp there; Sam Weller took no degree. The kind of early life fitted to develop the power of apprehensive observation is a brooding life in stirring scenes; the idler in the streets of life knows the streets; the bystander knows the picturesque effect of life better than the player, and the meditative idler amid the hum of existence is much more likely to know its sound and to take in and comprehend its depths and meanings than the scholastic student intent on books, which, if they represent any world, represent one which has long passed away,—which commonly try rather to develop the reasoning understanding than the seeing observation,—which are written in languages that have long been dead. You will not train by such discipline a caricaturist of obvious manners.

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Perhaps, too, a regular instruction and daily experience of the searching ridicule of critical associates would have detracted from the *pluck* which Mr. Dickens shows in all his writings. It requires a great deal of courage to be a humorous writer; you are always afraid that people will laugh at you instead of with you: undoubtedly there is a certain eccentricity about it. You take up the esteemed writers, Thucydides and the *Saturday Review;* after all, they do not make you laugh. It is not the function of really artistic productions to contribute to the mirth of human beings. All sensible men are afraid of it, and it is only with an extreme effort that a printed joke attains to the perusal of the public: the chances are many to one that the anxious producer loses heart in the correction of the press, and that the world never laughs at all. Mr. Dickens is quite exempt from this weakness. He has what a Frenchman might call the courage of his faculty. The real daring which is shown in the *Pickwick Papers,* in the whole character of Mr. Weller senior, as well as in that of his son, is immense, far surpassing any which has been shown by any other contemporary writer. The brooding irregular mind is in its first stage prone to this sort of courage. It perhaps knows that its ideas are "out of the way;" but with the infantine simplicity of youth, it supposes that originality is an advantage. Persons more familiar with the ridicule of their equals in station (and this is to most men the great instructress of the college time) well know that of all qualities this one most requires to be clipped and pared and measured. Posterity we doubt not will be entirely perfect in every conceivable element of judgment; but the existing generation like what they have heard before—it is much easier. It required great courage in Mr. Dickens to write what his genius has compelled them to appreciate.

We have throughout spoken of Mr. Dickens as he was, rather than as he is; or, to use a less discourteous phrase, and we hope a truer, of his early works rather than of those which are more recent. We could not do otherwise consistently with the true code of criticism. A man of great genius, who has written great and enduring works, must be judged mainly by them; and not by the inferior productions which, from the necessities of personal position, a fatal facility of composition, or other cause, he may pour forth at moments less favourable to his powers. Those who are called on to review these inferior productions themselves, must speak of them in the terms they may deserve; but those who have the more pleasant task of estimating as a whole the genius of the writer, may confine their attention almost wholly to those happier efforts which illustrate that genius. We should not like to have to speak in detail of Mr. Dickens's later

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works, and we have not done so. There are, indeed, peculiar reasons why a genius constituted as his is (at least if we are correct in the view which we have taken of it) would not endure without injury during a long life the applause of the many, the temptations of composition, and the general excitement of existence. Even in his earlier works it was impossible not to fancy that there was a weakness of fibre unfavourable to the longevity of excellence. This was the effect of his deficiency in those masculine faculties of which we have said so much,—the reasoning understanding and firm far-seeing sagacity. It is these two component elements which stiffen the mind, and give a consistency to the creed and a coherence to its effects,—which enable it to protect itself from the rush of circumstances. If to a deficiency in these we add an extreme sensibility to circumstances,—a mobility, as Lord Byron used to call it, of emotion, which is easily impressed, and still more easily carried away by impression,—we have the idea of a character peculiarly unfitted to bear the flux of time and chance. A man of very great determination could hardly bear up against them with such slight aids from within and with such peculiar sensibility to temptation. A man of merely ordinary determination would succumb to it; and Mr. Dickens has succumbed. His position was certainly unfavourable. He has told us that the works of his later years, inferior as all good critics have deemed them, have yet been more read than those of his earlier and healthier years. The most characteristic part of his audience, the lower middle-class, were ready to receive with delight the least favourable productions of his genius. Human nature cannot endure this; it is too much to have to endure a coincident temptation both from within and from without. Mr. Dickens was too much inclined by natural disposition to lachrymose eloquence and exaggerated caricature. Such was the kind of writing which he wrote most easily. He found likewise that such was the kind of writing that was read most readily; and of course he wrote that kind. Who would have done otherwise? No critic is entitled to speak very harshly of such degeneracy, if he is not sure that he could have coped with difficulties so peculiar. If that rule is to be observed, who is there that will not be silent? No other Englishman has attained such a hold on the vast populace; it is little, therefore, to say that no other has surmounted its attendant temptations.

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## Art. X.—PROFESSIONAL RELIGION.

*The Confessions of a Catholic Priest.* London: Chapman, 1858.

*Scenes from Clerical Life.* By George Eliot. Two vols. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood, 1858.

*Barchester Towers.* By Anthony Trollope. Three vols. London: Longmans, 1857.

*The Life and Correspondence of John Foster.* Edited by J. E. Ryland, A.M.; with Notices of Mr. Foster as a Preacher and a Companion, by John Shephard. Two vols. London: Bohn, 1852.

*Preachers and Preaching.* By Henry Christmas, M.A., F.R.S., &c. London: William Lay, 1858.

Reviews, like railway-carriages, must sometimes bring honest men and knaves together. Between the respectable literature represented by the four last titles on this list and the fellow-traveller in the first seat there is nothing in common, except the destination to which we propose to convey them. However various their purposes and merits, the point at which they all alight is the same; and presents a pretty wide view over the ecclesiastical landscape of the hour. Each of these books deals with the officials of the altar and the pulpit,—Romanist, Anglican, or Nonconformist; and from the combined impression of them all arises a picture tolerably distinct, in spite of its mixed effects, of the administered or professional religion of the present age.

The "Confessions," however, throw no light whatever on the character of the Catholic clergy, but only on the malignant *animus* with which they may be regarded. If, indeed, the autobiographical pretensions of the book were veracious, its pages would make us acquainted with *one* "Priest" not a shade better than the dark fancies of Exeter Hall, only vain enough to parade his wickedness, and stupid enough to make it simply tiresome or revolting. And could we further rely on the word of such a reporter, we should have to believe that the Parisian priests in general are even more shameless hypocrites and profligates than himself, and are accustomed to pass straight from their holiest offices into ribald jests and atheistic blasphemies. But what credence, nay, what hearing in any honest court, can be given to an anonymous reviler, who at the very moment of assuming the *rôle* of offended virtue was, by his own admission, celebrating mass for temporary hire, with the full consciousness of broken



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vows and utter unbelief? The very attempt to procure reception for such statements, without the open voucher of the witness's name, appears to us a heinous offence against literary morals. We know of only one thing worse, viz. that the alleged witness should be not nameless simply, but *fictitious;* invented to confer the semblance of fact on the suspicions of a malign imagination. Yet such a personage, the internal evidence inclines us to fear (and *external* there is none, the "Editor" being anonymous like the "Author," and of indistinguishable identity,) this Hungarian "Catholic Priest" must be. His story, from the moment of his exchanging the vows of the lover for those of the priest to his adulterous passion and suicide at last, is without unity or verisimilitude. His descriptions have no touch of reality; his personages no life; his reflections no sincerity of actual experience. How far, indeed, a nature unhinged and demoralised may be brought to pass through life without a clue of continuous tendency, however low, and with only hazy perceptions of people and things, it is difficult to say. But we hardly think that any real career could be relaxed in its delineation to such shapelessness as this. We lay no stress, therefore, on the statements of our pretended "exile." We do not believe in the systematic hypocrisy and secret flagitiousness of Paris priests or any other order of Christian clergy, but take them to be neither less nor more sincere than other men. We refer to the sickly rhapsodist who brings the charge, partly in protest against such anonymous indictments, partly in evidence of the appetite there is for rumour damaging to the sacred class.

It is no wonder that clerical character should be a favourite topic in the literature of domestic and social fiction. The sitter for portraiture is every where: he sits in public, so that every one can read the likeness: and his presence throws off daily photographs in every variety of light. The lawyer and the doctor are indeed almost equally ubiquitous; but people without parchments know nothing of the one, and the healthy have only bowing acquaintance with the other. The parson, be his nature ever so retiring, leaves a distincter and wider impression. He is not only seen, but heard; and on the tones of his voice his personality flows forth, reporting and repeating in others the life or death within himself. Genially or querulously we all criticise him, and take our measure of him. There are few who do not ponder, or at least feel, the two lives apparently co-existing in him,—that which prays in the church, and that which gossips at the table; the solemn heart that beats under the cassock, and the organ of flesh and blood that throbs in the world's hot race. He is the visible representative of this mystery to all, to some perhaps its true interpreter; and while shrewd people of course believe only

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in his secular side, and young reverence only in the spiritual, observers with any depth as well as tenderness of eye see their own reflection in them both. In one way or other he is the object of a universal feeling; even those whose pride it is to care nothing for him being pleased to see him treated with indifference. The novelist has but to set him up, and a whole host of ready-made sympathies and antipathies are at hand to give interest to the figure. If in passing a print-shop you saw in the window a picture of your neighbour or your rival, you would stop to look at it. And on the same principle, the tale-writer who would bring a crowd of faces before his glass naturally sets an image there, friendly or frightful in the sight of all.

To this must be added, without the least disparagement of such artists as Mr. Eliot and Mr. Trollope, that where there is a broad groundwork of class-characteristics, the delineation is sure of a certain grade of success on easy terms. Costume in portraiture is a great help to the recognition of likeness; and it needs but an individual trait or two, added on to a given and familiar kind of character, in order to leave a sufficiently concrete impression. And no one can deny that the class *is* strongly marked by something far deeper than "the cloth." In fact, there is a tempting facility about ecclesiastical natural history most seductive to the observer who is eager for specimens to fill his cabinet of character. The genera of the order *Clerus* are peculiarly distinct:—the Catholic priest, with his alien sympathies, his mediæval training, his skill in the archæology of Art, his solitary life, his meek absolutism;—the Episcopalian clergyman, insular and national, steeped to the lips in the academic tincture of Oxford or Cambridge, presumed to be a gentleman without the trouble of proving it, and sure to be the scholar rather than the divine;—the Nonconformist minister, *bourgeois* in his manners, American in his politics, cosmopolitan in his philanthropy, too little of a Heathen to be a great scholar, and too polemic a Christian to be ill-equipped as a special theologian,—with a weakness for eloquence, a dependence on popularity, and a contempt for quiet forms of strength. Nor are the *species* under each of these heads hard to discriminate. No one, for instance, could be five minutes in the presence of Dr. Pusey, Dean Close, and Bishop Thirlwall, and suppose them churchmen of the same complexion. And even further down still, High-churchism is conspicuously different, according as it is Catholic or English, springing from sacramental doctrine or from conservative reverence for the social hierarchy; Low-churchism again, according as it means a zeal for the Genevan type of dogma, with indifference to ritual and insensibility to art, or simply expresses the infinite need to the human soul of a grace

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and communion open only to faith; and Broad-churchism, according as it is critical and rationalistic in its basis, or verges to the Christian Gnosticism of Lincoln's Inn Chapel, or is merely liberal, ethical, and whiggish. So well determined is the moral physiognomy of all these, that they are not less attractive to the novelist than the face of Lord Brougham and the person of Lord John Russell to the caricaturist. To some of their parochial varieties we are introduced in the *Scenes from Clerical Life;* whilst *Barchester Towers* never quits the precincts of the Cathedral, presents us to City society, and domesticates our fancy with the dignified clergy of the Deanery and the Close.

It is foreign to our purpose formally to criticise these productions as works of art. But in gratitude for pleasant hours spent over them, a word is due to their respective merits. Mr. Eliot's strength lies in the conception of female character; and each of his three tales is but a framework for the setting of a woman's portrait. The second of these,—an Italian orphan, adopted by a stately English house, and, in spite of its sedative world of kindly decorum and opulent trifling, asserting her heritage of music and of passion, is original and vividly wrought out. The effect in this instance depends on the surprises of so unique a combination, nursing in the still air of country gentility wild storms of love, revenge, and sorrow. In the other cases the pathos rather arises from the picture being not exceptional, but representative. The native grace and ladyhood of the poor curate's wife, her overplied strength worn down before his stupid eyes by his children and the impossible problems of his house, her genius for self-sacrificing contrivance and achievement, her all-harmonising tact and love bringing leaf and blossom of life out of sordid conditions, and the early sundering of so fine a fibre under so great a strain,—are drawn with tender truth, and raise the sadder sighs because in a hundred churches every Sunday that gentle lady kneels. The third picture opens the interior of a more afflicted home: where, by brutal abuse, a hard-headed, hard-drinking country lawyer drives his noble, trustful, childless wife to secret intoxication. In a crisis of agony, turned out of her home, she falls under the influence of an evangelical clergyman, who himself had passed through an act of repentance into rare self-devotion; and who, in spite of local resistance, led by her husband, is quietly conquering the heart of the place. It is only in this third tale that we have any *interior* "scene of clerical life," with events really hinging upon its spring of character. In the first story it is the outward lot, not the inward personality, of the curate, that spreads the stage for the drama; and in the second, it is a mere accident that there is any clergyman at all. The title of the book is thus far a little misleading,

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the principal character-painting being thrown upon other personages than the clerical agents in the scene.

With Mr. Trollope's clever novel it is quite otherwise. His humour delights in studies of ecclesiastical human nature. The snug dwellings, with trim gardens, that cluster within hearing of palace-rookeries and cathedral-bells, show him their interior as if made of glass. True, we miss in him any very deep and subtle penetration to the springs of feeling, any attempt to construct a character from within by the working of its living essence. But he well understands the artificial affections, of taste and antipathy, formed by the mingling of self with religion,—whether the gross self of mere personal interest and desire, or the refined self of cultivated intellect, tact, and admiration. The superciliousness of Anglican scorn, the meanness of Evangelical spite, the easy-going goodness of the old-school clergyman, kept right amid party storms by the gentlemanly moderation of a Christian mind, are forcibly impersonated. And the very slightness of the plot, —all turning upon the appointment of a new Dean and a new Warden to a hospital,—serves to give point to the satire. The scale and quality of clerical life receive significant illustration from the mere fact that you are carried through three volumes of humour, excitement, and intrigue about these golden apples of the palace-orchard.

Indeed, the one deep impression which we carry away from all these books is, that the order of men of which such things can be plausibly written must have, and deserve to have, but very feeble hold of the world. Nor is there any thing to relieve that impression in the glimpses into Nonconformist life opened by such biographies as that of Foster. Traces are found there also of embarrassed and waning professional power; of indeterminate and therefore uneasy relations between people and pastor; of conditions imposed which are repulsive to ministers of large culture and scrupulous sincerity; of a certain style and standard of religious pretension false to men's real reverence and out of harmony with the best facts of life; and of the comparative rarity with which the pulpit rises above its heavy reputation. Into the cause of this last fact Mr. Christmas inquires, in his pleasant little volume on *Preachers and Preaching;* without, however, any appreciable result beyond a personal appreciation (sensible enough) of a few favourite Christian orators. For, with all his zeal to effect an improvement, he denies the inferiority of the best modern sermons to those of the most honoured ages of Christendom, and doubts whether a Basil or a Chrysostom would especially draw a London congregation. He does not admit that *the average* is lowered, or that, on the whole, church and chapel were ever taught by a more able and earnest set of men. He reminds us that the

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complaint of dullness is not new; that to those who have no inward preparedness, spiritual addresses speak in vain; that in every age the number was probably small, in comparison with the careless world outside, that thronged the pavement round the pulpit, and made it here and there a power and a name. If this be so,—if the grievance be of so old a date and such obstinate persistence,—how are we to meet it? What does our author counsel should be done? Choose your text with judgment: succinctly explain it in your exordium: clench it in your peroration: practise action before the glass: study punctuation and emphasis: give the hearers intervals to cough. Discreet advice, perhaps; but a little out of proportion, surely, to the estimated difficulty to be overcome. The evil lies, you say, in the permanent sluggishness of human nature; and you prescribe nice doses of rhetoric breath. Your frigate is becalmed: send for the bellows to fill her main-sheet! The proposal of so petty a remedy in so great a case sounds to us more dreary than the dullest sermon. Fancy Isaiah "declaiming before the glass," or St. Stephen "attending to his punctuation." Not that we undervalue the personal gifts of pure speech and irreproachable utterance. By all means let the human organ of the Divine Spirit have what perfection it can. But in clearing away instrumental blemishes, let not the preacher be seduced into the paramount disqualification of all,—of setting his office before him as *an Art*, in which he plies his own dexterity and criticises his own performance. If now, as of old and always, the Power of the Spirit declines to pass upon the world except through souls that can forget themselves and yield their faculties as the vehicle of Higher Will,—then, wherever you create the attitude of self-attention, you cancel the capacity for Christian preaching, and substitute the dead for the living Word. Leave it, we entreat you, to actors, whose business it is *to represent* and not *to be*,—to set their laugh to music, and accentuate the "crescendo" and "diminuendo" of their grief: but let the chief of all realities remain a first-hand simplicity. If it hurts the natural feeling of every sincere spectator to see an act of prayer put upon the stage, commit not the same offence conversely by putting the stage beneath the acts of public prayer and forgetting the difference between the pulpit and "the boards." No true emotion bears tutoring as to its natural language: it becomes simulated in very act. The angry girl who cries and sobs "to pattern,"—the parting friends that should do their embraces "before the glass,"—the mourner's lament that should rehearse itself beforehand,—would disgust us with their unreality, and none the less though the acting were "to the life." Why should the expression of religious affection be considered as more innocently open to the operations of the posture-master and the elocutionist?

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For us the inefficacy of preaching would require no explanation in an age when clergymen should learn from stage-players how to "read the Service" of the Church.

If the fact be so old and steady, that sermons are felt to be unprofitable things, it is at least curious that we hear so much of it just now. All the authors we have cited groan over it with more or less of anger or pathos. Some of them even profanely wish that such part of the Service as follows the text were altogether abolished. This remarkable hint, with the prevailingly disparaging picture of the preaching class connected with it, raises the doubt, whether there is not something unhealthy in the whole system thus complained of,—a fatal variance between the *represented* and the *real* religion of the living generation. Not only is the complaint more emphatic than ever before; it has also this peculiarity, that it proceeds from a more serious-minded laity against a more earnest clergy. It is not the sceptical and frivolous who complain: it is not the negligent and incapable that are complained against. That the devout and thoughtful preacher should have uninterested hearers among the selfish or sensual, in whom love and reverence sleep, would be nothing new. That devout and thoughtful hearers should be aggrieved by a preacher without sympathy or insight for the deeper life of men, is natural enough. But neither of these cases corresponds entirely with the fact. Could a comparison be instituted between last Sunday's sermons all over the country, and those of any corresponding day fifty years ago, we feel convinced that the products of the new time would show a vast and indisputable superiority. And could account be taken of the yawners and grumblers at the two dates, they would be found, we believe, chiefly among the careless and unawakened in the earlier instance, but in the later among the reflecting and susceptible. The modern discontent with the pulpit is the expression not so much of hardened indifference as of baulked capacity,—of wonder disappointed, of conscience unaided, of reverence unexercised, of aspiration sent thirsting away. The minister in such cases is not equal to the religious demands of his hearers. Yet because they, who are in the real battle of life, perplexed by its problems, and eager for sympathy in its duties and temptations, care little for his technical theology and commonplaces of morality, he often treats them as carnal-minded, and lectures them for their coldness in things Divine. How often may you hear this sort of consecrated libel from lips the least entitled to pronounce it,—uttered by some shallow-hearted closet-priest, made up of artificial venerations, in the presence of manly nobleness and womanly tenderness and childlike simplicity less far from the kingdom of heaven than himself! The patience with which

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it is borne by hearers conscious of not deserving it, is part of that fatal English courtesy which is exceptionally paid to the professional representatives of religion, and which so much disguises their real position. The clerical mode of insulting the laity is by anathema and incontinent speech; the retort of the laity is a studied politeness and careful reticence. In such a game the balance of success is certainly not with the clergy; and the success, like every substitution of retaliation for sympathy, is pernicious to both. The real meaning, we fear, of the outward respect paid by men of the world to men of "the cloth" is often this: "We cannot stop your mouth on Sundays, and you must have your fling at us: it is the regular thing expected of you, and we shall not take it amiss. But you shall know nothing about us: you are bound to be squeamish; your ears shall not be grated: we keep all the pleasant things till you are out of the way." This relation between the two classes is more like a borrowed piece of French good-breeding, which thinks itself stupid without its little hypocrisy, than the manly veracity of English courtesy. If, indeed, it were merely this, that the presence of a person representing the sanctity of religion and the moral law acted as a reminder to the real conscience of his companions, and maintained the spontaneous authority of their right affections, the influence would be one of genuine sympathy, the healthy power of higher character on lower. But if their decent reserve be a mere personal concession, a deference to an official rule of right which is another's and not their own,—then it indicates a fatal chasm between the professed and the really felt standard of obligation: it is a sign that the public teacher enforces a law to which men's conscience does not respond, praises what they do not admire, denounces what they do not abhor, and exhibits to them a life foreign to their ideal. When once it comes to this, when the tacit understanding prevails,—you go your way and we go ours,—it is all over with the living power of the "Company of preachers" as interpreters of the eternal sanctities: the Church and the World coexist by established insincerity, having found their terms of mutual indulgence and immunity, but without action of heart on heart, or recognition of a common worship.

How can it have come to this? Whence the failure of the religious teachers in recognised possession to carry with them the responding convictions of their time? It certainly arises from no want of opportunity; for what set of men ever found so commanding a position ready made for them? They have not to watch and seize the spare moments we begrudge, and fling themselves across the world's tide to stem it as it flows: it pauses of itself in their behalf, and freely leaves them the seventh part

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of all the years. They have not, like the politician or the author, to win a preoccupied ear, and prove our concern in what they say: they find us waiting, not only without aversion and resistance, but with hope and longing sympathy. Say what they will of the natural distaste for Divine truth, they have unexampled advantages in the mood we carry to them. So lately worn and weary, we are fastidious about nothing that belongs to the new refreshing hour. In the recoil from too much action, there is a welcome relief in thought; dazzled with the glaring surface of things, we gladly sink for shade into the invisible deeps; the withering heats withdrawn, the pores of natural feeling open and lie thirsting for the gentle rain. And are our spiritual guides stinted in their resources for moving an audience thus prepared? Is not the Revelation they interpret coextensive in its bearings with the entire range of human character and condition? Is it not theirs to draw forth the sacred meaning from the common look of things, and take away the veil of every scepticism and scorn that hides the awful beauty underneath? The materials for which the tale-writer racks his memory and invention are scattered in profusion at their feet. Domestic interiors lie open to their eye in strange variety, dark with troubled temper, or gleaming with pure affections. The young promise of life is consecrated by them at the beginning, and its story often recited to them at the end. They see the problems of conscience struggling to a solution under marvellous contrasts of condition. As occasional confidants of bitter doubt or temptation, they look into tragic depths concealed from the common eye. All that has an interest for the human heart,—from the daily cares and crosses of every lot to the rarest mysteries of grief and passion,—is part of the theme they are called to treat. Appointed to guard the springs of Pity and of Trust, they can never want a cause to plead so long as the world has sorrows unnoticed or unsanctified. Nor are they confined to the moral phenomena before their own eyes. As interpreters of an historical religion, whose Divine source lies far up in time, and whose scheme embraces the whole life of humanity, they have the scenery of the past placed at their disposal; and can often leave the truest lessons by reproducing the images of sacred story, or presenting portraits of faithful men in the setting of a just reverence. On another side, the topics permitted them verge towards philosophy. Not only are the great bases of Natural faith which Christianity presupposes deeply laid in the human soul; but the most familiar phrases and antitheses of Scripture,—Nature and Grace,—Spirit and Flesh,—Faith, Works, and Love,—Temporal and Eternal,—the Father and the Son,—have the very fibres of their life far down in reflective experience and speculative thought. There is

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therefore scarcely a special taste of the intellectual, or an affection common to us all, that is not open to the preacher's appeal. His scope is practically unrestricted. He may be poet, moralist, philosopher, historian, without prejudice to his function as a divine. Why does he not, with so many appliances, mould us as potter's clay within his hand?

Partly, perhaps, because of this very breadth of his scope,—too great for a definite official class to occupy with success. To constitute a distinct "Profession" there is need of distinct duties and powers; and in proportion as the range is left indeterminate, energy and concentration become impossible. Inherent in Protestantism itself there is a difficulty in creating and practically working a separate profession for "the cure of souls." The Roman Catholic Priesthood is an intelligible thing, the necessary Executive of a Sacramental economy. If there be in the world a fund of supernatural grace, vested in a sacred corporation and inaccessible through other media, trustees are needed for its distribution: their qualification and their function are simply official and perfectly precise,—the one arising from regular appointment, the other consisting in the use of given forms. These conditions being satisfied, all the essentials are there; and the main end is not disappointed by any thing amiss in the personality of the sacerdotal agent, or by the total absence of any moral relation between him and the objects of his ministration. He has been duly passed by the Spiritual-Service Examiners, and has his bureau for business, like any Comptroller of Customs or Distributor of Stamps. Men of this kind,—without whose wet cross upon the forehead no baby can have grace, without whose benediction on marriage its children are illegitimate, and whose anointing of the dying body is the needful passport to the flitting soul,—have a clear and unmistakable *status*, and can give a consistent account of their separate existence. But this whole theory, in spite of Anglican attempts to patch together some shreds of it again, was practically torn to pieces by the Reformation. In one form or other, sacerdotal mediation has vanished from modern Christendom. It matters not whether you say, in the phrase of one theology, that *all* Christians are Priests, or, in the terms of another, that *no* Christians are Priests but only the Saviour himself, the result is the same: universalised on earth, or concentrated in heaven, the official order is gone. What room, then, it may be asked, is there any longer for a clerical profession at all? What now can be its essence and idea?

It rests in fact upon a twofold need. The sources of Divine truth are *written* and *unwritten*, the Letter without, the Spirit within: the one, the depository of God's past dealings with mankind; the other, his living Witness in the soul and in the world

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to-day. Both of these are certainly open in one sense to all: there is no outward hindrance barring access to them; they are the property of none. But the inward fitness to use them is any thing but universal, and involves special qualities which form the groundwork of an exceptional class. To interpret and appreciate sacred records written in foreign and ancient tongues, to reproduce and explain the social and spiritual life of which they are the expression, to make intelligible the identity and the difference of human feeling in their day and in our own, to trace, by gleaming lights of good and beauty, the steps of the Divine Guide through history,—all this requires ripe scholarship and disciplined thought, such as it were vain to expect but from a specially trained body of men. It is one of the incidental blessings, indeed, of a historical Revelation, that it snatches its believers from the tyranny and isolation of their own age, widens their Time-view, makes them conscious of belonging to a rich and ripening world, and glorifies their heart with a thousand saintly sympathies and heroic admirations. Without a learned and accomplished Ministry this blessing, with all that it involves, would soon be starved out: they are the indispensable storehouse for its distribution. In sects that depreciate this systematic culture, Christianity rapidly degenerates,—confuses itself with every stage of Judaism, or runs up into spiritual egotism; and losing the Divine breadth by which it moulds the individual, sinks to the measure of private experience and passion. And if, in Churches which give academic training to their clergy, no adequately ennobling contrast is presented, it is because they give a timid half-culture, full of insincerities and reservations; with no hearty devout trust in reality,—turn out as it may,—but with foregone purpose to work up to a given scheme, and prohibit all paths that do not hit it. No man can serve two masters. Either scientific theology, or else doctrinal fixity; but not both. If you are bound to a confession, you are not free as a scholar; and your attainments, not reverently serving God's hidden ends, but skilfully securing your own preconceptions, sink to the rank of unconsecrated personal adornments. The erudition of a clergy pledged to certain critical and dogmatic results can have no judicial balance and breadth: it will be full of disproportion, empty and silent in one part, noisy and browbeating in another; ever tending to rabbinical trifling and antiquarian punctiliousness; and will want the fresh, manly, hopeful, and believing voice which makes you feel the difference between patched-up conviction and unreserved faith. The poor results of the clerical teaching-function in this country can surprise no one who considers the restraints under which the whole professional mind lies. How can a man in the stocks rise up and show you the way?

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At best, however, were the exposition of the records and history of our faith ever so well achieved, the result would only be a *Theology*,—a knowledge or intelligent scheme of Divine things; not *Religion*,—the inward consciousness of God and reverent acceptance of his guiding will. Theology, as the critique of Religion, always stands at one remove from its reality and essence; and no more involves it than Scientific Ethics involve personal conscientiousness. Take away every hindrance from the free development of biblical, historical, and philosophical studies, suppose even a clerisy, such as Coleridge imagined, at the head of all liberal knowledge, still they would thus far only form a body like the Divinity Professors of Germany; from whom indeed, as prevailingly *lay* teachers, theological literature receives all its richest accessions, but who are in no closer contact with the moral life of their nation than the jurists or the physicians. By learning from the best-equipped instructors the truest doctrines in the most demonstrative forms, no single soul was ever saved. There is need, therefore, of a yet higher function; which we have described as the interpretation of the *unwritten Word*, the appeal to the *Living Witness* of God in our humanity. That Witness is present in every movement of Conscience, every pure admiration, every secret reverence,—holy and gentle leadings that pass from us as a transient mood, unless some true diviner's voice finds their authority for us and awes us by what they are. The dim and mystic zone of our higher nature, where the human meets with the divine, grows so clear to some, that they can divide the light from the darkness, and turn what to us is a confused chaos into a firmament of stars. The indeterminate suspicions that sleep within and make only a sadness there, they lift into vivid consciousness and set above us as our heavenly guide. Describe the fact as you will,—say, if you please, in mere psychological language, that the sentiments of duty and worship are infectious and spread from mind to mind; or, in what we deem the truer terms of Christian realism, say that God's Spirit abiding in us is recognised by all as soon as seen and shown by any,—certain it is that men there always are whose simple outpouring of reverence, pity, and trust, finds ready in other hearts a solemn and loving response. This is the true *prophetic* function, the discovery in our nature and life of the meeting-place of God and man; where alone is the key of all our force and the consecration of all our work. Those who can exercise this are God's natural ministers, with or without ordination: those who cannot are but secular, though their names be in the Clergy List. Here, it is evident, is the essence of religious power, without which historical Revelations lie off at a distance, and all churches and chapels are but as the glass-cases in a Museum to preserve and exhibit the sanc-

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tities dried and classified. The testimony of history to God's Providence, of Scripture to his spiritual dealings with our race, and of all things to his Being, is rich and various and worthy to be shown forth. But greater than any testimony is the thing testified; that, with all his seeming silence, He hourly speaks with us, pleading with us in our temptations, appealing to our trust in sorrow, and living in all our better love; that He is in our midst, forming, in communion with all willing fellow-workers, his kingdom of Heaven; and that not death at last, but faithfulness and self-surrender at any time, will translate the soul into his life eternal. These realities, kindling in the light of immediate consciousness, cast all theological media into the shade. The mountain from which yesterday's sun was seen to set becomes sacred as Horeb or Tabor; and the obscurest room in London where any sacrament of love is fulfilled to-day shines like that upper chamber in Jerusalem. When your Friend is with you, you no longer discuss the evidence that He exists.

Of the three conceivable functions, then, constitutive of a clerical order,—the Priestly, the Rabbinical, and the Prophetic,—the first is with us extinct. The other two agree in requiring a special class, with qualities separating them from the mass of mankind. They differ, however, in this, that the Rabbi can be made, the Prophet cannot. The one is a scholastic product; the other a divine gift. "Schools of the prophets," indeed, there must always be; not, however, in the vain hope of inspiring the scholar, but, through humble patience, to make a scholar of the inspired. This, no doubt, it is often difficult to do. It has been the frequent error of enthusiasm (as among the Quakers and Moravians) to pronounce it impossible or superfluous; nor is it uncommon among less eccentric believers to hear the heaviness of a preacher referred to the weight of his erudition, the cold reserve of his affections explained by the polish of his intellect. A learned man is even expected to be dull. In these vulgar impressions there is a confused mixture of just observation and illusion. It is true that the temperament susceptible of high intellectual training is much more common than the gifts by which the depths are stirred of secret religion in men's hearts; so that great attainments afford no presumption of moral power. It is also true that there is no tendency in the study of scientific theology to change the climate of any mind, and give a tropic fervour to an arctic nature: so that from a man's "sacred" learning you can no more infer an earnest godly soul, than you can be sure from his acquaintance with the Flora of the equator that he is not a phlegmatic Swede. It is further true, that the native prophetic fire often burns into false heats of impatience and presumption upon young hearts, and tempts them to decline the

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toils and despise the discipline of steady culture. But this belongs to its human infirmity, not to its divine excellence; and entails the vitiating curse inseparable from pride and haste. Where the religious call is faithfully and meekly answered, an anxiety will surely prevail to place at its disposal faculties in highest order. If the Divine Guest proposes to take up his abode with you, it were a rude negligence to leave the house unclean and let the rooms be dark. The simplest reverence requires that, ere He "stands at the door and knocks," you have it "swept and garnished," and adorned with every grace attainable. Far from allowing the irreducible, uncontrollable nature of the prophetic impulse, we are convinced that if it is not eager for the yoke of patient discipline, and fears to be stifled beneath any store of finite knowledge, it is a spurious glow not all from heaven.

There is, then, a foundation in the natural specialties of men for an order of religious guides. And there is an imperative reason in the constitution of the Christian faith for making them accomplished scholars and theologians. How far does this abstract defence apply to the system which exists? How far does the *natural* sacred class coincide with the *actual?* What provision is there for selecting persons of some religious genius, and excluding those in whom no incense ever kindled? Every one familiar with Puritan history will remember with what devout care the gifts and graces were scrutinised of each young aspirant to the pulpit, and how it was deemed a downright sacrilege to choose one whom God had not chosen. Of those who were to be "his ambassadors" He had of right the prime and real nomination, which we had only to discover and accept. Some faint remnant of this reasonable no less than pious usage is still found, we believe, among the Nonconformist bodies; a large proportion of whose ministers are accordingly determined to their profession by intrinsic fitness, real or supposed. But how is it with the parochial clergy? What proportion of them would the tutors at Oxford and Cambridge report to be drawn to their office by true affinity? In hundreds of families where a son is destined for Holy Orders, the question is never asked whether any divine mark is on him indicating a Higher Will. Mr. Christmas defines the Preacher the "Ambassador of God." How, then, was he chosen for so lofty a diplomacy? His uncle promised the lad "the living" at his park-gate; or his father was a shrewd attorney, and bought an advowson cheap. Shocking as the contrast is between this shameless scandal and the sublime pretensions of High-Church office, the connection between them is perfectly natural. In a sacerdotal system, personal qualities go for nothing, or sink to non-essentials; whoever can administer the

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sacraments, can dispense God's grace; and, so long as that condition is safe, a traffic in benefices which may put a blockhead at the altar is held to involve no fatal sin. Carry the theory fully out,—scarce a step indeed beyond the point it has reached at Rome,—and, as the human attributes are inoperative in the work, you would seem not to need a *man* at all. And when we read of the Archbishop at the Cherbourg festival baptising the locomotives with holy water, we could not help asking why an engine, instead of a live dignitary, might not, after suitable consecration, be qualified to sprinkle as well as receive the drops of grace. But the Reformed Church, disowning material consecration, and throwing the whole stress of the evangelising process on living faith within a conscious soul,—at once the gift and the vehicle of the Spirit,—must ever keep its eye on the personality of the minister, and shrink from taking any whom God has left. In humbler, yet not dissimilar things, we follow better rules. You would not rank yourself with poets from being Shakespeare's cousin, or because you inherited a studio write "Artist" after your name. Profane not a greater sanctuary on guiltier plea. Nothing, we presume, but the system of patronage can account for the fact that our English Church, with a high average of clerical worth, contains more indifferent preachers than any Church in Christendom. All observant foreigners, resident for a while amongst us, are struck with the fact; and we have heard from Swiss and German, from Swede and American, expressions of astonishment that a people with whom religion is not a farce, and who for their other wants are accustomed to insist upon the best supply, can be content with such poor draughts for their spiritual thirst.

Suppose, however, that by some happy device none but persons of the true prophetic type were admitted to the sacred office, the difficulty of constituting it as a profession would by no means be at an end. Its power is a subtle and mysterious essence, intense and deep till too broadly recognised; but no sooner formulated than lowered, and perhaps gone. The ordinary division of labour out of which the several trades and professions arise affects only the outward employments; assigning, indeed, different and limited tasks to our activity, and so far giving a partial direction to our development; but leaving free the great currents of inward affection and character to work and play in their own channels. The doctor, the lawyer, the banker, may have each his special prejudices and incapacities; but these need not hurt the moral staple of his mind or constrain the action of his natural sentiments as a man. The basis of the sacred profession is different. Here the proposal is to build a life upon a particular order of feelings; to detach these, and consign them to a repre-

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sentative class for their custody and nurture; to gather them up from being the diffused function of our integral nature, and concentrate them as objects of distinct attention and disquisition. Wonder,—Reverence,—Admiration; these it is which the expounder of holy things has to keep alive in men's hearts, and rightly direct upon divine realities. Secret roots as they are of not only every gracious blossom, but every pure fruit of life, to bring down the dews upon them and open their withered cells is indeed a blessed office, if only it be possible. But can this miracle be wrought statedly and at will? Can such highest affections be reduced to a business, and be acted on by rule? Their whole excellence depends on their simplicity, spontaneousness, unselfishness, carrying us out in trust and love to what is above us. But if you create an art for taking charge of them, how can you, as a proficient in it, retain that simplicity? The emotions for which you have to contrive, you no longer healthfully experience; in looking at them you lose them. It was their Divine Object that entranced you once; but you turn the focus inwards, and the object slips away. The best inspirations of our nature are meant to remain fresh and first-hand, and lose their identity in losing their originality. Charter them as a craft or guild; and passing into the hand of conscious skill, they contract the tincture of self, and awaken the vanity of possession. A class-interest in regard to them, a class-criticism, a class-technology arises, and chatters and chafes and scrutinises till the bloom is all rubbed off. The verdant places of the heart have but a tender grass, and will not bear the tramp of too much speech. This, we think, is a serious danger to those who follow Art as a profession; their pure sympathy with the expressiveness of nature, their creative instinct of Beauty, need great intensity to hold their ground against the tyranny of opinion and fastidious self-comparison: and hurtful as the slang of hardened criticism is to the reverential faith of the young artist, is the technic of theology to the simple piety which it complicates, bewilders, and talks down.

In an official class for sacred things the Primary devoutness which lives in God must dreadfully tend to pass into the Secondary stage of "Concern for Religion;" to slip from the Infinite reality to the ecclesiastical drama, and, wakened from its vault of midnight worship, detect itself kneeling in the glass. This self-conscious reflection busies itself with analysing and estimating either other people's religion, or else its own. The former habit is almost inevitable in the presence of so many sects and schools within the nominal embrace of our common Christendom. The tangle, indeed, is too intricate and thorny for even professional patience to unravel as a whole; but when every layman falls in with people that carry some queer creed within their head and

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an odd hat without,—when every parson in his rounds meets rivals on the same field,—when the gilt cross on St. Nepomuc's looks loftily down on the thin brick Ebenezer,—when the church-going stranger in town, walking on the wrong side of the street, gets shown by mistake into a Unitarian chapel,—it is not surprising if curiosity about the faith of neighbours, and the comparative anatomy of doctrine, should too much take the place and assume the guise of a more simple and childlike piety. Does any one doubt the evil of this, or suppose that the spread of theological connoisseurship is equivalent to the deepening of the Christian life? Let him give his attention, for two or three months, to the newest offspring of this tendency—the so-called "Religious Newspapers;" and when he has watched the interior of which they give him a view, let him say whether on the whole any more bitter satire was ever produced on the unity, the guilelessness, the humility, and heavenly-mindedness of the Christian Church. Even the party-ties which might be supposed to compensate the loss of gentler bonds, partake more of corporate egotism than of personal affection. They are not so much positive sympathies drawing close to a centre of spiritual attraction, as a residual circle left clear by the repulsive power of antipathies all round, and inscribed with the motto, "Thank God, *We* are not as other men are." How rare, accordingly, it is to find a clergyman who does not live in the perpetual consciousness of opponents near him! or to hear a sermon without allusion to unbelievers or misbelievers! or to be taken up by the Preacher on the side of one's human tenderness and genuine conscience, and thence translated unresistingly into the higher atmosphere of aspiration, trust, and inmost prayer! He speaks to us through a dogmatic screen that muffles all his tones, and deadens the ring of their humanity. He looks at us with the glazed eye of ecclesiastical decorum and reserve, that shuts us up and leaves us dark. Would he but meet us face to face and glance to glance, and appeal to us in the open vernacular of every true heart, he would find us not dry at the fount of tears and penitence and faith.

The other form of professional elaboration of religion is sincerer in its source, but not much better in its effect. It turns inward instead of outward; and analyses not other faiths, but its own feelings. In the eye of many a preacher, the essence of what is called "personal religion" consists in keeping the finger of observation ever on the spiritual pulse, in marking the temperature of the clime within, in shuddering at every shadow and suspecting every gleam. He tells you your experience with a magnifying particularity that makes it hideous, and that would reduce the eye of a saint to mere blood-vessel and tissue. Too often he



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produces the very disease which he describes, fixes evanescent ills by dwelling on them, and lectures on our epidemic sins till the healthy world turns sick and finds its home a hospital. His lesson is differently taken by different minds, but wholesomely by none. The coarse-grained and ungenial believe all the evil of their neighbours; the pure and susceptible, of themselves: while the morally sound and firm know it to be false of both, and writhe under a teaching which insults every natural admiration, systematises spiritual slander, and disowns the watchful guidance of God. The teaching which works us into a hectic of self-consumption is as untrue to the Gospel as that whose tact and scruples are at home among the creeds. Christianity is not a pathology, whether of the beliefs or of the affections; and will never have power till this critical demon be cast out. Yet how shall *those* cast it out who, whatever sacred name they may pronounce, are steeped in the influences that tempt its approach; whom, therefore, it chiefly possesses; who know no incantations,—scarcely any prayers,—except what it secretly suggests? There is but one hope: let them acknowledge their failure, feel their powerlessness, go straight to the Living Source, and own, "We could not;" and perhaps He may reply, "Bring it hither to Me!"

Closely as these dangers cling to the religious office, we do not mean to urge them as objections to its institution. Where, as in the Society of Friends, it has been dispensed with in favour of the bare "movements of the Spirit," the results have not been encouraging. And indeed, had these good people conceived rather of an "Indwelling" than an "Irruption" of the Spirit, they would perhaps have imagined a less fitful relation between God and man, have spared a little consecration for habitual personal qualities, and admitted that some men might be, more than others, *permanent* organs of Divine influence in the world. Admit this, and a clerisy must follow. If it brings difficulties and temptations into existence with it, nothing remains but to keep feeble spirits out, and let the strong struggle through the dangers as they may. This would assuredly be done with much more frequent success, had the profession to bear only its natural burden, without enormous increase from an artificial ecclesiastical system. The conditions imposed upon the Christian preachers, in the vast majority of cases, are enough to suppress the clearest religious genius; and the nobler and finer it is, the more will they be intolerable. Can it be pretended that any mind of the first order could move freely under the weight of dogma it is expected to carry? How much of that dogma, avowed in the creeds every Sunday, has any week-day reality? Where, in the scenes of men's earnest life or spontaneous thought, does it come into expression? What proportion of the beliefs contained in the

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Thirty-nine Articles, or in the symbolical books of any Church, comes naturally out in the poetry, the fiction, the philosophy of our time? The men of letters are so silent of them as to indicate that a few only of these ideas,—though infinitely solemn,—appear in their picture of the universe. And it is notorious that a literature has been created on purpose to supply the defect, and, for the sake of a special public, to exhibit life under more orthodox aspect. The fact is painfully significant. "The Religious Public?" And what other Public have you a right to recognise or to ignore in this God-created world? Where are the people from whose nature He has omitted the springs of Wonder, Love, Reverence, and quite hidden the beauty and mystery of life? Who formed the "religious public" of the "Friend of Sinners"? O ye masters of holy things! has it come to this? that ye cannot find the inner sanctuary of our common heart, and bring us to kneel with you, though dumb worships sigh and wait within us? and must ye have your little private chapel, and your pet audience admitted by ticket, and no light but what streams through the forms of select and canonised saints? And as for what is called a "Religious literature": time was that *all* literature was religious; and poets, historians, philosophers looked out on as sacred world, and breathed as natural a prayer as the divine. Is it not theirs to set before us the ideal side of life, the essential thought and meaning that runs through it? And how should they do this, did they think it has no inner side at all, and see in it only a scramble of appetites and a dust of "phenomena"? The natural alliance of every unconstrained literature is with the real religion of its time, to whose inner admirations its appeal is made. They may be low idolatries; but how have they become so? Through the death of higher faiths in those who pretend to keep them; but who, instead of keeping them in the only possible way, viz. by a life and mind grown from their idea, have handed them to the custody of formulated words. The very way to create a defiant worldliness, proud of its sceptic and outcast position, is to disparage such venerations as a man has, and attach impossible conditions to those which he has not; and virtually tell him, "Either repeat after us the following sentences, or else pass for one who sees nothing sacred in heaven or earth." While the demand for sympathy and approximation is all on one side, the chasm between the secular and the ecclesiastic spirit can never be crossed. Till the higher stoop, the lower will not rise; —stoop, not merely in voluntary humility, but in simple, manly fellow-feeling; heartily sinking down to the solid ground of some common conviction,—if possible, some common enthusiasm; and forcing no ulterior growth, till it springs of itself from the root thus warmed and nurtured. This is precisely what a Christ-like

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teacher, deep alike in human sympathy and spiritual insight, would spontaneously do; but is rendered most difficult to men bound not only to visit and heal the ailing soul, but to carry and every where unpack the huge medicine-chest of ancient dogma, and prescribe in the symbols of an unknown tongue. There are few among the clerical body, we are convinced, on whom the encumbrance of so much doctrine sits easily, like the natural dress they give to their common thought and affection. They take it up in set speech and with official voice. They shape it into the same stiff folds of phrase and order, straight from the memory, not fresh flowing from the heart. Whatever decorous disguise it may give to the cold and formal, it taxes heavily the flexible and loving soul. It cannot, indeed, seal up the fountains which God opens there; but the running waters are slackened and half-choked, when forced through the mill-rails of the church canals, instead of winding their own sweet way along the meadows of a pure nature.

How, indeed, can it be otherwise? We do not live in a Nicene, an Athanasian, or even a Lutheran world. From a distance, and by an effort, we may understand and not deny the schemes of doctrine which they have handed down. But if so, it is only by reference to the antecedents out of which they grew, and the opposites which they pushed from the field. Apart from these historical lights, now quenched for so many centuries, and totally absent from the common consciousness of to-day, the very language of the old creeds and confessions is quite dark: the pregnant phrases in which the distinctive meaning is wrapped have dwindled to a husk in the climate of our modern thought, or contain, if any living idea, an altered one. Hence these formulas, where they do not positively suggest the false, fail, like foreign speech, to strike upon the home truth of men's inward belief. They are a set of judicial decisions cut off from the cases on which they pronounce; and to say nothing of their being ever open to revision, the perpetual recital of them, and administration of religion exclusively through them, is a monstrous oppression on noble consciences and high affections. If even the Scriptures, with their broad popular language and that one Divine Image which so speaks for itself, need to have the temporary separated from the permanent, the letter of their age translated into the spirit of ours, how much less must the rigid definitions of metaphysical divinity, framed in terms of dead controversies, be capable of sincerely uttering what our generation wants to say! Each period of the world has its own questions to answer, its own burden to bear: and who can believe that if the Son of Man were to reveal himself again in our present England, he would exercise us in the Nicene Creed or

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the Augsburg Confession; and not rather find anew the springs of conscience and of faith, conversing with us by the way, in the language of the workshop and the home, about the sins we too well know and the sanctities we too feebly trust? Leave, then, to those who are fittest to represent his spirit, a freedom congenial and essential to it. Let the champion of God have courage to live out of his freshest inspirations, and go forth with the simple shield of faith and sword of the Spirit. An archangel's strength would sink under the chain-armour of the creeds.

We are far from charging the professional representatives of religion with any special insincerity. We have no doubt that in general they are pretty well made-up into at least a belief that they believe the whole dogmatic system to which they stand committed. But, except with dull men, it does notoriously take a good deal of "making-up" to bring them to this not very triumphant result. Those who are sufficiently behind the scenes to know what is implied in this process, and along what doleful paths often lie the approaches to Ordination, will understand us when we say that too frequently that goal is reached by parting with a Holy Spirit which the hands of no Bishop can restore. In many an Oxford room a youth has been found with dawning suspicions of a world other than that imagined by the "great dons." Even there his Heaven will find him out, and try whether the spell of custom or the life of God is to be strongest within him. With the scholar's musical heart, he cannot escape stray far-off tones penetrating through the local air, and wakening unknown chords of his nature. Does not Tennyson lie upon his table, and Carlyle stand upon his shelf? Has he not been reading Niebuhr, and hearing something of Ewald's *Life of Christ?* Snatches of influence from powers like these haunt him with strange visions, at once terrible and divine. Alone, past midnight, at the week's end, he closes his books, and reads before the lamp is put out a sermon of Tauler's, or a chapter of the "German Theology." Why does it sink to such unspeakable depth in him, and fill his prayers with such real communings, while the service at St. Mary's next morning carries its solemnity scarce below the surface? What is "belief"? What "unbelief"? What "mysticism"? Wherein differ the "natural" and the "supernatural"? How stand related God's historical and his perennial manifestation? Are these things fully known to our Heads of Houses? and when were they fathomed, and the chart of the survey finished? Such questionings flash in upon him as his wings are growing, urging him in due time to rise in his strength and follow the light to its source. But nearer to his eye lies the long-destined parish. The old rector is impatient for his curate; the letters from home are reckoning the months

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to the time of ordination. He is lonely with his secret, on which every thing about him seems to frown. Social conservatism, scholarly prestige, ecclesiastical taste, academic casuistry, draw their silent lines around him, and lay to him so close a siege that he surrenders, with or without an agony. Or if he unbosoms himself to his tutor, he is referred to the standard recipe for such cases — approved alike by High Church and Broad Church — to repair the flaws in his creed by parochial work; to live on the given doctrine as *an hypothesis*, in the hope of its striking root as a reality; to profess, that is, a lie to-day for the reversion of the truth to-morrow. It is possible enough that he may find such advice succeed: there is nothing to prevent it: "parochial work" will serve as well as any other to stifle the misgivings of conscience, and complete the "quenching of the Spirit;" and in time he may forget his doubts, and recite what he has to say without a twinge. When the "hypothesis" is covered over with the glebe grass, and smiles with garden-beds and shrubberies,—nay, is strong enough to support the school and village-library as well,—he ceases to ask how deep it goes, and is content with the report of a living rock beneath. There are, however, men of finer nature, to whom a course of "hypothesis" (we had nearly said "hypocrisy") cannot be administered with the same success, and on whom the penalties quickly fall which are righteously annexed to all profession in advance of conviction. Smothered misgivings revive, and move with broader shadow across a mind no longer innocent. The offices of worship are crossed with passages of shrinking and of shame, and almost cease to be true except in their words of penitence. Preaching becomes not an outpouring of faith and love, but a diplomatic act of caution. When the struggle between inward self-contempt and the outward religious function becomes too intolerable, the cure is thrown up, perhaps for some secular profession; but perhaps only to change the scene, to repeat, yet abate, the agony, till custom has done its stupefying work, and the soul has obediently shaped itself to the dimension of its task. What is a man worth as a religious guide, when through such processes (which, alas, are no fictions) he finally gets made-up to the orthodox point? He has sold his divine gift into servitude, and will prophesy for God no more.

If in other cases the system, instead of subjugating the man, is made to bend to his individuality, and assume the meaning he wants to put upon it, the consequences are doubtless less deplorable, and a practical latitude is won: but the inference is still the same; there is too much dogma for the living force that is to work in it. The disproportion is equally manifest, whether the adjustment is brought about by coercing the person or coercing

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the doctrine. Men of deep and original nature, like the Preacher at Lincoln's Inn and the Greek Professor at Oxford, cannot be suppressed or moulded by enclosure in any framework stiff with age. It glows and softens by their very contact with it, and takes their shape instead of giving its own. The results are startling enough. Mr. Maurice is the apostle of a faith more strongly contrasted,—we do not hesitate to say,—with the prevailingly-received doctrine of his Church than the Christianity of the second and third century with the serious Paganism before which it stood. Religions more absolutely different than his and, for instance, Dr. M'Neile's, according to any just measure of the intervals between faiths, can hardly be found within the circuit or near the margin of Christian history. Yet he recites the same creeds, not only, we are sure, with the purest sincerity, but, we conceive, with a careful fullness of meaning in every phrase, and a consistent realisation of the connected whole, very unusual among his contemporaries. Nor is his construction, as many persons erroneously suppose, a personal invention for his own use. It reproduces in some important points the genuine thought of the early Church; and would rest upon very strong grounds, were there no gospel but the fourth, and no ecclesiastical theology but of Alexandria. But as an account of what was meant by the founders of his Church in the sixteenth century,—of the sense, therefore, in which its formularies are imposed,—it must always seem far-fetched and untenable, and leave the advantage with its opponents. Fettered by obligations from this side, he is not free to raise simply the issues whether his doctrine is scriptural or unscriptural,—is in the sense of the first centuries or not,—above all, is in itself true or false: be his success ever so great on these points, the final sentence turns upon another,—whether this is what the English Reformers meant, and what he undertook to teach. Failing to convince even his warm admirers of this, he is shorn of his proper strength: his justest reasonings, his genial learning, his religious insight, his exemplary goodness, are neutralised by the repute of a false position. A mind like his wants more room than the constitution of his Church allows him; and even the portion of room which he has taken, with no idea of transgressing loyal limits, is regarded by almost every one else as an irregular latitude. Still more painfully perplexing to the moral sense of unskilled observers like ourselves was Mr. Jowett's promptitude in signing an article of faith which directly affirms the very doctrine of atonement (that Christ by the sacrifice of himself reconciled *God to man*) which he directly denies. That he found some means of doing this with a clear conscience, we do not for a moment doubt: by what Hegelian resolution of contradictories into a higher unity the feat was accomplished we may

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perhaps learn from the second edition of his Commentary. But meanwhile, if the most anxious candour can suggest no presentable explanation of such compliances, they cannot but produce a truly devastating impression of clerical unveracity and academic casuistry. What can be more unfortunate than that men's best feelings,—their love of plain dealing and good faith, their abhorrence of all "paltering in a double sense,"—should be enlisted *against* a scientific theology and a deeper religion? Yet so it must be, as long as scholars, having bound themselves in honour to a closed circle of doctrine, forthwith set to work to open it. What can be said for a system which makes the movement of thought a breach of trust? We owe it to the excessive encumbrance of authoritative dogma that faithful orthodoxy sinks into powerless routine, and irrepressible genius and learning violate their vows. Our illustrations of the melancholy fact have been drawn from the Church of England. But the results are precisely the same in every Nonconformist body which emulates the Church of England in the rigour of its creed and the liberality of its culture.

That the clerical religion is quite artificially made up, and divided by a fatal cleft from the lay state of mind, is evident on comparing in the world the classes who lived and learned together in their college-years. The undergraduates in any given University, and the graduates too for a considerable time, are tolerably homogeneous in their tastes, their admirations, their convictions; with their marks, indeed, of individuality, and their varieties of pursuit, but with no differences of principle and feeling that are not quite miscellaneously distributed. Bring a few hundreds of them together again twenty years later; give all the clerical men credit for faithful adherence to their ordination vows; and see whether this does not mark them out as altogether "a peculiar people." How many of the lawyers believe all those doctrines in the lot? how many of the doctors? how many of the men of science and letters? Without counting exceptional heretics and sceptics, is not the proportion remarkable of those to whom the phraseology and formulas of divinity are an uncomfortable sort of speech, answering to nothing deep within them, and which would never rise to their own lips? Why should this be? Why should the lives that began with many a common enthusiasm, so widely diverge on the very field which is *not* professional, but absolutely human and universal in its interest? It is simply because, in the representatives of sacred things, the living humanity is overlaid with a dead crust of ecclesiastical deposit, which oppresses without sharing the pulsations underneath.

And accordingly, whenever a Preacher appears with inspirations too strong to heed professional restraints, he has to wait

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scarce an hour for a response, and the suspended tide of sympathy is glad to flow. What was it that drew men, with irresistible attraction, around the pulpit of Robertson of Brighton? His eloquent lips? his graceful person? his fearless heresies? All these, no doubt, provided you take them only as the organs and manifestation of the true prophet-soul within; the soul leavened through and through with an all-surrendering faith, and meeting God in whatever is real and true. He had the courage to live the life of his age, as the nearest expression of the life of all ages; to shrink from none of its doubts, to go down to the core of its sins and sorrows, to carry his sympathy into its saddest problems; to keep no separate theology, but let the central fire of heaven within him fuse down his poetry, his philosophy, his scholarship, his moral sentiment, into one entire religion, identical with his Christian faith. Nothing came from him at secondhand, with any dust or soil of use, but fresh as morning air. Not that he was above being influenced by the men and books that held any true converse with him. On the contrary, he had all the susceptibility to deep impressions, the affectionate dependence on other minds, which is the glorious paradox of original natures, the self-confession of their common kindred. But, as in all such cases, each foreign light that struck his heart, instead of being reflected back from a mere repeating surface, entered only to prove that he too was luminous, and must burst into a beacon-flame for the guidance of trackless wanderers. It is vain to tell us, in disparagement of such men, and in apology for pulpit humdrum, that there is no room for originality in religion,—that its truths, once for all revealed in Christ, are fixed, and can only be repeated in the ear of one generation after another. Like every thing in God,—his holiness, and the beauty of his world,—they are indeed eternal: but, like these, they are ever born anew into manifestation before us and consciousness within us; and, above all, they have a fresh genesis in every greatly-believing and divinely-tempered soul. What more surely eternal than the Holy Spirit? yet even this may have a day of Pentecost, and sweep over the heart "as a mighty rushing wind," and find utterance in "new tongues," and hurry its Stephen upon heresy and death. One who, like Robertson, speaks to the sleeping nobleness of men's hearts out of the waking nobleness of his own, wields a truly revealing power; opening unsuspected worlds where the inner eye saw nothing before, and so lifting the roof as to let in the heavens. The eagerness with which such men are listened to shows how little the influence of the pulpit has really declined, wherever it is relieved of the oppressive weight of traditional dogma and conventional style, and taken as the station of some self-forgetful organ of the Living Word.

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If the public services of religion spoke with adequate power to the real wants of men, the clerical profession would have no serious discontent to fear. Did it worthily wield that one great instrument, it would meet with grateful recognition, and be followed with no unkindly eye through the six silent days of the week. But, as it is, the clergy suffer a great disadvantage from the absence of some clearly-defined and positive work other than speech,—work visible, punctual, and of recognised utility. Far be it from us to deny or underrate the impalpable influence of wisdom and sympathy circulating through the homes of a parish or a congregation, and ever accessible where counsel is needed or sorrow calls. But how can you erect it into a distinct business, to carry about the essence of your character? What would your character be worth, if you really thought it fitly set apart for this sort of currency? The simple duties of Christian pity and affection cannot be delegated, without equal injury to those who, by deputing, evade them, and to those who, in being their deputies, strip them of their spontaneous grace and charm. The secret sense of this truth fosters a deep social distrust of pastoral charities and attentions; and creates a false and morbid conscience in the minister himself. It is notorious that into the scenes most needing the offices of Christian faith and love a man can carry no such disadvantage as the clerical costume; and it takes no little time for even the sincerest self-devotion to remove the dislike of the black coat. Grown men and women in these days do not sincerely want to be as sheep to a shepherd; and the attempt to work out the details of such a relation incurs all the penalties and miseries of pretence. Between the servility of those who want to use him, and the shyness of those who are afraid of being used, the clergyman steers an embarrassed course; and where frank and friendly treatment assures him that he is with those who do not distrust him, he begins to distrust himself: he is full of wonder and compunction that he is unable to speak and act differently from others; that he cannot set himself above the common humanities; and that, especially in the presence of sorrow and death, he so naturally falls into the attitude of reverential learning and looking up, as to a higher mystery, that he is rather the awe-struck child than the superior and master of the hour. Or, if he be a man of dry and formal nature, he will force himself into professional mannerisms and sentences, which do indeed difference him from the layman, but having no fine fibres of connection with the antecedent and succeeding life, never grow into the heart of the occasion on which they are stuck. These indeterminate spiritual relations of man with man are too delicate, we fear, and too dependent on spontaneity of affection, to be made the chief business of a profession. It is in no slight

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degree the need of something outward, something which the will can at any moment command, that tempts the clergy to lean on some *opus operatum*, and encourages the reaction into sacerdotal formalism. They know not what they are good for, or how they differ from private Christians, unless they have some mystic activities to exercise. We are convinced that nothing would so surely dissipate this High-Church disease, as the obligation, could it be made effectual, of some healthy, definite, intelligible social work, fixed to nameable hours and visible to the community around. The anarchy and self-will into which our moral police has fallen, render it difficult to recover such tasks of service for a staff of religious teachers: else who, in theory, would be more natural administrators, under suitable checks, of many of the agencies of our higher culture and civilisation? The energetic and faithful among them do actually carve out work of this kind for themselves, and are found in the schoolroom, at the Board of Guardians, and in committee-rooms of public institutions. But as they meet there many a lay citizen who takes his share of such duties of his own accord and "out of hours," these things are set down to the account of individual character, and do not help the credit and clear the conception of the profession. Were the minister of religion to become,—by general usage as he often is by personal choice,—the organ of valuable knowledge to his people; to open to their intelligence the very things that lie before their eyes,—the antiquities of their village, the natural history of their coast and fields, the story of the old families of honourable name, whose mansions are in sight,—he would stand before the popular imagination as a schoolmaster of adults, a superior in something which they readily appreciate. Until in some such way greater body can be given to the clerical functions, they will fail to obtain a basis of firm trust; they will suffer in repute from indefinite expectations; and take morbid directions from the mere misery of uncertainty.

It is very natural for preachers to measure the faith and piety of their time by the numbers in habitual attendance on churches and chapels, or giving support to connected institutions. Such a standard, we are convinced, is entirely delusive. Disaffection towards the organised worship of the country is not so groundless as to stand in evidence of a mere godless insensibility. The classes in whom it is strongest, and who have most completely passed out of clerical influence,—viz. the artisans on the one hand, and the academical and professional laity on the other,—are certainly not the least impressionable; but, on the contrary, show in other directions a ready susceptibility of enthusiasm and reverence. It is not amongst them that you chiefly find contempt for poetry, stupidity as to art, disbelief of noble-

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ness, sordid Phœnician politics, or distrust of unprofitable truth. Would you bring together an audience where Burns's verse would strike most home, where Ruskin would have most believing hearers, where Miss Nightingale's name would be greeted with deepest honour, where patriotic sacrifices would be demanded least in vain, it is precisely from these classes that you would do well to draw it. And is it to be supposed that those who are quickest in response to these lesser religions of life, can be hardened against the infinite reverence that comprehends them all? Where genius, beauty, goodness, in their human apparition, are so willingly believed and welcomed with so pure a joy, depend upon it there is an eye of recognition ready for their auguster and diviner form. Antecedently to experience, who would say that the elements of religious character existed with any distinctive force in the social ranks that are found around the pulpits of the land? With all their intelligence and worth, the trading middle-class, and the upper circle just beyond, are, of all their contemporaries, the most inaccessible by habit and education to any self-forgetful fervours, the most conventional and cautious in their judgments, the most disposed to bow down before wealth and station, and the most anxiously studious of decorum. Many virtues may doubtless be interwoven with such a staple of character. But these are prosaic qualities, closer by far to the actual than to any ideal world, betraying an admiration and secret homage not very free to aspire beyond the near and visible, and tending, in any endeavour after higher ascent, to a religion of mere longer prudence. The administration of Christianity, adapted to such temperament and capacity, cannot be taken to exhaust its power, or to justify an ungenial despair of those to whom it does not speak. Traces abound of an unorganised religion sleeping or struggling in men's hearts beyond the circle of the organised. The most powerful literature of our age, even when heretical and rebellious, merciless to parsons and disrespectful to creeds, is in its essence any thing but irreligious; its hold on the time is not through the bitterness and scorns, but through the wonder, the veracities, and the tenderness of our nature. The tendency of Art is more and more to break with the conventional, and in humble conscientiousness to reverence the true. Nor are we discouraged by the signs of the times which are most often adduced in evidence of decadent or diseased belief. The theurgic or demonologic superstitions which are fevering and deteriorating so many minds, attest, no doubt, something worn-out in the current teachings of Churches; but also, some continued though desolate groping of faith, assured that a Divine world still lives and is not far. And the political coldness and indifferentism about which all journals voluminously lament, and which honourable

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but unhappy members meet in conclave to remove, have perhaps a certain propriety and veracity in them not altogether profane. We had rather see men wait quietly, and rest upon their oars, till some just object of admiration and pursuit brought its appeal to them, than work themselves into a fume about nothing, or pretend to a passion they have not. In the total dearth of awakening questions in public life, under the sleep of heroic virtues, in the absence of great dangers, with a sluggish cloud hanging over Europe, a people rushing into enthusiasms must be made of knaves or fools; and we respect the impassive reserve which holds back, and damps the fire down, and will not burn its fuel to the waste air. We do not doubt that, when true appeal is made to any worthy zeal, the responsive chord will be found in tune; when there is any thing admirable, it will be admired; when sacrifice is wanted for noble ends, it will be ready. Taken all in all, we doubt whether the hearts of Englishmen were ever more prepared for being drawn together by common sentiments of reverence, conscience, and aspiration. Would that the symptoms were more wisely and kindly judged; and the organised religion more capable of interpreting and appropriating the unorganised!

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## NOTE IN ANSWER TO COLONEL MURE.

COLONEL MURE has published a pamphlet called *National Criticism in* 1858, in answer to an article in our eleventh Number on the volume which treats of the Attic historians.

It is commonly the wisdom of an author to be silent under what he may think the unjust attacks of Reviews, or, at any rate, to confine his answer to the simplest statements of fact. Still more is it commonly the wisdom of reviewers to abstain from all notice of the complaints which authors may make of their censures. Colonel Mure, however, seems to see an exceptional case in the article we have referred to; and we trust we are not wrong in also seeing an exceptional case in the extraordinary pamphlet before us.

We certainly were never more surprised than when we opened Colonel Mure's pamphlet, and saw the tone which he has thought good to adopt with regard to our article. We had written, as we thought, a highly complimentary review of the colonel's work. We bestowed upon his volumes, as a whole, praise of the very highest kind. We did indeed venture to say, that with some particular parts of a very extensive subject Colonel Mure was less fitted to deal than with others; there is probably no author who has entered on so vast a field of whom we should not say the same. We ventured, farther, to point out what we thought, and still think, some instances of carelessness and inaccuracy of detail. In so doing, we only discharged our duty as faithful critics. But we feel sure that every one who read the article would think it, on the whole, both respectful and laudatory.

Our readers, then, will judge of our surprise when we found Colonel Mure's pamphlet conceived in a tone which could only have been justified by an article consisting from one end to the other of unmitigated abuse and wilful misrepresentation. Not only are we accused of the lowest depths of ignorance on every point on which we happen to think Colonel Mure wrong, but we are farther charged with "dishonesty," "nugacity" (whatever that may be), and with "endeavouring, by an elaborate exercise of sophistry on our own part, to substantiate against him several false and frivolous charges of disingenuous and sophistical misrepresentation of the statements and opinions of other writers."

The fact is, that Colonel Mure is violently angry. We shall do our best to avoid following his example. Supposing that we were convicted of the gross and besotted ignorance which the colonel attributes to us, we should still feel that we have the better of the argument in something even more important than Greek scholarship and Greek history. We have said nothing, and mean to say nothing, of Colonel Mure inconsistent with the ordinary courtesies of civilised life.

The gravest charge against us, because it is one implying moral and not merely literary delinquency, we can only meet with a direct

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denial. We have nowhere consciously misrepresented Colonel Mure; we could have no conceivable motive for so doing. Nor have we ever accused or suspected Colonel Mure of consciously misrepresenting any other writer. We believed, and still believe, that Colonel Mure has not done full justice either to Thucydides or to Mr. Grote. But we never for a moment suspected that the lack of justice was other than unintentional. In like manner, we may perhaps have failed to do full justice to Colonel Mure. If so, the fault was as purely unintentional on our part as we believe it to have been on Colonel Mure's.

We have no intention of discussing at length any of the historical questions raised between ourselves and Colonel Mure; we could do little else than repeat what we have already said in our article. The colonel's dissertation on Federal Government, to our mind, simply proves what we have all along said, that great as Colonel Mure is in purely literary criticism, he does not shine in strictly political history. Or, if he should think this expression offensive, we will be content to say that he uses the words "federal" and "federation" in a sense different from ourselves and from most other people. The question about Thucydides and Kleon we will simply refer to our readers. Let any one who cares to take the trouble carefully compare our article and Colonel Mure's pamphlet. He may think us right, or he may think us wrong; but we feel sure that no candid reader will accuse us of wilfully misrepresenting either Thucydides, Grote, or Mure.

We now come to the charge of gross lack of scholarship, brought against us on the ground of certain strictures which we have made on Colonel Mure's translations of sundry pieces of Greek. Here Colonel Mure has entirely misunderstood the gravamen of our charge against him. He says that we accuse him of being "deficient in the more rudimentary qualifications for the treatment of his subject." That is, he talks throughout as if we had said he could not *construe* his Greek. We said nothing of the kind. The colonel's words are (p. 4):

"The National reviewer has pronounced me incapable 'of translating a piece of Greek verse or prose into accurate English.'"

We will transcribe what we did say at length:

"It is wonderful that, with his knowledge of the language, his fine taste and acuteness, his appreciation of the minutest characteristics of the several authors, he still remains altogether incapable or unwilling to translate a piece of Greek verse or prose into appropriate or even into accurate English."

Our text is very different from Colonel Mure's quotation; and the charge which we bring against him is one very different from "deficiency in the more rudimentary qualifications." What we say is, that Colonel Mure, with all his elegant and accurate scholarship, does not translate correctly. This charge we repeat. The power of translation is a special gift, by no means implied in the mere rudimentary qualification of construing, nor even in the higher qualifications, possessed by Colonel Mure in so eminent a degree, of understanding and criticising. That Colonel Mure understands and appreciates his Greek text, every page of his book shows; but nearly every page where he

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attempts to put Greek into English shows that the farther gift of translation he does not possess.

Colonel Mure, in fact, allows this when he says (p. 6), with regard to the translation from Stesichoros which we selected for criticism, that "no reasonable being could ever suppose it was meant to be accurate." That is precisely what we say, that Colonel Mure is "incapable or unwilling" to translate accurately. He here confesses to the unwillingness, which is all that we want.

We said, and we say again, that Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας is no more to be translated "Hyperion," than Πηληϊαδέω Ἀχιλῆος is to be translated "Peleus." We omit the epithets of abuse which the colonel lavishes on us for so saying. After he has pretty well done with them, he goes on to show, what we did not doubt, that Homer in several places uses Ὑπερίων for the sun, while in others he calls the sun Ὑπεριονίδης. It is rather remarkable, however, that the latter use is from the Odyssey, and a hypercritical person might turn it into an argument for the χωρίζοντες. But what has all this Homeric mythology to do with the translation of a piece of Stesichoros? Colonel Mure says, "Homer knew no Titan Hyperion, who first appears as father of the Sun-God in Hesiod's Theogony." We never said that Homer knew of a Titan Hyperion; we only said that Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας is not to be translated "Hyperion." It is clear to us that Stesichoros followed on this point the Hesiodic, and not the Homeric, theology; but supposing he did not, we are talking of translation, not of interpretation. All we ask is, that Colonel Mure will translate Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας literally, or, better still, leave it, with Mr. Keightley, untranslated. He may then *interpret* how he pleases. He may conceivably show that by Ἀέλιος Ὑπεριονίδας Stesichoros meant the same thing as Ὑπερίων; but he can never show that "Hyperion" is the proper translation of the words.

Colonel Mure's indignation and merriment are greatly excited by an accidental error in transcribing this same piece of translation. We had the bad luck to write, or our printers to print, the word "lofty" for the word "golden." We regret the accident; but we should have thought any one would have at once seen that it was an accident.

We have not space to go through all the points in debate between ourselves and the colonel; but there are two on which we must say a few words. In one of them we are ready to confess to an inaccuracy of expression; and in the other, though we are certain that Colonel Mure is wrong, we are not quite certain that we may not be wrong ourselves also. Such slips will occasionally happen. The author of an independent work can take as long a time as he pleases to write, and as long a time as he pleases to correct the press. Such is, as Lord Macaulay himself complains in the preface to his *Essays*, by no means always the case with a reviewer. And it so happens that our article on Colonel Mure had to be written in a much shorter time than we could have wished, and the proofs had to be corrected among engagements which rendered it impossible to do more than correct palpable misprints or miswritings. The candid reader will, we think, rather sympathise with us in such a case than be quite so hard as

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Colonel Mure is upon the "truly lamentable combination of ignorance and presumption" displayed in what the colonel calls our "pompous parade of worse than 'mediæval' pedantry,"—whatever he may mean by that,—in p. 89. We confess to not having rightly expressed our own meaning in the matter of the Medes and Persians. We should not have said "the dominant Asiatic tribe," but the "dominant Asiatic power." In fact, the peculiarity of Thucydidean usage, which Colonel Mure professes to hold up for our special instruction, is almost exactly what we meant, though we succeeded somewhat awkwardly to express. As the colonel says, "whenever Thucydides speaks of the Medo-Persian people and its affairs in the mass, and in general terms, he invariably uses the term Mede and its derivatives." Such was the common usage of Greece, to which Thucydides conformed; while Herodotus and Xenophon more correctly—perhaps in the eyes of their contemporaries with something of "pompous pedantry"—more commonly used the word "Persian" in the same sense. But, as Colonel Mure continues, when Thucydides speaks of the Persians in the narrower sense, he gives them their proper national name. Now as Colonel Mure has so accurately observed the usage of Thucydides in this respect, he ought not to obliterate it in his translation by introducing the word "Persian" where Thucydides uses the word "Mede or its derivatives." On the other hand, we freely confess that we hastily used the word "tribe" in an inaccurate sense, and that our language might seem to imply (though Colonel Mure does not seem to have so taken it) that the words μηδισμός and μηδίζειν were unknown to Herodotus.*

The other point is about Μαγνησίᾳ τῇ Ἀσιανῇ. On reconsidering the point, we do not feel quite certain as to the accuracy of our interpretation; but, in any case, it does not involve the monstrous ignorance of which Colonel Mure accuses us; and if we be never so wrong, it does not make him right. The colonel accuses us of "committing the enormous anachronism of transferring the Asia proconsularis of the Byzantine age to the age of Thucydides." It is an easy *tu quoque* to say that Colonel Mure's anachronism in transferring the phrase "Asia Minor" to the age of Thucydides is more enormous still. We were certainly not thinking of "Asia proconsularis" when we wrote our criticism. Our error, if error it be, came from quite another quarter. We had certainly imagined that the term "Asia" originally denoted the district round Ephesos; that it was thence gradually extended to the whole continent, and finally, in Roman political geography, came back to something like its original sense. If we are wrong, as we very likely are, it was not "Asia proconsularis," but the Ἀσίῳ ἐν λειμῶνι of Homer, which led us astray. Moreover we cannot at all see that Colonel Mure has disproved the existence of the northern

* Colonel Mure says: "In further proof of the futility of my reviewer's rule of distinction, Xerxes, in Herodotus, is occasionally styled 'King of the Medes' (viii. 14, ix. 7); a phrase altogether repugnant to Thucydidean usage." The colonel omits to mention, that in both the places he quotes the words are put into the mouths of Grecian speakers.



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Magnesia in the days of Thucydides. But granting that we are utterly wrong, still Colonel Mure is not right. He himself allows that it would have been better to omit the word "Minor;" though he half justifies himself because the peninsula was distinguished "by a phrase of like value," ἡ κάτω Ἀσία. Here again we see Colonel Mure's failure to realise the duties of a translator: ἡ κάτω Ἀσία certainly means nearly the same as "Asia Minor;" but "Asia Minor" is not a *translation of the words* ἡ κάτω Ἀσία, nor are the words ἡ κάτω Ἀσία used in this place by Thucydides.

One specimen more, and we have done. Colonel Mure (in pp. 27-8) is excessively indignant with us for being ignorant of the fact that "Droysen, the German translator of Aristophanes," had forestalled Mr. Grote in his defence of Kleon. Mr. Grote, as the colonel allows, was equally ignorant of the same fact. Now no man can read every thing; and an English student may, we think, be forgiven for not being acquainted with a German translation of a Greek book. We are tolerably acquainted with Droysen's *Geschichte Alexanders;* but his translation (if it be the same author) of Aristophanes we must confess to have heard of only through Colonel Mure. Mr. Grote seems to be in the same predicament. But mark the different way in which the colonel deals with us and with Mr. Grote. All he says of Mr. Grote is:

"Grote nowhere betrays a knowledge of Droysen's previous researches."

But against the "National reviewer" the charge runs:

"Whether from his usual flippant indifference to truth and fair play, from ignorance of German, or from what other cause he himself best knows, he ignores the existence of the German critic altogether! He every where assumes Mr. Grote to be both the originator and sole expositor of the Philo-Cleonian theory, as one unknown to 'every previous writer;' the theory having, in fact, been fully developed and most elaborately discussed some fifteen years before Mr. Grote took it up."

We now close our unpleasant task. We have derived so much benefit from Colonel Mure's writings, that we can well afford to forgive him what we are willing to believe is a mere passing ebullition of ill-temper. We trust he will continue his great work; and we will engage to continue to review its successive instalments in the same friendly spirit as we have already done, and to point out both merits and defects with the same candour as if *National Criticism in* 1858 had never been written.

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